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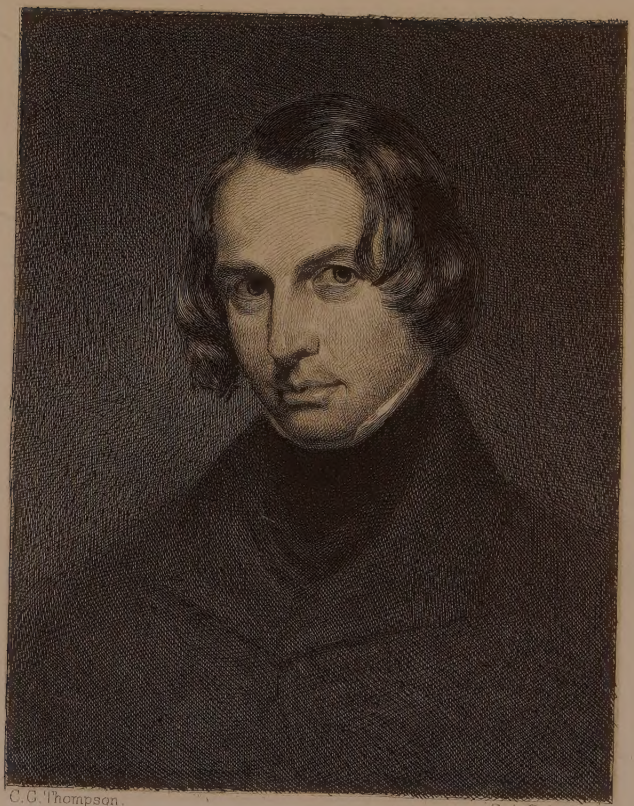
LIFE

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



C. G. Thompson. S. A. Schoff, Sc.

Henry W. Longfellow

1840

LIFE

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE

EDITED BY

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

VOL. I.

Seminary Branch

THIRD EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THE reader must be reminded at the outset, and must remember all along, that this is the Life of a man of letters. Mr. Longfellow was not that exclusively, but he was that supremely. He touched life at many points; and certainly he was no bookworm or dry-as-dust scholar shut up in a library. He kept the doors of his study always open, both literally and figuratively. But literature, as it was his earliest ambition, was always his most real interest; it was his constant point of view; it was his chosen refuge. His very profession was a literary one. Now, the life of a man of letters must needs be unexciting and uneventful in the eyes of men of activities and affairs. In such a life, a new book is a great adventure, a new poem or tale a chief event. Such a life can be painted only by a multitude of minute touches. For this reason, and because it was desirable that he should tell his own story as far as possible, a large part of this biography is made up of extracts from a daily journal. By such a method could the reader best learn how a man of letters spends his time,

and what occupies his thoughts. It brings the reader face to face with the author whom he has known in his books; letting him, as far as it is fitting, into his intimacy. It presupposes an interest in, and a familiarity with, the writings whose inception and completion are so frequently, if briefly, noted. It trusts much to the personal interest which, in this instance, the writings seem in a remarkable degree to have inspired, — an interest which it is believed this book, if it may in some things modify, will in no degree diminish. If in anything it should seem to fall short, let it be remembered that the poet had already put the best of himself into his books.

One word more. This is the Life of a man of letters who was a worker, — a faithful user of his powers; one who had too much respect for his art ever to permit any carelessness in the execution or unworthiness in the theme. His art he valued, not for its own sake, but as a vehicle for noble, gentle, beautiful thought and sentiment. If he spoke of things common, it was to invest them with that charm of saying, or show that poetic element in them, which should lift them above the commonplace.

CAMBRIDGE, February 15, 1886.

NOTE. — Some genealogical and other matter intended for an Appendix has necessarily been omitted.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS IN THE HOME.

1807–1820.

In all New England there is no pleasanter town than Portland, in the State of Maine. Built upon a peninsula in Casco Bay, it looks down upon the waters from a central ridge, and at each end rises into a hill. The eastern one of these commands an enchanting view down the bay and over its wooded islands. From the western height extends a charming prospect over lowlands and a tide-river indented with many shady coves, far away to the hill-ranges whose summits lie along the horizon. Highest of these is the peak of Mt. Washington, some seventy miles away as the bird flies, softly blue in summer, in winter dazzling white, against the sunset. The streets are shaded with arching elms, under which one gets glimpses of the water, and are cooled in summer by the sea-breezes. The houses, of wood or brick, stand mostly apart from each other in green yards and gardens. On the

outskirts of the town are fields and pastures, and a pretty piece of woods — a grove of oaks — long known as Deering's Woods; now, by gift of its inheritors, preserved as a park. There are pleasant drives along the neighboring shores. In summer numerous little steamboats run to the various islands of the bay, several of which are inhabited; and the waters are white with sails of pleasure boats, of fishing vessels, and of merchant ships bringing their cargoes to the wharves.

In the eastern quarter of the town, — the first settled, and for many years the "court end," — on the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, stands a house of three stories, somewhat spacious, and not without slight architectural pretensions of an old-fashioned sort. In its day it was a fine house, such as were built seventy or eighty years ago in all the New England sea-ports by well-to-do merchants and sea-captains, and was the home of one of these, Captain Samuel Stephenson. Built on a street that ran along the shore, only the door-yard, the street, and a little beach, separated it from the water. The house is still standing, but years ago the tide of fashion retreating westward left it bare, and it is now a tenement house. The beach in front of it has long been covered with the buildings of the Grand Trunk Railway.

In this house, on the twenty-seventh day of February, in the year 1807, was born Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. His parents were temporarily living there; spending the winter with

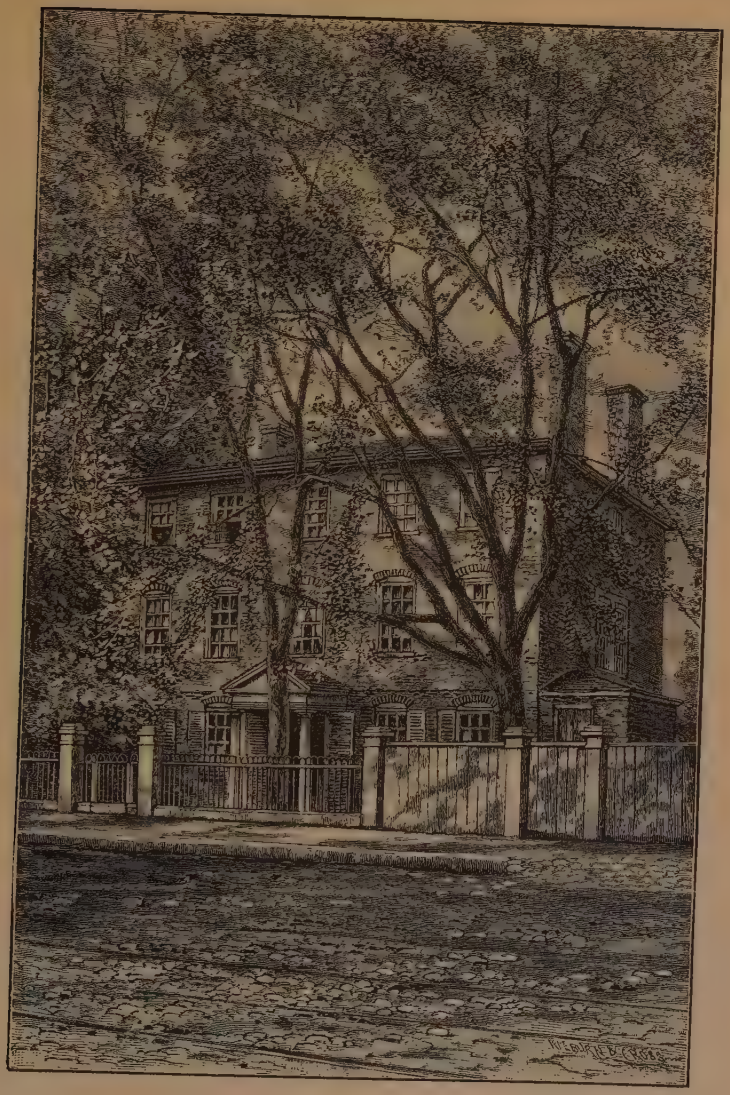
his father's sister, Mrs. Stephenson. They had been married three years before, and had already one son.

The boy did not long remain in this house. When he was a little more than a year old, his parents removed to the house on Congress Street in which his childhood and youth were passed. This house, noted as having been the first brick house in Portland, had been built by his mother's father, General Peleg Wadsworth, in the years 1784–86. Now quite in the heart of the business quarter, it was then on the extreme outskirts of the town, in the midst of fields. Hither Zilpah Wadsworth, the boy's mother, had come when seven years old; here she was married; here she returned now with her husband and two boys, in 1808, to pass the rest of her life. She was the third of eleven children of Peleg Wadsworth and Elizabeth Bartlett, who had, after their marriage, removed to Portland from Duxbury in Massachusetts, whither their ancestors had emigrated from England.[1] Their second son, Henry Wadsworth, was a lieutenant in the American navy: he had died, a young man of nineteen, in his country's service. "Preferring death to slavery," he had voluntarily perished, with his companions, in the fire-ship Intrepid, which was blown up before Tripoli in the night of September 4, 1804, to save

[1] The Wadsworths, as well as the Longfellows, were from Yorkshire. (See Appendix.) General Wadsworth was descended from John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, of Mayflower memory.

it from falling into the enemy's hands. From him his sister had named her second son.

Beautiful in her youth, Mrs. Longfellow retained through later years of invalidism a sweet and expressive countenance, a slight but upright figure. From her must have come to her son the imaginative and romantic side of his nature. She was fond of poetry and music, and in her youth, of dancing and social gayety. She was a lover of nature in all its aspects. She would sit by a window during a thunder-storm, enjoying the excitement of its splendors. Her disposition, through all trials and sorrows, was always cheerful, — with a gentle and tranquil fortitude. Full of a tender, simple, unquestioning piety, she was a lover of church and sermon and hymn; a devout and constant reader of the Bible, especially of its Psalms. She commended religion by its fairest fruits. It was the religion of the two great commandments. Despite her military traditions, and her having in her girlhood presented a flag, with a speech, to a company of soldiers, she had in maturer years a horror of war, and was an untiring advocate of peace. She was a kind friend and neighbor, a helper of the poor, a devoted mother to her children, whose confidant she was, the sharer of their little secrets and their joys, the ready comforter of their troubles, the patient corrector of their faults. Her sister, Lucia Wadsworth, lived with her, and was like a second mother to her children.



THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND.

The boy's father, Stephen Longfellow, was a man much honored in the community for his ability in his profession of the law, for his sound good sense in affairs, for his high integrity, his liberality and public spirit, for his old-time courtesy of manners and cordial hospitality. Born in 1776, upon his father's farm in Gorham, he had graduated with honor at Harvard College, where he was noted for his purity of character, his gentlemanly bearing, his buoyant spirits, and social warmth, as well as for his scholarship. He was classmate of Dr. Channing, Judge Story, Judge White, among others. He early took a high position at the Cumberland Bar. A "Federalist" in politics, he was sent as Representative to the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1814, and was a member of that Hartford Convention of which so much evil came unjustly to be spoken. He also represented his State in the National Congress for one term, in 1822–24. Retiring from these public positions, he devoted himself assiduously to his profession, in which he was much absorbed, till increasing ill health gradually disabled him. In his family he was at once kind and strict, bringing up his children in habits of respect and obedience, of unselfishness, the dread of debt, and the faithful performance of duty.

In this home, with such a father and mother, in a circle which came to include four brothers and four sisters, Henry Longfellow grew up. The first glimpse we get of him is in a letter of his mother, when he was but eight months old: —

HIRAM, October —, 1807.

You will perceive that I am in Hiram. I have been here two weeks with all my family excepting an essential part of it — my husband. He came with us, staid one day, and left us to attend to business he could not postpone. . . . You would be delighted with my little Stephen. He is an engaging little fellow, now that he can talk and begins to have some ideas. He will ask a thousand questions in a minute, and can manage his playthings and draw about his horse, — "Just like all children," you will say. No doubt of it; but it is the same to parents as if their child was the first in the world. I think you would like my little Henry W. He is an active rogue, and wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing. He would be very happy to have you raise him up to see the balls on the mirror. . . . I should, I think, be fond of a country life. The retirement pleases me; and the stillness of the scene — when, after rambling miles without meeting any one, we seat ourselves by the side of the river, which we find unruffled by a breath of air — has a wonderful effect in tranquillizing the spirit, and calming every unpleasant emotion. Adieu, my dear brother, you will write me, I am sure; and if I have no time to answer, my little boys shall each of them write you a letter as soon as they can hold a pen.

Our next sight of him is in a military guise. The war of 1812 with England had broken out, and an invasion of Canada was talked of. A letter of his aunt (May 6, 1812) says: —

A prophet tells us that a part of this country is to be laid waste by a hurricane the tenth of this month. Another says that two thirds of the world will be de-

stroyed on the fourth of July. Canada must be subdued before that time or the opportunity will be lost. Our little Henry is ready to march; he had his tin gun prepared and his head powdered a week ago.

When he next appears he has exchanged the musket for the pen. In a letter of Jan. 13, 1814, to her husband then attending the "General Court" in Boston, his mother sends this message from Henry: "Oh, tell papa I am writing at school — *a*, *b*, *c*; and send my love to him, and I hope he will bring me a drum." Not content with sending the message, he is eager to use his new accomplishment; and soon, with patient labor, he constructs with his own hand the following letter, the first which he ever wrote — who was to write so many:

PORTLAND [Jan. —, 1814].

DEAR PAPA, — Ann wants a little Bible like little Betsey's. Will you please buy her one, if you can find any in Boston. I have been to school all the week, and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet on Monday. I wish you to buy me a drum.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It is pleasant to find him thinking of his sister's Bible before his own drum. The "marks" were for slight offences, doubtless; what the "billet" meant we shall see presently. To the boy's letter the father replied: —

. . . I have found a very pretty drum, with an eagle painted on it, but the man asks two dollars for it; and they do not let any vessels go from Boston to Portland now.

But if I can find any opportunity to send it down I shall buy it. And if I cannot, I shall buy something else which will please you as well. I am glad to hear that you have been a good boy at school and are likely to get a billet. You must save all your billets till I get home. . . . If I can get time I shall write you and Stephen another letter, and tell you about the State House, and the theatre, and other things that are in Boston.

In a letter of his mother, in 1817, when he was ten years old, we get another picture of the brothers. Henry had lamed his elbow, turning a somersault in coming out of school, and had his arm in a sling. However —

He went to dancing-school Saturday afternoon, but excused himself from meeting on Sunday; Monday, attended at the Academy Examination; Tuesday, attended the [military] Review. Wednesday afternoon the boys went to school to contend for the prize in reading. Henry was in high spirits. He "did not know as he should get it, but wanted to try, and have it over." Stephen was rather unwilling to go; he "knew he could not get the prize; he did his best last time and could not get it, and he could not read poetry." However, he went. . . . My pen glides with peculiar facility when I am writing to you, dear husband, about our children. I could now tell you a long story of the girls and of A——, but I have not time this morning, as I have a mantua-maker to attend to.

It must have been earlier than this that his mother wrote of him: "Henry is reading Gay's Fables. He is quite indignant over the 'The Hare with Many Friends;' — but now consoles

himself with saying that he does n't believe it is true!"

A friend of the family writes in 1877, —

> Most distinctly do I recall the bright, pleasant boy as I often saw him at his father's house while I was living in Portland, in the years 1816–17. My recollections of those interviews in that time-honored mansion, and of the excellent man whose reception of me was ever cordial, and whose conversation was to me so agreeable and so instructive, have never ceased to be a pleasure.[1]

Henry is remembered by others as a lively boy, with brown or chestnut hair, blue eyes, a delicate complexion, and rosy cheeks; sensitive, impressionable; active, eager, impetuous, often impatient; quick-tempered, but as quickly appeased; kind-hearted and affectionate, — the sun-light of the house. He had great neatness and love of order. He was always extremely conscientious, "remarkably solicitous always to do right," his mother wrote. "True, high-minded, and noble, — never a mean thought or act," says his sister; "injustice in any shape he could not brook." He was industrious, prompt, and persevering; full of ardor, he went into everything he undertook with great zest.

With all his liveliness, he disliked loud noises and rude excitements. There is a family tradition of his having, on some Fourth of July, privately begged the maid to put cotton in his ears to deaden the sound of the cannon. But being asked if he

[1] Letter of Nehemiah Cleaveland.

was afraid, he indignantly denied it.[1] He was fond of all boys' games, — ball, kite-flying, and swimming, in summer; in winter, snowballing, coasting, and skating. His elder brother was very fond of a gun, and many were the excursions to the neighboring woods and shores, and to the more distant marshes, in search of birds. But one day Henry came home with his eyes full of tears, and so grieved at heart because he had shot a robin that he never tried again. About fishing he was somewhat less tender-hearted, though never a sportsman.

His father could tell him of the theatre in Boston; but the drama seldom came to Portland.[2] The circus and the menagerie were more frequent visitants. Eagerly attended, they were, of course, imitated at home. Feats of "grand and lofty tumbling" and horsemanship were exhibited for his sisters' benefit, the steed being a large wooden rocking-horse which stood in the back porch; but the family annals record that once, vaulting with

[1] In later life, a visitor speaks of his closing the shutters against a thunder-storm, saying that he disliked everything violent. On one of his book-plates was the motto *Non clamor, sed amor.*

[2] It seems to have been under some ban of the law, which led to amusing evasions. In the Portland Gazette of July 4, 1820, is the following advertisement: "The public are respectfully informed that there will be a Concert of vocal and instrumental music this evening. Between the parts of the Concert there will be performed (*gratis*) a celebrated Play in three acts called The Point of Honor. To conclude with Shakespeare's admired farce in three acts (*gratis*), called Katherine and Petruchio." However, in the following year the Portland Theatre is boldly advertised, with Richard III. and George Barnwell.

too great vehemence over the horse's head, he brought the horse over with him, breaking his neck, — fortunately the horse's, not his own.

In the home, there were books and music. His father's library, not large, but well selected for the time, gave him, as he grew up, access to Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Thomson, Goldsmith; the Spectator, the Rambler, the Lives of the Poets, Rasselas, Plutarch's Lives; Hume's, Gibbon's, Gillies's and Robertson's Histories, and the like. For Sunday reading, which was scrupulously separated from that of "week-days," there were Hannah More's Works; for some reason, possibly theological, The Pilgrim's Progress seems not to have been on the shelves. Cowper's poetry the boy was fond of; and Moore's Lalla Rookh. Robinson Crusoe, of course, and the Arabian Nights were read by the children together; and Henry took delight in Don Quixote, and Ossian, and would go about the house declaiming the windy and misty utterances of the latter.

He had access, also, to the shelves of the old Portland Library. And sometimes, of evenings, he got permission to go down to Mr. Johnson's bookstore to look over the few new books that from time to time arrived from Boston. There the boy might listen, also, to his elders, John Neal and Nathaniel Deering, talking about literature.

He has himself left us a record of one part of his early reading: —

Every reader has his first book; I mean to say, one book among all others which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me, this first book was the Sketch-Book of Washington Irving. I was a school-boy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of revery, — nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style. — How many delightful books the same author has given us. . . . Yet still the charm of the Sketch-Book remains unbroken; the old fascination remains about it; and whenever I open its pages, I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth.[1]

On Sundays, according to the habit of the time, all ordinary books and occupations were laid aside. There was church-going twice a day, — "going to meeting," it was always called, — never to be omitted by any of the family, save for reason of sickness. In the winter, Henry must often have carried for his mother, as he walked by her side, the little foot-stove of coals which in those days supplemented the very imperfect warming of the old First Parish meeting-house, where was the family pew. But in summer he carried flowers, — a bunch of pinks, or apple-blossoms from the great tree in the garden.

[1] Remarks in presenting the Resolutions upon the death of Irving at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Dec. 5, 1859. The first number of the Sketch-Book came out in 1819.

There were no Sunday-schools as yet; but on Sunday afternoons, after the meeting, the mother gathered her children around her, to read in turn from the great family Bible, and to look over, and talk over, its rude engravings of Scripture scenes and events; or to turn, for the hundredth time, to the "family record" of deaths and births which grew upon the pages between the Old and New Testaments. On Sunday evenings there was always the singing of hymns to the familiar psalmody of the old "Bridgewater Collection," — St. Martin's, and Dundee, and Brattle Street, with its favorite hymn by Helen Maria Williams, —

> While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
> Be my vain wishes stilled.

In the congregation of the First Parish of Portland, the moderate Calvinism of the old preachers, Parson Smith and Parson Deane (the latter not unsuspected of Arminian leanings) had gradually passed into the early form of Unitarianism. The Rev. Ichabod Nichols was now its minister, — a man of high intellectual power, an elevated reverential spirit, and great dignity of character and presence, whose retiring disposition alone kept him from being more widely known. Stephen Longfellow was one of his most valued parishioners. A classmate and intimate friend of Channing in his college years, he had followed the line of his friend's liberal thought. It is believed that it was at his instance that the old church covenant of the First Parish was modified in its doctrinal statement,

before he could conscientiously assent to it in becoming a "church member." It was in the doctrine and the spirit of the early Unitarianism that Henry Longfellow was nurtured at church and at home. And there is no reason to suppose that he ever found these insufficient, or that he ever essentially departed from them. Of his genuine religious feeling his writings give ample testimony. His nature was at heart devout; his ideas of life, of death, and of what lies beyond, were essentially cheerful, hopeful, optimistic. He did not care to talk much on theological points; but he believed in the supremacy of good in the world and in the universe.

In the home parlor the sister's piano had replaced the spinet of his mother's youth. The Battle of Prague, Governor Brooks's March, Washington's March, and other music of the period were familiar; to such songs as Henry's Cottage Maid, Brignal's Banks, Bonnie Doon, The Last Rose of Summer, Oft in the Stilly Night, Henry lent his voice and the training of the singing-school; while the lessons of the dancing-class were repeated in the parlor, to the tunes of Money Musk, The Haymakers, or Fisher's Hornpipe.

In the evenings, there were lessons to be learned; and the children opened their satchels, and gathered, with their books and slates, round the table in the family sitting-room. The silence would be broken for a moment by the long mysterious blast of a horn, announcing the arrival in town of the

evening mail, then the rattle of its passing wheels, and then silence again, save the singing of the wood-fire. Studies over, there would be games till bed-time. If these became too noisy, or the father had brought home his law-papers from the office, enjoining strictest quiet, then there was flight to another room, — perhaps, in winter, to the kitchen, where hung the crane over the coals in the broad old fireplace, upon whose iron back a fish forever baked in effigy. When bed-time came, it was hard to leave the warm fire to go up into the unwarmed bed-rooms; still harder next morning to get up out of the comfortable feather-beds and break the ice in the pitchers for washing. But hardship made hardihood. In summer it was pleasant enough to look out from the upper windows: those of the boys' room looked out over the Cove and the farms and woodlands toward Mount Washington, full in view on the western horizon; while the eastern chambers commanded a then unobstructed view of the bay, White Head, Fort Preble, and the light-house on Cape Elizabeth.

"Out of my childhood," wrote Mr. Longfellow in later years, "rises in my memory the recollection of many things rather as poetic impressions than as prosaic facts. Such are the damp mornings of early spring, with the loud crowing of cocks and the cooing of pigeons on roofs of barns. Very distinct in connection with these are the indefinite longings incident to childhood; feelings of wonder and loneliness which I could not interpret and scarcely then took cognizance of. But they have remained in my mind."

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

1810–1821.

The boy's school-life began at three years of age, when he went with his brother of five to a school kept by one Mrs. Fellows, — "Ma'am Fellows," she was called, — who taught him his letters and respect for elders, if nothing more. He remembered being carried to school sometimes on horseback, in front of the colored man who worked for his father. At five years he was thought old enough to go to the public school in Love Lane, quite near his home. But the companionship of some of the rough boys was so very distasteful to him that he stayed only a week. It was, perhaps, from this school that he came home one day, his cheeks and his heart burning with anger; the schoolmaster had accused him of a lie. So he was removed to a private school kept by Mr. Wright, and afterward by Mr. N. H. Carter. And when, in 1813, Mr. Carter took charge of the Portland Academy, Henry followed him. And there we find him at the age of six. And one day he brings home this "billet": —

Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school. He spells and reads very well. He also can add and multiply numbers. His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable.

N. H. CARTER.

June 30, 1813.

The next spring he is reported as having "gone half through his Latin Grammar" and as standing "above several boys twice as old as he." By this time, as we have seen, he had written his first letter. In 1817, when he is ten years old, the new preceptor, Mr. Cushman, certifies that he "has during the week distinguished himself by his good deportment, — Monday morning's lesson and occasional levity excepted." These were pardonable derelictions. At other times he is reported as "very ambitious to do well;" and once comes the mysterious statement that he "is wise enough to listen to the advice of his best friends." At the Academy he came also under the instructions of Mr. Jacob Abbot, and of Mr. Cobb and other assistants.

Of one of his teachers he in later years records this recollection: —

I remember the schoolmaster at the Academy, and the mingled odor that hovered about him of tobacco, india-rubber, and lead pencil. A nervous, excitable man. When we left school I went with a schoolmate to take leave of him and thank him for his patience with us. He thought we were in jest; and gave me a stern lecture on good behavior and the trials of a teacher's life.

One of his schoolmates has given us this remembrance of the boy at the Academy: —

I recollect perfectly the impression made upon myself and others. He was a very handsome boy. Retiring, without being reserved, there was a frankness about him that won you at once. He looked you square in the face. His eyes were full of expression, and it seemed as though you could look down into them as into a clear spring. . . . He had no relish for rude sports; but loved to bathe in a little creek on the border of Deering's Oaks; and would tramp through the woods at times with a gun, but this was mostly through the influence of others; he loved much better to lie under a tree and read. . . . If he was a thoughtful, he certainly was not a melancholy, boy; and the minor key to which so much of his verse is attuned, and that tinge of sadness his countenance wore in later years, were due to that first great sorrow that came upon him, which was chiselled still deeper by subsequent trials.[1]

The school-year was divided into "quarters," with a week's vacation at the end of each, which was extended perhaps, in summer, to a fortnight. These holidays were often spent in visits to his grandfather Longfellow's house in Gorham, his father's birth-place, a few miles from Portland. The road was a rather dreary one, and passed a wood which the boy believed to be haunted. His grandfather was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and also carried on a farm. The homestead was a comfortable house of two stories, the road on either side of it shaded with long rows of slender

[1] Letter of Elijah Kellogg in the Bowdoin Orient, Feb., 1885.

elm-trees, which Henry's father when a boy had helped to plant. Under the windows grew syringa bushes and sweetbriers, and the dark-red "low damask" roses bloomed in their season. Across the way was a blacksmith's shop, where the farm horses were shod; and further along, a little brook crossed by a wooden bridge; and at a turn of the road, a one-story school-house of the forlorn pattern which was then in vogue. The village of Gorham — "Gorham Corner," it was called — was about three miles further on. Judge Longfellow, the grandfather, is described as "a fine-looking gentleman, with the bearing of the old-school; an erect, portly figure, rather tall; wearing almost to the close of his life the old-style dress, — long-skirted waistcoat, small-clothes, and white-topped boots, his hair tied behind in a club, with black ribbon." The freedom and range of the farm were, of course, delightful to the town boy. His uncle and aunt Stephenson, in whose house he had been born, had removed to Gorham when Jefferson's embargo kept the ships "rotting at the wharves," and now carried on the adjoining farm. And there Henry had the companionship of his cousins and played a little at farming, — following the mowers at hay time, and going for the cows at evening in the pennyroyal-scented pastures; picking the wild strawberries; peeping into the dairy to see the cheese-presses, and the butter-making in the tall churns; in autumn entering into the work and fun of the corn-husking; watching the great

spinning wheel while the spinner walked to and fro, as she fed the spindle from the heap of carded wool; or even filling the quills when the household loom was in use weaving the homespun.

Sometimes the vacation journey was extended — a long day's drive — to Hiram, where his grandfather Wadsworth had built himself a house in the midst of his estate of seven thousand acres, called on the maps of the time "Wadsworth's Grant," between the Saco and the Ossipee rivers. His grandchildren looked with a kind of awe upon his upright form, in the cocked hat and buckled shoes which he continued to wear.[1] As they sat in the spacious and breezy hall, they never tired of hearing him tell the thrilling story of his capture by British soldiers, his imprisonment in Fort George at Castine, and his adventurous escape. Perhaps he

[1] Of her father's appearance thirty years earlier, when he first came to Portland, Mrs. Longfellow gave this description: "Imagine to yourself a man of middle size, well proportioned, with a military air, and who carried himself so truly that many thought him tall. His dress, a bright scarlet coat, buff small-clothes and vest, full ruffled bosom, ruffles over the hands, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, white cravat with bow in front, hair well powdered and tied behind in a club, so called. . . . Of his character others may speak, but I cannot forbear to claim for him an uncommon share of benevolence and kind feeling."

General Wadsworth was, during the war of the Revolution, Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, and afterwards chief in command upon the coast of Maine. After moving to Portland he was sent as Representative to Congress for fourteen years (1792–1806). In Hiram, where he spent his later years, he was for twelve years Treasurer of the town. He died in 1829, at the age of eighty-one.

told the school-boy some stories of his college life at Harvard; or of the patriotic indignation with which, a recent graduate, he heard of the "servile reception," by the College, of the Royal Governor, Hutchinson, in 1771;[1] perhaps, even, read the verses which he had written at the time, "On the Decay of Virtue and Increase of Politeness and Servility at Harvard College."

Not far from Hiram, in the neighboring town of Fryeburg, lies one of those small lakes of which the State of Maine is full, their clear waters rimmed with a beach of pale sand. It is called Lovewell's (or Lovell's) Pond, and is the scene of an event famous in New England history as "Lovewell's Fight" with the Indians. The story made a deep impression on the boy's imagination. One morning — the 17th of November, 1820 — there appeared in the poet's corner of the Portland Gazette the following verses: —

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

[1] See Quincy's History of Harvard College.

The warriors that fought for their country — and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

HENRY.

There is very little, even of promise, in these verses. Other boys of thirteen have written better. Their only interest lies in their being, as far as is known, the first printed verses of our poet.[1] But the boy's first printed verses were to him, at least, of vast interest. He recalled, in after years, the trembling and misgiving of heart with which he ran down to Mr. Shirley's printing-office at the foot of Exchange Street, and cautiously slipped his manuscript into the letter-box. The evening before the publication of the paper — it was a semi-weekly — he went again, and stood shivering in the November air, casting many a glance at the windows, as they trembled with the jar of the ink-balls and the press — afraid to venture in. No one but his sister, the receiver of all his confidences, had been let into his secret; and she shared with him the excited expectation with which the appear-

[1] It may not be amiss to say, on Mr. Longfellow's own authority, that some silly lines about "Mr. Finney and his turnip," which went the rounds of the papers a few years ago as his "first poem," were never written by him.

ance of the paper was looked for, the next morning. We may imagine the impatience with which they watched the unfolding of the damp sheet in their father's methodical hands, and the rising vapor as he held it before the wood-fire to dry. Slowly he read the paper, and said nothing — perhaps saw nothing — of the verses, and the children kept their secret. But when they could get the paper — the poem was there! Inexpressible was the boy's delight, and innumerable the times that he read and re-read his performance, each time with increasing satisfaction. In the evening he went to visit at the house of Judge Mellen, his father's friend, whose son Frederic was his own intimate. In the circle gathered about the fire, the talk turned upon poetry. The Judge took up the morning's Gazette: "Did you see the piece in to-day's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it." The boy's heart shrunk within him and he would gladly have sunk through the floor. He got out of the house as soon as possible, without betraying himself. Shall we blame him that there were tears on his pillow that night? It was his first encounter with "the critic," from whom he was destined to hear much, not always complimentary, and of whom he had more than once something not very complimentary to say.

This first mishap, however, did not discourage him. He was not of a temperament easily discouraged. From time to time other pieces appeared in the Gazette, with the signature known to a few

friends. They are not worth reprinting. With his friend William Browne, a bright youth a little older than himself, he established a literary interchange and, indeed, partnership. In his friend's letters, which alone are preserved, we get such hints as these: "I think your lines were excellent;" "As to your Epigram, which you pronounce so bad, I find no fault in it;" "I have done my best to proceed with our play;" "I hope you will send me the whole of your Tragedy, *in partibus*, i. e. by inches;" "Concerning that thing you call a Comedy, I shall not send it you, *quia non habeo;* in plain Greek, ὠλεται; anglicé, it is destroyed." In 1821 there comes a proposal for a series of papers to be written by the two alternately, for which "the less assuming name of The Spectator" is suggested.

Meanwhile neither studies, play, nor literary enterprises occupied all the time. In the New England of that day "co-education" was not discussed, but practised without question. In the Portland Academy the girls and boys were duly placed apart on either side of the aisle that ran from the door to the teacher's platform; but these two sets of desks faced each other. Imagine the lessons that were learned above the grammar and the arithmetic, the romances which were composed but never submitted to the teachers for criticism! There is even a trustworthy tradition that some of the shyer, or more ardent, boys cut peep-holes in the lids of their desks, to be furtively used in the

prolonged intervals of putting away a slate or getting out a writing-book. Deering's Woods also afforded lovely opportunities in its leafy glades, which our school-boy frequented, not only with his boy companions in search of autumnal acorns and walnuts, but with the pretty maidens, his sister's friends, when April winds stirred the blossoming of the rosy-white May-flowers under their blanket of rough leaves, — very good emblems of the innocent flames that hid their tender glow under the school-boy's jacket. Nor had Nature failed to provide a few beech-trees among the oaks, — her ready tablets for the school-boy's *stylus*, the pen-knife, in its practice of the alphabet. More elaborate records of these "early loves" and their romance may have found their way to the poets' corner of the newspaper. At any rate he did not forget them when in after years he recalled his Lost Youth.[1]

[1] I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

. . . . . .

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

— *My Lost Youth*

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE YEARS.

1821–1824.

In 1821 the school-boy becomes the collegian, passing successfully, in company with his brother two years older than himself, the entrance examinations for Bowdoin College. Of this college — then but twenty years in existence — his father, himself a graduate of Harvard, was one of the Trustees. Maine had, the year before, been separated from Massachusetts, and erected into an independent State; and there was all the new ardor of local pride in the State institutions. Perhaps on account of Henry's youth, — he was not yet fifteen, — the boys pursued their first year's studies at home; and did not go up for residence at the College till the autumn of 1822.

On going to Brunswick at the beginning of the Sophomore year, the brothers took a room together at the house of Rev. Mr. Titcomb[1] in the village. It must have been very plainly furnished, for such was the custom of the time. Carpets even

[1] It was in this house, many years after (when it was occupied by Professor Stowe), that Uncle Tom's Cabin was written.

were then unknown in students' rooms. We hear of no adornments to theirs but some bombazine window-curtains, and a set of card-racks painted by their sister; and they complain of difficulty in keeping their room warm in the bitter Northern winter, with their wood-fire in the open fireplace.[1]

Of Henry Longfellow's college career we have glimpses in the recollections of one of his Professors and some of his fellow-collegians. Professor Packard writes of him as "an attractive youth, of well-bred manners and bearing," "of unblemished character as a pupil, and a true gentleman in all his relations with the college and its teachers."

His classmate, Bradbury, gives this picture of him: —

I met him for the first time in the autumn of 1822, when I entered, as Sophomore, the class of which he was a member. As we both had our rooms out of college and in the same vicinity, we were often together in passing to and from the recitation-room, and became well acquainted. He was genial, sociable, and agreeable, and always a gentleman in his deportment. He was uniformly cheerful. He had a happy temperament, free from envy and every corroding passion and vice. In personal appearance, according to my present recollection of him, . . . his figure

[1] His mother writes, "I am sorry to find that your room is cold. I fear learning will not flourish, nor your ideas properly expand, in a frosty atmosphere; and I fear the Muses will not visit you, and that I shall have no poetic effusion presented on New Year's Day." This probably refers to the printed "Address" in verse which it was the custom of the time for the Carriers of the various newspapers to present to their patrons on the first of January, as an occasion for a gratuity. One of these Henry Longfellow is known to have written.

was slight and erect, his complexion light and delicate as a maiden's, with a slight bloom upon the cheek; his nose rather prominent, his eyes clear and blue, and his well-formed head covered with a profusion of brown hair waving loosely. While he was understood in college to be a general reader, and more especially devoted to the Muses, he never allowed himself to come to the recitation-room without thorough preparation. I have some knowledge that he found more difficulty in mastering the hard problems in the higher branches of mathematics than he did in any of his other studies. His class was one in which there was a large amount of ambition and an intense struggle for rank in scholarship. . . . Longfellow maintained a high rank in a class which contained such names as Hawthorne, Little, Cilley, Cheever, Abbot, and others. In this class Longfellow stood justly among the first. . . . We had in our class the sons of Judge Bridge, Simon Greenleaf, Stephen Longfellow, Jeremiah Mason, Chief Justice Mellen, and Commodore Preble.

Another classmate speaks of him as "uniformly regular and studious in his habits, rather disinclined to general intercourse, maintaining high rank as a scholar, and distinguished especially for the excellence of his compositions." "Such was his temperament," he adds, "that it appeared easy for him to avoid the unworthy." A townsman and fellow-collegian writes: —

An intimacy commenced between us in his Junior year, as we were both of us *Peucinians*,[1] and happened to board

[1] There were two literary societies in the College, the Athenean and the Peucinian, which latter took its name from the neighboring pine-woods, and had for its motto "*Pinos loquentes semper habemus.*"

together in a little private club. After supper we sometimes took a stroll together in the Brunswick woods, and then adjourned to his room for a little chat and smoke. He never seemed to care for gun or rod, and as we wandered together through the woods he never expressed a wish to fire a shot at the flocks of wild pigeons, nor to take the fish of the Androscoggin, though I enjoyed both sorts of sport, and had sometimes for a companion his brother Stephen. Neither did Hawthorne care for field sport.[1]

Lively as he was in disposition, both his instincts and his principles kept him from taking part in any college escapades or mischief. His books, his companions, — in whose choice he was, from instinct also, somewhat fastidious, though friendly toward all, — his rambles in the pines and along the river banks, well occupied the uneventful days. Of course, he kept up a correspondence with his family, and especially with his father, who during two of these college years spent the winters in Washington, as member of the House of Representatives. These letters will give some idea of what he was doing and thinking in these years. And first we get a glance at his reading: —

To his Mother.

Bowdoin College, April —, 1823.

. . . I have this evening been reading a few pages in Gray's Odes. I am very much pleased with them. The 'Progress of Poesy' and the 'Ode on Eton College' are admirable. And many passages of 'The Bard,' though,

[1] Letter of Isaac McLellan.

I confess, quite obscure to me, seem to partake in a great degree of the sublime. *Obscurity* is the great objection which many urge against Gray. They do not consider that it contributes in the highest degree to sublimity; and he certainly aimed at sublimity in these Odes. Every one admires his Elegy, and if they do not his Odes, they must attribute it to their own want of taste.

To this letter his mother replied: —

I am not very conversant with the poetry of Gray, dear H., and therefore cannot tell whether I should be as much pleased with it in general as you are. His Elegy I have read frequently and always with pleasure; I admire it for its truth and simplicity. I presume you will not allow it any *sublimity*. Obscurity, you think, is favorable to the sublime. It may be so, but I am much better pleased with those pieces which touch the feelings and improve the heart than with those which excite the imagination only and raise perhaps an indistinct admiration, — that is, an admiration of we know not exactly what. I have been looking over some of our books, but have not yet found anything of Gray's, not even in the Poetical Epitome; but I shall continue the search. In Johnson's Lives I find some account of him. He was "perhaps the most learned man in England." Of his poetry, his learned biographer does not seem to be much enamored. He wishes to know the meaning of the first line in the 'Progress of Poesy,' and speaks of that and 'The Bard' as *incomprehensible*. But to the Elegy even Johnson was obliged to do justice: "Had Gray often written thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

In another letter she wrote: —

To return to our old subject, Gray's poems, — I wish you would bring the book home with you. I have a

strong inclination to read the poems, since you commend them so highly. I think I should be pleased with them, though Dr. Johnson was not. I do not think the Doctor possessed much sensibility to the charms of poetry, and he was sometimes most unmerciful in his criticisms.

The collegian also begged modestly to differ from the Doctor: —

To his Mother.

April 25, 1823.

The partial and uncandid manner in which Dr. Johnson criticised the poems of Gray, gives great offence to many, and is condemned by all of candid minds. The cause of his severity is generally believed to be the difference of their religious and political opinions. This is sufficient to make the opinions advanced by the great Lexicographer of little weight. Though he were the greatest man alive, and possessed of the greatest learning, yet this, without he possessed also impartiality, would not constitute him the best critick.[1] I do not see what is so incomprehensible in the first line of the 'Progress of Poesy.' Is it not as plain as a passage somewhat similar in the Psalms? Gray's poem commences thus, —

"Awake, Æolian lyre, awake!"

and David says, —

"Awake, my glory; awake, lute and harp!"

I know and acknowledge that I am not a competent judge in this matter, and I only advance such opinions as suggest themselves to my mind, that you may know, not embrace, them. I am in favor of letting each one think for himself, and I am very much pleased with Gray's poems, Dr. Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding.

[1] This and similar words were, sixty years ago, always spelled with a *k*; and this spelling is preserved in these letters, as characteristic of the period.

To his Mother.

November 9, 1823.

Since I wrote you last I have read but one volume. That is Heckwelder's Account of the History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian Natives of Pennsylvania and the neighboring States. This is a very interesting volume, and exhibits in a new and more agreeable light the character of this reviled and persecuted race. It appears from this account of them and of their customs (and I see no reason why he should not be relied upon as correct, since he passed the greater part of a long life amongst the Indians) that they are a race possessing magnanimity, generosity, benevolence, and pure religion without hypocrisy. This may seem a paradox, but nevertheless I believe it true. They have been most barbarously maltreated by the whites, both in word and deed.

Their "outrages" — what ear has not heard of them a thousand times? — whilst the white people, who rendered their cruelty more cruel, their barbarity more vindictive, publish abroad their crimes and thank Heaven that they are not like these heathen!

This reading of Heckwelder may have had some connection with the fact that for the Junior Exhibition which took place in December, Longfellow and his classmate Bradbury had as the subject of their "part" a "Dialogue between a North American Indian and a European." About this, Mr. Bradbury says: —

He had the character of King Philip and I of Miles Standish. He maintained that the continent was given by the Great Spirit to the Indians, and that the English were wrongful intruders. My reply was . . . that the Great Spirit never intended that so few in number should

hold the whole continent for hunting-grounds, and that we had a right to a share of it to improve and cultivate. . . . One thing is certain, that he subsequently made a great deal more of Miles Standish than I did on that occasion.[1]

To his Father.

December 1, 1823.

Our returning ride from Portland on the Saturday we left you was vastly disagreeable. Night overtook us long before we reached Codman's at Freeport, and we did not arrive at Brunswick until nearly nine in the evening, heartily sick of the darkness, mud, and misery. I have but little leisure at present, for the Exhibition comes on next Wednesday, and I wish to have my performance perfectly committed, so as to have no opportunity for embarrassment, as far as it depends upon myself. I have too much confidence to feel any solicitude about the thing, and if the contrary were true, I have too much resolution to let it be known. I wish, though, that the appointment was anything in the catalogue but what it is. It is difficult in the extreme to write a good dialogue. I am rather sorry that the Exhibition falls so late in the year. The Chapel will be very cold and uncomfortable, both for the performers and the spectators; for after snow has fallen the cold is too severe to be detained an hour or two in a building without fire.

We commenced Locke on the Human Understanding more than a week since. I find it thus far neither remarkably hard nor uninteresting. I began with the determination to like it at any rate, and so get on very easily. How long a time did *you* devote to a lesson of

[1] Letter to Maine Historical Society: Proceedings in celebration of Mr. Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday.

six or seven pages? We had no recitation this afternoon. Instead thereof a discussion was proposed, to wit: "Whether the soul always thinks." This was extemporaneous. Most of those that said anything upon the subject spoke in the affirmative, controverting Mr. Locke's opinion. . . .

I wish I could be at Washington during the winter, though I suppose it rather vain to wish when it is almost impossible for our wishes to become realities. It would be more pleasant to get a peep at Southern people and draw a breath of Southern air, than to be always freezing in the North; but I have very resolutely concluded to enjoy myself heartily wherever I am. I find it most profitable to form such plans as are least liable to failure.

I think I am rather fortunate in not obtaining a school for this coming vacation, and begin already to congratulate myself upon being so free from necessary and regular employment as to have time to devote to reading. Really, my leisure at present is so very limited that I can scarcely find time for my necessary exercise, of which I take more than ordinary. And I find it absolutely and indispensably requisite to my health, and consequently to my comfort. My chief exercise consists in walking. The small fall of snow we had here a few days since makes this rather uncomfortable; and when the snow becomes deep and drifted I hardly know what I shall do, without I take to cutting wood again, which is rather irksome.

To his Father.

December 11, 1823.

The Exhibition took place last evening, and I must confess I am glad it is past. I feel that a great weight is removed from my shoulders, for I could not but feel some solicitude, though I would never confess it. I shall now

have a great deal more leisure, which to me is one of the sweetest things in the world. And it will really be a rarity to me, for I have seen very little of it for some weeks past. I think I shall now enjoy myself heartily. Winter has commenced with us pretty violently, which renders the walking very uncomfortable. This I should lament very much, since it deprives me of that exercise, had I not adopted another mode as a substitute, which is this: I have marked out an image upon my closet-door about my own size, and whenever I feel the want of exercise I strip off my coat and, considering this image as in a posture of defence, make my motions as though in actual combat. This is a very classick amusement, and I have already become quite skilful as a pugilist. My only doubt with regard to its utility is, whether it may not be too violent. I find thus far considerable advantage arising from it, and shall not discontinue it until I experience some inconvenience. I rather think that my appearance is very appalling, as I constantly, whilst under action, wear the leathern gauntlet, or, more properly, mitten.

I take the New York Statesman, edited by Mr. N. H. Carter, who, the paper mentions, is now in Washington. He has commenced an account of Congressional proceedings in the form of an editorial correspondence, so that I shall have a good opportunity of seeing all that is going on at the metropolis during the session of Congress, which from all accounts will be one of great interest. However, I must confess I care but little about politicks or anything of the kind, and therefore read and know but very little about them, so that the columns of my paper devoted to political speculations are to me almost as uninteresting as so many columns of the tradesmen's advertisements. . . .

To his Mother.

December 25, 1823.

. . . If you look for *news* to the Orient you stand a better chance than anybody in the world to be disappointed. We have nothing here but what is old. We see the newspapers after they are worn out; we read a novel after it has become obsolete everywhere else. So far from telling you anything new, to attempt such a thing would be like serving up a dish of minced fish to a person on Sunday morning when he had dined upon it in its original state on Saturday. I beg you to observe the delicacy of the comparison. . . . More from necessity than inclination I have become almost as spare in my diet as Daniel was when he lived in Babylon on pulse. Notwithstanding, if I were in England now (and I have been wishing myself there all the day long so warmly that, if my wishes could but turn to realities, I should have been there) I should become a bacchanalian for a while. I do not believe any person can read the fifth number of the Sketch-Book without feeling, at least, if not expressing, a wish similar to my own. Irving, the papers say, has already written another novel. I hope we shall have the pleasure of reading this new work of his, and also The Pilot by the author of The Spy. This will afford fine winter amusement for us in the long evenings.

It has been a great day with us here to-day. I do not refer to the celebration of Christmas. But the Consociation of ministers met at this place to-day. They have exercises of a religious and publick kind both forenoon and afternoon, and I might add morning and evening. I have been so much of a heretick as to be audacious enough to shut my eyes against this clear and shining light and remain all day at home. I cannot find anybody who was present that remembers the text of the sermon. So much for going to meeting out of mere curiosity!

In the winter vacation of this year our collegian made his first visit to Boston, where he had relatives, and he sends the following account of it

To his Father, in Washington.

March 2, 1824.

I will describe to you as well and as briefly as I can my visit to Boston. As we left Portland in the "accommodation-stage," the first night was passed at Portsmouth. We arrived towards evening, and after tea I called upon my classmate Mason, and we walked about the streets a little. But it was too dark to see much of the town, and too wet to be at all comfortable. So I returned to the inn, with the consoling expectation that the storm which seemed threatening would be a storm of rain, and that the morning would find no snow on the ground. Nor were these fears without foundation. When we again set off on our journey, in the morning, there was very little snow left beneath the sleigh-runners. However, we dragged along until we came to Newburyport, when we took wheels, and arrived at the "Literary Emporium"[1] late in the evening. I slept, the first night, the 11th of February, at the Exchange Coffee House,[2] and could not help thinking how much my situation resembled yours when you were first there. If this were not another building, I should have imagined I occupied the same chamber that you did in former times, for it seemed to be the very highest point of the dwelling, the very *apogee*, so to speak.

I had a delightful visit. We went to Charlestown; to the Navy Yard and Breed's Hill; to the Athenaeum; to

[1] A name then frequently given to Boston.

[2] The stopping-place of the stage-coaches in Boston; built in 1808 on Congress Square, seven stories high, crowned with a dome. Burned in 1818, it was rebuilt and occupied as a hotel till 1853.

the State House, and took a beautiful view from the dome; to Stewart's painting-room; to Dogget's Repository, and to all places of repute, excepting the Milldam. The day we fixed upon for seeing this was so severely cold that we relinquished the plan. I was also at Cambridge. And I must not forget the splendid ball I attended. This was a private ball given by Miss Marshall, one of the most celebrated of the city belles.[1] It was indeed a most splendid entertainment, more so by far than any I had ever beheld before. Here I saw and danced with Miss Eustaphiève, the daughter of the Russian consul. She is an exceedingly graceful and elegant dancer, and plays beautifully upon the piano-forte. I furthermore was at the theatre when the Shakespeare Jubilee was represented. This Jubilee in honor of the Bard of Avon is nothing more than select scenes from his most celebrated tragedies and comedies, together with an elegant pageant representing the Tragick Muse in a car drawn by fiends, and the Muse of Comedy drawn by satyrs, — severally preceded by standards of the tragedies and of the comedies. Mr. [Charles] Sprague's prize poem, written for the occasion, I did not hear. And so much for the "Shakespeare Jubilee."

I saw a great number of elegant buildings in Boston, and was much pleased with the city itself as well as with the inhabitants. I was there but eight days, and would have staid as long again had it been in my power. But this was out of the question altogether; for, as it was, I did not get back to college again until after the commencement of the term. I have hardly got calmed and settled down to my studies yet.

[1] Miss Emily Marshall, a lady as celebrated for her attractions of mind and heart as for her beauty of face and figure. See Figures of the Past, by Josiah Quincy, p. 334.

The college vacations, however, were usually spent at home. The pleasant society of Portland offered its hospitalities in the summer to many visitors from abroad; and in the winter enjoyed the usual social gayeties within its own circle. To these the young collegians were of course welcomed. Portland then, as since, was noted for the beauty of its young ladies, and to them the young and susceptible poet did not fail to render a romantic homage. "You were ever," — one of his companions wrote to him, — "you were ever an admirer of the sex; but they seemed to you something enshrined and holy, — to be gazed at and talked with, and nothing further." This chivalrous feeling towards women was all his life characteristic of him; and it might have been said of him, as it was of Villemain, that "whenever he spoke to a woman it was as if he were offering her a bouquet of flowers." It was this tone of feeling which made him in later years to have less sympathy with the movements for woman's enfranchisement from homage and privilege to equal standing with men.

CHAPTER IV.

COLLEGE POEMS.

1824–25.

Amid all these occupations and relaxations Longfellow did not neglect what used to be called "the Muse." In his first year at Brunswick he continued to send verses to the Portland paper, none of them worth reprinting. One specimen will suffice: the first and last stanzas have a pretty melody of their own.

TO IANTHE.

When upon the western cloud
  Hang day's fading roses,
When the linnet sings aloud
  And the twilight closes, —
As I mark the moss-grown spring
  By the twisted holly,
Pensive thoughts of thee shall bring
  Love's own melancholy.

. . . . .

Then when tranquil evening throws
  Twilight shades above thee,
And when early morning glows, —
  Think on those that love thee!

For an interval of years
We ere long must sever,
But the hearts that love endears
Shall be parted never.

His friend Browne quotes from a poem entitled 'Youthful Years' two lines, which, he says, "ring in my ears and are never out of my mouth:" —

Sorrow is for the sons of men
And weeping for earth's daughters.

But another correspondent writes: "With your poetry I was much pleased; but that our cheerful and laughter-loving friend should write in strains of melancholy was an enigma to me."

He also appears to have written some prose articles for the American Monthly Magazine, edited in Philadelphia by Dr. James McHenry, author of The Spectre of the Forest, and O'Halloran, or the Insurgent Chief. The editor administers this bit — or bait — of flattery to the young author. "If The Spectre should fall into your hands, I should be glad to have your opinion of it; for the taste and talent displayed in the 'Poor Student' and your article on 'Youth and Age,' have impressed me with a high opinion of your literary judgment. Your pieces shall always meet with a favorable reception." This praise was all the young author got for his pieces; the promised *honorarium* never being forwarded.

In April, 1824, appeared the first number of a new semi-monthly periodical, The United States Literary Gazette, published in Boston by Cum-

mings, Hilliard, and Co., and edited by Mr. Theophilus Parsons, a young lawyer, afterwards distinguished as a jurist. "Many gentlemen," says the Prospectus, "have engaged to contribute to our pages; . . . among them are minds as highly gifted by nature, and as well nurtured and disciplined by habits of study and composition as those employed in the support of any periodical work in this land." The first number contains a review of The Pilot, in which the author is all along called "Mr. Cowper," and another, of Mr. Bryant's first volume of poems, published three years before. It has also a new poem by Bryant, — 'Rizpah.' Among the "new books" advertised are Hobomok, by an American [Mrs. Child]; a reprint of the new Waverley novel, St. Ronan's Well; and Bancroft's Translation of Heeren's Politics. In the fifteenth number of the Gazette, with the date of November 15, appears a poem entitled 'Thanksgiving,' signed with the initials which became so familiar to the readers of the magazine, — H. W. L. It is dated Sunday evening, October, 1824. It begins, —

> When first in ancient times, from Jubal's tongue,
> The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,

and ends thus, —

> Have our mute lips no hymn — our souls no song?
> Let him that in the summer day of youth
> Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,
> And him that in the nightfall of his years
> Lies down in his last sleep and shuts in peace
> His dim pale eyes on life's short wayfaring,
> Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

Two sonnets by Bryant are upon the same page. Plain enough is the influence of Bryant upon the young poet, who himself recognized it many years after in a note which has been published: —

Let me say what a stanch friend and admirer of yours I have been from the beginning, and acknowledge how much I owe to you, not only of delight, but of culture. When I look back upon my earlier years I cannot but smile to see how much in them is really yours. It was an involuntary imitation, which I most readily confess, and say, as Dante says to Virgil, —

"Tu se' lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore."

'Thanksgiving' was followed in succeeding numbers of the Gazette by sixteen poems; the last but one of which was printed in the issue of November 15, 1825, exactly a year after the first, — a fruitful year indeed. Of these poems five were afterwards selected by their author to be reprinted in his first volume of poetry, the Voices of the Night.[1] The

[1] Of one of these poems a few words may be said. The young student one day read in a number of the North American Review, an article upon Count Casimir Pulaski, in which occurred this sentence: "The standard of his legion was formed of a piece of crimson silk embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania." The words vividly touched his fancy. Misled by the word *nuns*, which should have been *sisters*, he immediately conceived the scene of the consecration as given in the poem, pictured after what he had read of Roman Catholic ritual. Of the Moravians he knew nothing. The scene was purely imaginary. In the world of fact, the plain church of the Moravians at Bethlehem had, of course, neither censer, nor cowled head, nor chant of nuns, nor dim mysterious aisle, nor consecration of the banner. It seems that Count Pulaski, recruiting for his legion in Pennsylvania, came to Bethlehem, and finding that the Sisters were accustomed to work at embroidery

rest he was very willing should be forgotten.[1] Besides these verses he contributed to the Gazette three articles in prose, with the title of "The Lay Monastery." They were essays after the manner of the Sketch-Book, or Salmagundi. Two or three poems inserted in them appear to be original; and one of these, 'The Angler's Song,' was reprinted with his name in a collection of poems published in 1826.[2]

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

From the river's plashy bank
Where the sedge grows green and rank
  And the twisted woodbine springs,
Upward speeds the morning lark
To its silver cloud — and hark!
  On his way the woodman sings.
. . . . .
Where the embracing ivy holds
Close the hoar elm in its folds
  In the meadow's fenny land,
And the winding river sweeps
Thro' its shallows and still deeps,
  Silent with my rod I stand.

as a means of livelihood, he ordered from them a small banner, such as is borne upon a spear or lance. The faded banner, far too small for either cloak or shroud, is still preserved in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore. A description and picture of it will be found in Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, vol. ii., p. 392. (See also North American Review for April, 1825.)

[1] In 1878 they were looked up and reprinted in England, in a volume, without his knowledge. Mr. Longfellow thought this "a questionable proceeding."

[2] Miscellaneous Poems selected from the U. S. Literary Gazette, Boston, 1826.

But when sultry suns are high
Underneath the oak I lie,
As it shades the water's edge;
And I mark my line away
In the wheeling eddy play,
Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks
On green woods and winding brooks,
And the wind sighs o'er the lea, —
Woods and streams, I leave you then,
While the shadows in the glen
Lengthen by the greenwood tree.

Neither the true skylark nor the true ivy is found in the New England landscape, but there are a bird and a vine popularly called by those names.

In the essay which contains these verses as a memory of summer, the writer says: "No poet paints critically from nature; but the ideal world of poetry is not only peopled with its own children, but is shadowed and beautified with its own woods and waters. The most striking features of different landscapes are taken and the outline filled up by imagination." There is, however, one little touch of realism: "I stand amid the tall and widowed trees. The forest and valley and upland are silent about me, save when *an icicle drops from the withered branch and slides away on the crusted snow.*" Every New England boy knows that sound.

The young collegian's contributions to the Gazette naturally brought him into correspondence

with the editor, for they were not sent anonymously. On the first of November, 1824, Mr. Parsons writes: —

Sir, — Messrs. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. have handed me some verses sent by you to them for the Editor of the U. S. Literary Gazette. In reply to the question attached to them, I can only say that almost all the poetry we print is sent us *gratis*, and that we have no general rule or measure of repayment. But the beauty of your poetry makes me wish to obtain your regular aid. . . . Would you be kind enough to let me know what mode or amount of compensation you desire. For the prose we publish we pay one dollar a column.

Soon after he writes again, —

Taunton, Nov. 17.

Dear Sir, — Your letter containing some additional poetry was received by me some days ago. I should be gratified by an arrangement which would induce you to become a regular correspondent. Perhaps the best course will be for you to supply me for a few numbers with both prose and poetry. For all that is used you shall receive a compensation which you shall think adequate. . . . Will you permit me to add that I am equally well satisfied that your literary talents are of no ordinary character, and that they have not received their highest culture. I think you will not be offended by my sincerity in saying that while all the pieces which you have sent me would be creditable to any journal, they are susceptible of improvement, from alterations calculated, not to supply deficiencies, but to remove imperfections. The book of which you offer me a review is rather beyond my reach; but the North American Review does not seek for novelty so much as a Gazette must; and if you will send me the

article I will transmit it to the editor of that work, with whom I am personally intimate.

December 23, 1824.

. . . I fear it will be difficult for you to supply much to the N. A. Review, as that journal does not admit miscellany, and all the new books fit for its notice are eagerly caught up here. Respecting the poetry sent me for the Gazette, it has convinced me most decidedly of the vigor and originality of your mind. At your age it is remarkable; and what is far more important, it is most encouraging that you can do so well. Some of my alterations please me now no better than they please you. I think I was unduly influenced by the belief that you suffered your imagination to run riot. Assure yourself that you need nothing which care and labor will not supply; but these are indispensable to all. An exuberance of blossoms is a good promise for fruit, and as many of your flowers as you can spare I shall be glad to exhibit. Your little piece in four-line stanzas ['Autumnal Nightfall'] was thought Bryant's; if you are aware of the estimation in which he is held here, you will think this a high compliment.

His correspondent Browne also writes him that he sees his name in the Galaxy, favorably mentioned in connection with Bryant's and Percival's.

A letter from his mother speaks of some verses which he had sent to the Portland paper on hearing that the time-honored and time-worn meeting-house of the old First Parish was to be pulled down and replaced by one of a more modern style.

From his Mother.

December 26, 1824.

I should really be pleased to have a letter from you once in a term. The novelty would be quite delightful. Do you not love to write *prose?* Seriously, not a day passes that I do not think of my absent sons, nor do I ever forget them in my daily petitions to that Being who can alone protect us. And do you not suppose it would give me great satisfaction to hear frequently that they are well and happy? Mr. Nichols was here the other day. He said he was much pleased with your lines on the 'Old Parish Church;' though he thought you had not done much to promote the erection of the new one. I told him that you wrote, I supposed, from the feelings of the moment, without considering the expediency. "Well," he said, "that is the best way, particularly when one is writing poetry." Yesterday, Christmas, was a very delightful day with us, — the ground perfectly free from snow. I attended the public services at the church,[1] which I have not done before for many years. They were very interesting. Indeed, I think the day should be celebrated by all who call themselves Christians.

[1] That is, the Episcopal church, to which alone the word was then applied, and where alone Christmas was then observed. The Congregational houses of worship were called meeting-houses.

CHAPTER V.

LAST YEARS IN COLLEGE.

1824–1825.

THE question which is put to all undergraduates, both by their friends and by themselves, — "What are you going to do when you leave college?" was beginning to press upon our collegian, and to make its appearance in his letters.

To his Father.

March 13, 1824.

I forgot to tell you in my last that we were reading Horace. I admire it very much indeed, and in fact I have not met with so pleasant a study since the commencement of my college life. Moreover, it is extremely easy to read, which not a little contributes to the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of every line and every ode.[1]

One hour each day during this spring-term, for four days in every week, is employed in attending Professor Cleaveland's chemical lectures. Most of the lectures which we have thus far attended have been very interesting.

[1] The copy of Horace used by Longfellow in college is now in the Library at Bowdoin, the gift of Professor Egbert Smyth of Andover.

There were one or two upon the subject of chemical affinity which were not so. And yet I believe it is considered of the greatest importance for those who would devote themselves to the study of medical science.

I feel very glad that I am not to be a physician, — that there are quite enough in the world without me. And now, as somehow or other this subject has been introduced, I am curious to know what you do intend to make of me, — whether I am to study a profession or not; and if so, what profession. I hope your ideas upon this subject will agree with mine, for I have a particular and strong prejudice for one course of life, to which you, I fear, will not agree. It will not be worth while for me to mention what this is, until I become more acquainted with your own wishes.

I wish you would be kind enough to seal, and direct the inclosed letter to "The Editor of The Christian, care of Mr. John Mortimer, the publisher, Philadelphia." The letter is an acknowledgment, from the Philalethian Society at college, of the reception of the first seven numbers of that paper, presented by the editor. I dare say you have already seen this paper, devoted to "Religion, Morals, and Literature."

To his Father, in Washington.

April 11, 1824.

I have no news to tell you, none at all! In fact, I believe, with Solomon, that "there is no new thing under the sun." I had a letter from home yesterday, and they were all well there, but that was no news.

But I suppose you are curious about college affairs. And with regard to *these* there is nothing *new*. Yet I will say something concerning the lectures, — Professor Cleaveland's lectures. The last was upon the galvanick heat

produced by Professor Hare's deflagrator. I think the subject of galvanism very interesting, though the experiments with the dead dogs, in producing respiration and endeavoring to restore life (unsuccessfully), were more curious than pleasing. They have been trying the same upon Johnson, lately hung at New York, and with as little effect.

Although we in Brunswick cannot boast the mildness of your Southern winters, yet we should prove ourselves very fastidious, not to be pleased with the delightful spring mornings we have already had. Winter has abandoned us very much in a hurry. For my own part, I heartily wish him good-by. I am glad to tread upon dry land again, and am now able to take more exercise than I could at the commencement of the term. Of course I feel better than I did then. I wish I had a horse here. I should in that case ride daily, when the weather permitted. This has been a very sickly term in college. However, within the last week, the government, seeing that something must be done to induce the students to exercise, recommended a game of ball now and then; which communicated such an impulse to our limbs and joints, that there is nothing now heard of, in our leisure hours, but ball, ball, ball. I cannot prophesy with any degree of accuracy concerning the continuance of this rage for play, but the effect is good, since there has been a thorough-going reformation from inactivity and torpitude.

Pardon my being so cheap and commonplace in my letter to-night, and also the dilution and dilation of a meagre subject which I have been practising upon you. But do write me soon, lest I become apprehensive that you have forgotten me, — and so forth.

We are all very anxious to see you, but I suppose you cannot tell when Congress will rise.

To his Father.

April 30, 1824.

Your letter of the 21st was particularly acceptable to me, as it was the only one I have received from you for a great many weeks, and I shall keep the cypress from the tomb of Washington, as a sacred relick. But in thinking to make a lawyer of me, I fear you thought more partially than justly. I do not, for my own part, imagine that such a coat would suit me. I hardly think Nature designed me for the bar, or the pulpit, or the dissecting-room. I am altogether in favor of the farmer's life. Do keep the farmer's boots for me![1]

To George W. Wells.

November —, 1824.

. . . Somehow, and yet I hardly know why, I am unwilling to study any profession. I cannot make a lawyer of any eminence, because I have not a talent for argument; I am not good enough for a minister, — and as to Physic, I utterly and absolutely detest it. . . .

I have heard nothing of your fellow-student, P——, since he was here in August. He was resolute, though feeble enough in health, and though poor, yet he was very generous. I presume he has frequently mentioned to you our little Unitarian Society at Bowdoin. I wish something could be done for us; we are as small as a grain of mustard-seed! There are but six members, now, in college, and our library is limited to a hundred or two volumes. I wish you would exert your influence in our behalf. And I want you to purchase twenty-five or thirty copies of a little work called Objections to Unitarian Christianity

[1] Doubtless an allusion to something in his father's letter, which has not been preserved.

Considered. I want to distribute one or two of them in this section of the globe. To these you may add such other works of the Unitarian Tract Society as you think will be useful, together with Mr. Adam's State of Christianity in India, — the whole amount not exceeding two or three dollars, which I will send you as soon as I receive the books.

To his Father.

December 5, 1824.

I take this early opportunity to write to you, because I wish to know fully your inclination with regard to the profession I am to pursue when I leave college.

For my part, I have already hinted to you what would best please me. I want to spend one year at Cambridge for the purpose of reading history, and of becoming familiar with the best authors in polite literature; whilst at the same time I can be acquiring a knowledge of the Italian language, without an acquaintance with which I shall be shut out from one of the most beautiful departments of letters. The French I mean to understand pretty thoroughly before I leave college. After leaving Cambridge, I would attach myself to some literary periodical publication, by which I could maintain myself and still enjoy the advantages of reading. Now, I do not think that there is anything visionary or chimerical in my plan thus far. The fact is — and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not — the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in *this*, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own

country than is now offered. To be sure, most of our literary men thus far have not been professedly so, until they have studied and entered the practice of Theology, Law, or Medicine. But this is evidently lost time. I do believe that we ought to pay more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that "nothing but Nature can qualify a man for knowledge."

Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has at any rate given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing, that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of the law.

Here, then, seems to be the starting point: and I think it best for me to float out into the world upon that tide and in that channel which will the soonest bring me to my destined port, and not to struggle against both wind and tide, and by attempting what is impossible lose everything.

To George W. Wells.

December 18, 1824.

. . . The study of divinity I always regard with the greatest reverence; and I should not wish to enter so beautiful a vineyard, — however great the harvest and few the laborers, — unless I thought that by my care the holy vine would flourish more, and its branches yield more fruit. Men, indeed, have thrown a veil of mystery over this beautiful subject, and have made it difficult for the way-faring man to walk in the light and liberty of religion; and I am confident that human systems have done much to deaden the true spirit of devotion and to render religion merely speculative. Would it not be better for mankind if we should consider it as a cheerful and social com-

panion, given us to go through life with us from childhood to the grave, and to make us happier here as well as hereafter; and not as a stern and chiding task-master, to whom we must cling at last through mere despair, because we have nothing else on earth to which we can cling?

I conceive that if religion is ever to benefit us, it must be incorporated with our feelings, and become in every degree identified with our happiness. And hence I love that view of Christianity which sets it in the light of a cheerful, kind-hearted friend, and which gives its thoughts a noble and a liberal turn. The doctrines of men have long been taught as the doctrines of an infinitely higher authority; and many have been led to think that faith without works is an active and saving principle. Though these are my feelings upon this subject, and I think yours will be in unison with them, yet I am not willing to pursue the profession of Divinity. I shall earnestly endeavor to reside one year in Cambridge, before I conclude upon the course of my future life. Never fear the vicinity of Boston. I have the faculty of abstraction to a wonderful degree. . . .

Have you ever seen any numbers of the Westminster Review? If you can get a number by any means, either for love or money, pray send it to me, as I have a great longing to see the work.

To his Father, in Washington.

December 31, 1824.

I am very desirous to hear your opinion of my project of residing a year at Cambridge. Even if it should be found necessary for me to study a profession, I should think a twelve-months' residence at Harvard before commencing the study would be exceedingly useful. Of divinity, medicine, and law, I should choose the last. Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my

soul, — for I *will be eminent* in something. The question then is, whether I could engage in the law with all that eagerness which in these times is necessary to success. I fear that I could not. Ought I not then to choose another path, in which I can go on with better hopes? Let me reside one year at Cambridge; let me study belles-lettres; and after that time it will not require a spirit of prophecy to predict with some degree of certainty what kind of a figure I could make in the literary world. If I fail here, there is still time enough left for the study of a profession; and while residing at Cambridge I shall have acquired the knowledge of some foreign languages which will be, through life, of the greatest utility.

Pray write me soon upon this subject, for I am exceedingly desirous of knowing your opinion of the matter.

Here is his father's reply: —

The subject of your first letter is one of deep interest and demands great consideration. A literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. But there is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men. And as you have not had the fortune (I will not say whether good or ill) to be born rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation. I am happy to observe that my ambition has never been to accumulate wealth for my children, but to cultivate their minds in the best possible manner, and to imbue them with correct moral, political, and religious principles, — believing that a person thus educated will with proper diligence be certain of attaining all the wealth which is necessary to happiness. With regard to your spending a year at Cambridge, I have always thought it might be beneficial; and if my health should not be impaired and my finances should allow, I should

be very happy to gratify you. . . . In the Advertiser of the 18th, I observe some poetry from the U. S. Literary Gazette, which, from the signature, I presume to be from your pen. It is a very pretty production, and I read it with pleasure. But you will observe that the second line of the sixth verse has too many feet. "Beneath the dark and motionless beech." I think it would be improved by substituting *lonely* for *motionless*. I suggest this for your consideration. I have the pleasure of hearing frequently from home. They complain that they have not heard a word from you since you left. This is unpardonable.

In another letter his father expresses the pleasure which he has in reading his "poetical productions," but warns him against too great haste in printing. "I think you publish your productions too soon after they are written, . . . without allowing time for reflection and examination. If you re-examine them you will find some defects which would have been corrected if you had adopted the course I recommend. I hope you will not be wounded by these observations. They proceed from the kindest feelings."

To his Father, in Washington.

PORTLAND, Jan. 24, 1825.

. . . From the general tenor of your last letter it seems to be your fixed desire that I should choose the profession of the law for the business of my life. I am very much rejoiced that you accede so readily to my proposition of studying general literature for one year at Cambridge. My grand object in doing this will be to gain as perfect a

knowledge of the French and Italian languages as can be gained without travelling in France and Italy, — though, to tell the truth, I intend to visit both before I die. . . . I am afraid you begin to think me rather chimerical in many of my ideas, and that I am ambitious of becoming a "*rara avis in terris.*" But you must acknowledge the usefulness of aiming high, — at something which it is impossible to overshoot — perhaps to reach. The fact is, I have a most voracious appetite for knowledge. To its acquisition I will sacrifice everything. . . . Nothing delights me more than reading and writing. And nothing could induce me to relinquish the pleasures of literature, little as I have yet tasted them. Of the three professions I should prefer the law. I am far from being a fluent speaker, but practice must serve as a talisman where talent is wanting. I can be a lawyer. This will support my real existence, literature an *ideal* one.

I purchased last evening a beautiful pocket edition of Sir William Jones's Letters, and have just finished reading them. Eight languages he was critically versed in; eight more he read with a dictionary; and there were twelve more not wholly unknown to him. I have somewhere seen or heard the observation that as many languages as a person acquires, so many times is he a man.

To his Father, in Washington.

PORTLAND, February 7, 1825.

I received, some days since, your letter of January 28, and should have answered ere this the interesting propositions which it contains, had not the arrival of my classmate Weld, from Brunswick, caused a short delay.

Your good advice I shall hereafter follow, and have therefore sent no poetry for the next number of the Gazette, though I have a piece written for that purpose. Your opinion upon the subject of my writing coincides

in a great measure with that of Mr. Parsons, the editor of the Gazette, — who says that I must use more care, or rather, that it will be for my own advantage to use more care than my communications generally exhibit. All this is very candid in him, and, so far from displeasing me, is very acceptable advice. For although it may seem paradoxical that any reference to one's defects can be pleasant to the individual, yet the difficulty vanishes when this reference is followed by an expression of the belief that his own exertion can remedy the defect. You need not be apprehensive that my feelings will be wounded by anything that you deem it just to say in the way of criticism; on the contrary, it will please as well as improve me, to hear what you think particularly needs improving.

The date of my last was January 24, and it contained some remarks upon the plan of residing a year at Cambridge. I received a letter from George Wells, in which he observes that the government of Harvard College are very willing to receive graduates from other colleges to reside there, with the privilege of attending all lectures and the use of the Library. "The only charge is $1.00 per quarter for the Library. Room rent is from $30.00 to $50.00 per year, and board from $2.00 to $3.00 per week."

The expenses for one year will not be very great, — $184.00 I suppose to be about a fair calculation.

Our State Legislature have made no donation to Bowdoin College this session. The petition was for $3,000 annually for three years, that it might be in their power to build a new chapel and establish a professorship of modern languages, — but so far from granting it, the Legislature refuse to grant us anything whatever. They think Bowdoin rich enough already; and one member of the house observed, to use his own expression, that "they manage things there so *slick* that the college saves annually three thousand dollars"! But it appears from

facts that Bowdoin College has but $80.00 after the balance of receipts and expenditures; at least, the remainder is very small.

In February Mr. Parsons writes that he is about to give up the editorship of the Gazette to Mr. J. G. Carter. He encloses the following letter from Mr. Jared Sparks, then editor of the North American Review, in reference to an article before spoken of: —

DEAR SIR, — I return the article you were so good as to send me. In many respects it has a good deal of merit, but on the whole I do not think it suited to the Review. Many of the thoughts and reflections are good, but they want maturity and betray a young writer. The style, too, is a little ambitious, although not without occasional elegance. With more practice the author cannot fail to become a good writer; and perhaps my judgment in regard to this article would not agree with that of others whose opinion is to be respected; but, after all, you know, we editors have no other criterion than our own judgment.

A letter from the new editor of the Gazette, Mr. Carter, begs, with due compliments, a continuance of contributions for the new volume, hopes that at no distant day the Gazette may be able to adopt the Edinburgh Review price of a guinea a page; and promises to be "as agreeable as possible;" tells him that arrangements have been made by which Mr. Percival will become a stated and constant contributor, — "if he does not disappoint us, as poets sometimes do," — and adds, "We shall then bring the 'two American poets,' as some

of the newspapers call them [Bryant and Percival], side by side. I think you had better let us have *three* American poets. It is high time some efforts were made to convince our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic that 'the Muses' do *not* 'sicken and droop without song as soon as they cross the water.'"

To his Mother.

February 26, 1825.

I make shift to keep along in my studies and to attend two lectures a day, of an hour each, the one on Anatomy by Dr. Wells, and the other on Chemistry, by Professor Cleaveland.

I sent by Mr. Kelly for paper and quills, and so forth; but as I have not received them yet, I am apprehensive that he forgot to deliver his message. I sent also for Rousseau, but this I do not want. What I now wish for is a quire of letter-paper, a bunch of quills, and half a quire of common writing-paper, together with the large French grammar that has Henry Wadsworth's name in it, and — to be still more minute — is covered with blue paper and gnawed a little by mice. I left it in the office; and this is as full and correct a description as I can give of the book, since the author's name — a very long, hard name — has escaped my memory.

Mr. Weld is very well, and if he were here would, I presume, send his respects to you and the rest of the family. I dined with him yesterday, on venison, which is a great rarity here, this being the first that has been brought to market in this village, for a great many years.

March 2.

If you choose to read some of my prose writing, look into the U. S. Literary Gazette for March 1, No. 22, under

the title of "The Lay Monastery," and you will find the first number of a series of essays, which I am writing occasionally, for your amusement and my own profit.

There is no wood to be had from the College wood-yard, and very little from my wood-closet, so that I will thank you to send me without delay three dollars, to buy a cord of that necessary article.

To his Mother.

April, 1825.

Your frequent rebukes in reference to my negligence in writing have not been to me vain chidings: I have felt them, although you may have had reason to think otherwise. With all my usual delinquency, however, I should have answered your letter of the 13th before this, had I not received, on Monday, Chatterton's Works, for which I had some time since sent to Boston.[1]

It is an elegant work, in three large octavo volumes; and since Monday noon I have read the greater part of two of them, besides attending two lectures a day, of an hour each, and three recitations of the same length,

[1] There is a certain interest attached to this copy of Chatterton's Works. It was the first handsome book owned by the young student — a very fine one, indeed, for a Bowdoin student of those days — and it was earned with his own pen. The book is still in Mr. Longfellow's library. It is the Longman & Rees edition of 1803, edited by Robert Southey and Amos Cottle, and is bound in full calf. It appears that the price agreed upon for his contributions to the Gazette was one dollar a column for prose, and two dollars a column for verse. Several of the poems, however, filled only a half a column, and were so estimated. For his contributions to the first volume of the Gazette there were due seventeen dollars. From this the subscription price of the magazine — three dollars — was to be deducted. In answer to his request for a copy of Chatterton, the publishers wrote that they had the one above-mentioned, the only one for sale in Boston, for which they should ask him fourteen dollars; thus exactly squaring his account.

together with my study-hours for preparation. Of course, I have had no time for writing letters; and this is my excuse for not writing you sooner.

With Chatterton I am, of course, very much pleased. You will find a short account of his life and the faults and follies of his genius, in Rees's Cyclopædia. I wish I could here spare room to copy something from his poems: as I cannot without relinquishing another plan I have in view, I shall wait another opportunity.

If you will turn to Knox's Essays, No. 144, you will find there a dolorous prose ditty upon Chatterton, which I must confess to be rather affectedly pathetic and sentimental.

In order to give a little more interest to my letters I shall occasionally take the liberty of transcribing a tale or essay or something of the kind, which you may read or not as you fancy it. The first, of which I can send you but a part at this time, was suggested by Chatterton's Life. . . .

To his Mother.

May 15, 1825.

You will find the continuation of my last letter in the "Pedestrian," Portland Advertiser. William Browne writes the "Pedestrian," and he has requested me to write a No., and I sent him what you saw the beginning of. Our Examination is on Tuesday, but whether in the forenoon or afternoon I cannot say. If in the forenoon, I shall be with you at tea. My great haste to get home is that I may go to Fryeburg on Wednesday; Preble is going up with me.

The occasion of this visit to Fryeburg must have been the Commemoration of the Battle of Lovell's Pond. For this he had written an Ode, to be sung

to the tune of "Bruce's Address." It is reprinted in the volume of the Maine Historical Society's celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday. It is certainly better than his juvenile verses on the same theme, but not much better. His verse did not readily flow to order, and he constantly declined in after life the many invitations to write for public occasions.

The collegian's Senior year, and with it his college life, was coming to its close. By the end of June the assignment of "parts" for the Commencement was made to the graduating class. The college years had been well spent and brought their due reward of recognition. Longfellow was fourth in a class of thirty-eight. Mr. Packard says: "Of his standing as a scholar in college one may judge from the assignment to him at Commencement of an English Oration, when fewer parts of that rank were given than of late years. His was the first claim to the poem; but as the poem had no definite rank, it was thought due to him that he should receive an appointment which placed his scholarship beyond question." The poem was assigned to his friend Frederic Mellen.

To his sister Anne.

June 29, 1825.

The appointments for Commencement were given out this afternoon. Little has the first oration, in English; Bradbury the second; your brother Henry the third. Weld has a disquisition; Mellen, a poem, and so forth and so on.

The moon is just rising over our beautiful pines, and the twilight grows too dark for me to write without a lamp. Good-night, I shall have a word or two more for you in the morning.

Thursday morning. My appointment, they tell me, is considered the *fourth* in the class; I having only Little, Deane, and Bradbury above me.[1] How I came to get so high is rather a mystery to me, inasmuch as I have never been a remarkably hard student, touching college studies; except during my Sophomore year, when I used to think that I was studying pretty hard. In five weeks we shall be set free from college for one month. Then comes Commencement; and then — and then — I cannot say what will be after that.

To his Father.

July 22, 1825.

. . . With regard to our studies, we are looking over — perhaps I ought to say *over-looking* — Chemistry and Stewart's Philosophy, on the review. We have about sixty octavo pages at a lesson, upon which I sometimes study ten minutes, sometimes five. Touching Commencement exercises, I have written my oration long ago.[2] The subject is "The Life and Writings of Chatterton," seven minutes long. I hardly know how this will answer, but am rather of the opinion that it must do. But this is not all. The class have requested me to deliver a poem on the day after Commencement, just before our final separation, which invitation I have accepted, and consequently shall be rather busy the remaining part of the term.

And in fact I have been very busy thus far. To be sure, I read very little, but I am continually writing. I wish I could read and write at the same time. However,

[1] Deane died before the Commencement.

[2] The Commencement was held in September.

as the case is, I am more industrious than if I read, since I am never tired of writing, though I sometimes am of reading.

Upon the subject of his oration, his father had doubts. "To the man of genius," he wrote, "the poet, the scholar, the life and writings of Chatterton would be an interesting subject; but so few of your audience have ever heard of his name that I fear you will not be able to make the subject interesting to them. If you doubt, it is not too late to make another choice."

Following this suggestion, a new theme was chosen, — "Our Native Writers." How interesting that could be made in seven minutes the reader may imagine.[1]

[1] Or, if he wishes, may read the oration, recovered and printed in the Boston Every Other Saturday of April 12, 1884.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER GRADUATION.

1825–1826.

We have seen that young Longfellow's plan was to spend a year after his graduation in studies at Cambridge, with the hope of his way opening into a literary career, or if not that, with an outlook into the profession of the Law. But a different destiny was before him. Madam Bowdoin had given to the College named for her husband the sum of one thousand dollars toward the founding of a Professorship of the Modern Languages. At the Commencement in 1825 the Board of Trustees voted to establish the Professorship, though disappointed in State aid for the purpose. And to fill the chair, their eyes turned upon the young graduate whose literary tastes and attainments had attracted their attention and gained him reputation. The story runs that one of the Board, Mr. Benjamin Orr, had been much struck by Longfellow's elegant translation of an Ode of Horace, at the Senior Examination, and warmly presented his name for the new chair. His father returned

to Portland from the meeting of the Board, with the news that an informal proposal had been made that he should visit Europe for the purpose of fitting himself for the position, with the understanding that on his return he should be appointed to the Professorship.

The proposal was of course received by the young graduate with delight, as settling the question of a profession and opening the way to the career of his preference. The season, however, not being favorable for a sea-voyage, which must be made in a sailing packet, — ocean steamers being then unknown, — the autumn and winter were spent in Portland. For occupation, he read Blackstone in his father's office. But his law studies, not being undertaken professionally, did not interfere with his literary activity. Adjoining the office, which at that time was in the lower north-eastern room of the dwelling-house, was a closet about six feet square, known as "the little room." In this room the young graduate scribbled many a sheet. There was a set of young men of about his own age, some of them his classmates, some of them fellow-students in the law-office, with whom he was very intimate. With them he undertook to write for the Portland Advertiser a series of papers after the fashion of Irving's Salmagundi. They were printed, with a portentous woodcut as a heading. The authorship was kept a profound secret; and the youths doubtless got a vast amount of amusement out of their project, and their readers some

mystification if not much profit. In verse, he wrote at this time 'Autumn,' 'Musings,' and 'Song,' for the Literary Gazette, and also 'The Burial of the Minnisink,' and the 'Song of the Birds' which he sent to the Atlantic Souvenir, a picture-annual published in Philadelphia.

To Miss Caroline Doane.

PORTLAND, March 13, 1826.

I am at present looking "from the loop-holes of retreat" upon a busy and bustling world, with whose joys and sorrows I have very little to do. I am just as rusty as ever, by reason of going very little into society, and joining very little in the gayeties of this town. Now and then I sally forth of an evening to chat with Miss K., and now and then listen to the music of that excellent piece of divinity, S. C. Touching literary matters, I sometimes peep into a book. My reading leads me to think that it is with thoughts as with money: those who have most appear before the world in a plain dress; those who have little dash out in tawdry splendor. With regard to poetry, I have not stopped writing, but I have stopped publishing, for certain reasons which I cannot go into at length in a letter. I take the liberty to send you a little song founded upon a beautiful appearance in the scenery of morning, which you who are a traveller will understand, for you must have observed it.

SONG.

Where from the eye of day
The dark and silent river
Pursues thro' tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver,

The silver mist that breaks
From out that woodland cover
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over.

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing;

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love when glowing
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing.[1]

The winter over, — and in Maine that is not till the end of March, — he began to prepare for his voyage. At the close of April he left home for New York, where he was to take the packet-ship for France. A European journey was in those days, especially for a young man of nineteen, a somewhat rare event; and he was to be absent for three years. From Boston he wrote —

To his Mother.

Boston, May 2, 1826.

I have been too constantly engaged since my arrival here to write you, until this last hour of my stay, when I am expecting every moment to hear the stage, which is to carry me to Northampton, drive up to the door. We were to start at two o'clock A.M., but the stage is not here

[1] This was the last of his poems published in the Gazette. (April 1, 1826.)

yet, so that I shall have at least time enough to tell you how kindly my friends have received me here, and how I have succeeded with letters, etc.

I heard Dr. Channing on Sunday. He preached a most eloquent sermon, and preached it most eloquently. I have passed part of an evening with him since. I dined to-day with Mr. Ticknor.[1] He is exceedingly kind and affable. He has supplied me with letters to Washington Irving, Professor Eichhorn in Germany, and Robert Southey. He strongly recommends a year's residence in Germany, and is very decidedly in favor of commencing literary studies there.

One of Dr. Wells's letters introduced me to Dr. Lowell,[2] who has given me a letter to the celebrated Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, author of a poem which you will find somewhere about the house, called 'The Highlanders.' I have several other letters.

On Monday I was at Cambridge and saw President Kirkland.[3] He is a jolly little man, and does not pretend to put on all that dignity and high decorum which sometimes hang — and oddly enough, too — upon the shoulders of men in office.

Stage has come; good-by

In reply, his mother wrote her parting words: —

It was very fortunate for me that your stage was late. . . . I will not say how much we miss your elastic

[1] George Ticknor, author of the History of Spanish Literature, then holding the Professorship at Harvard College to which Mr. Longfellow in after years succeeded.

[2] Rev. Charles Lowell, of the West Church, Boston, — father of the poet.

[3] Rev. John Thornton Kirkland. See the sketch of him in Lowell's Fireside Travels, p. 63.

step, your cheerful voice, your melodious flute. I will say, farewell, my dear son, may God be with and prosper you. May you be successful in your pursuit of knowledge; may you hold fast your integrity, and retain that purity of heart which is so endearing to your friends. I feel as if you were going into a thousand perils.

His father sends his counsels: —

It is impossible, with all my solicitude, to give you all the instructions which your youth and inexperience require; but permit me to conjure you to remember the great objects of your journey and keep them constantly in view. . . . Be careful not to take any part in opposition to the religion or politics of the countries in which you reside. They are local concerns, in which a stranger has no right to interfere. I want to say a thousand things, but the time for the mail to close has arrived. In all your ways remember the God by whose power you were created, by whose goodness you are sustained and protected.

His way to New York lay through Northampton to Albany, and down the Hudson.[1] At Albany he wrote —

To his Father.

Albany, May 5, 1826.

With the village of Northampton I was highly delighted. The mountain and river scenery near it are

[1] It has been suggested that, as the Red Horse Tavern at Sudbury was the stopping-place of all stage-coaches going west from Boston, the author of the Tales of the Wayside Inn must at this time have made acquaintance with that ancient hostelry. He however made no note of it.

certainly very beautiful, and from Round Hill, the seat of Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft's school, you have an extensive view of the village and its environs.

These gentlemen received me with the greatest kindness, and have furnished me with a number of excellent letters. They coincide with Professor Ticknor of Cambridge in recommending a year's residence at Göttingen. Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Bancroft have both studied at Göttingen, and of course their opinion on the subject is of much weight.

At Northampton he spent an evening with his classmate and intimate friend George Pierce, who was pursuing his law studies there. The two friends sat together late into the night, opening their hearts to each other in the mutual confidences of those hopes, dreams, ambitions, those "noble longings for the strife," which stir the thoughts of high-minded and generous young men.

While waiting in New York for the sailing of the packet-ship, Longfellow made a short visit in Philadelphia. It was during this visit that, strolling through the streets of the city one morning, he came upon the pleasant enclosure of the Pennsylvania Hospital. The picture of this remained in his mind when, many years after, he made it the scene of the last meeting of Evangeline and Gabriel.[1]

[1] It was this building, on Spruce Street between Eighth and Ninth, and not, as has been supposed, the Friends' almshouses.

To his sister Anne.

New York, May 14, 1826.

The little note which you sent by W. G. reached me in safety as I was walking up Broadway; though I am sorry to say that the "noble youth" was not with me. I saw him to-day for the first time. He was dressed very genteelly in black, with a nice pair of Wellington boots, and a whole row of little buttons at the bottom of his pantaloons. We were of course very glad to see each other after so long an absence, and he made particular inquiries after the health of all his Portland friends. I am going to take tea with him at his sister's house this evening. This, you see, is putting Uriah in "the forefront of the battle."

I sail for Havre de Grace to-morrow at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on board the ship Cadmus, Captain Allen. She left the wharf yesterday noon, and the passengers are to be taken down the bay to her by the steamboat Nautilus. There are twenty cabin passengers, two of whom are ladies; and many of the gentlemen are French, which will be of great advantage to me. The ship is a very fine one, and the captain has the reputation of being an excellent man. This will make everything as pleasant as can be; and at this season of the year I cannot but anticipate a good passage.

I was not so much pleased with Philadelphia as I expected to be. It is not half so pleasant to me as New York. Whilst there, I visited Pratt's Gardens and the Water Works at Fair Mount. You can get a better description of the latter at home than I can possibly give you.

I saw Mr. and Mrs. Derby at Philadelphia, and went with them to a little "sociable" in the evening, where we

had dancing. It is worthy of remark that in that city they dance on all occasions.

Carey and Lea, the Philadelphia booksellers, will publish the second volume of the Atlantic Souvenir in October next. I forgot to tell you that the pieces I wrote for it were entitled 'The Spirit of Poetry,' 'The Burial of the Minnisink,' 'Song of the Birds,' and 'The Dead Bird, a Ballad.'

Love to all! Farewell!

CHAPTER VII.

IN FRANCE.

1826–1827.

The voyage was a month long. On the fifteenth of June he writes from Havre —

To his Mother.

Havre de Grace, June 15, 1826.

I have at length reached the shores of the Old World. We arrived yesterday at four o'clock P.M., and I employ the first leisure moment to send you tidings of my safety. I suppose you will wonder that I did not employ my time at sea in writing to my friends, and I almost wonder at it too; but there was so much confusion on board the ship, such a continual talking of French and broken English, — for Frenchmen, you know, talk incessantly, and we had, at least, a dozen of them with us, — that I found it utterly impossible to write a coherent epistle, and threw by my first and only attempt, in despair.

You will see by the date of this that our passage was thirty days. On many accounts it was a remarkably fine one. We saw none of the terrors of the sea. We had not one heavy gale, and the sea was so smooth that the whole voyage might have been safely made in a yawl-boat. I forget what I used to think of a sea voyage when on

land, but I have found it a dreary blank. I had little else to do than to busy myself with my own thoughts and meditations, so few circumstances were there at sea to call me away from them. I cannot describe my sensations on taking my last look of my native land, and my first of a foreign one.

You perceive in what great haste I write, and must excuse me from giving any particular description of Havre, which I leave in a few minutes in the steamboat for Rouen.

But I know you will be well satisfied to hear of my safe arrival, and that I am in the best possible health.

To his brother Stephen.

HAVRE DE GRACE, June 15, 1826.

Having lost my passage to Rouen by delay in obtaining a passport, I am obliged to remain another night in this city, and to complete the catastrophe, instead of journeying up the fair waters of the Seine in the steamboat as I intended, I shall be jolted and jostled along a rough highway in a French *diligence*.

I have been much pleased with this city, because everything about it is perfectly novel to me. What first attracted my attention, as we came slowly up the quay, was the singular construction of the houses, all of which are old and dilapidated. No description can give you any conception of their quaint and peculiar style, though you can conceive how odd a spectacle it must be to see, in a street of only one rod's width, with tall dingy houses six stories high, a grand display from every upper window, of blankets and bed-clothes, old shirts and old sheets, flapping in the wind, not to mention

"Loose pantaloon and petticoat
Pendent on dyer's pole afloat."

As I walked from the ship to the hotel, I was irresistibly seized with divers fits of laughter. At almost every step I encountered *gens d'armes,* with fierce whiskers and curling beards, women with wooden shoes full of feet and straw, [men in] paper hats and tight pantaloons, and the dames of Normandy, with tall pyramidal caps of muslin, reaching at least two feet above the head, and adorned with long ear-lappets.

A French *table d'hôte* is well worth mentioning, from its novelty to a stranger. It is very amusing to see a Frenchman tuck his napkin under his chin and fall to; and yesterday the very counterpart of Paddy Carey was at table. He was a great burly-faced dragoon, — a Bold Dragoon, — about seven feet high, — with nothing French about him but his language and his uniform; and as this "proper man" talked and laughed with the landlady, I could not help thinking of Widow Leary and

> "Pat so sly
> Ogle throws" —

which put me in mind of Ned Preble. If Ned only knew the one hundredth part of the laughable things which I have seen during one day's residence in Havre, he would lament long and loudly that he had not come to France with me.

The fortifications of this city are very grand. I cannot describe them to you, because I know not military terms enough to make you comprehend me; but they seem to me to be impregnable. Beyond the gates of these, on the eastern side, are the Boulevards of the city, and beyond these, a thickly wooded hill with country houses. In this direction, too, the road leads you through an avenue of trees to the Havre light-houses.

Stopping on his way at Rouen to see his first cathedral, of which we have a full account in Outre

Mer, our traveller reached Paris on the 19th of June.

To his Father.

PARIS, June 20, 1826.

I arrived in this great Babylon of modern times on Sunday evening, the 19th of June, and am in haste to let you know exactly how I am situated, before I see anything of the wonders of this city. As soon as I got out of the *diligence*, and my trunks had been searched to the satisfaction of the officer, whose conscience allowed him to be satisfied with thrusting his hands down at the sides of the trunks, I jumped into a cabriolet and crossed the river to the Faubourg St. Germain. I went immediately to Madame Potet's, No. 49 *Rue Monsieur le Prince*, where I intend to reside whilst I remain in Paris. You cannot conceive how very fortunate I am in getting into this family. Madame Potet is one of the best women in the world, and though I have been here but two days, I feel myself perfectly at home.

I know of but one objection to my residing here whilst at Paris, and that is that there are seven of us boarders, — "sons," as Madame calls us, — all Americans; but we seldom assemble except at meals, at which all English is forbidden, and he who speaks a word of it is fined one *sou*. Moreover, three of the boarders have resided some time in Paris and speak French well.

If I had my chambers at a hotel, I should have a thousand solitary hours, because I cannot speak French well enough to go into French society. But now, if I wish to be alone, I can shut myself up in my chamber; if I wish for society, I can go at any hour into Madame's parlor, and talk my kind of French with her and her daughters, — besides the pleasure of hearing most delicious music.

We pay thirty-six dollars a month for our board and rooms. Our house is finely situated for a student, — within five minutes' walk of the public lectures on all subjects, and but a few steps from the Luxembourg Gardens and the Pantheon. I have reserved all description of persons, places, and things in general until I have seen more of the city, and have had time to collect my thoughts a little, which are altogether in confusion from the total novelty of everything about me. I feel as happy as possible, am in the best health in the world, and am delighted with Paris, where a person if he pleases can keep out of vice as well as elsewhere; though, to be sure, temptations are multiplied a thousand-fold if he is willing to enter into them.

To his Sisters.

PARIS, July 10, 1826.

Whenever I think how far I am from you, and how long it will be before I see you again, I am half-disposed to be a little melancholy, — just as I felt when I left you. In truth, a man has not much time to spare in melancholy thought when surrounded, as I am, by the continual gayety of Paris; but at the same time these are thoughts which one would not wholly banish, when they spring from the recollections of home and absent friends, and "auld lang syne."

I suppose you will think on reading thus far, that I am going to be exceedingly tender and sentimental throughout the whole of a long letter; but I cannot be so prodigal of my sighs and tears, and the daffy-down-dilly style which makes some writers so touching and pathetic. For instance, a certain letter in verse which I treasure up as a holy relick of departed days, and in which the writer expresses himself with great ease and elegance in that fine passage, —

'T is I that regret to bid you farewell,
'T is me that does wish that you would here dwell.

A truce to this badinage.

You can hardly imagine how delighted I was to catch a glimpse of green fields again after a long sea-voyage. And then there was such an air of novelty about everything in France, and it was so delightful to be set free from the prison of a ship's cabin, and to wander at one's "own sweet will," like one of Wordsworth's rivers, that I felt quite beside myself at my first landing.

A postilion, with deerskin breeches and ponderous jack-boots, was a subject of sublime speculation to me; and when once crowded into the capacious bowels of a French *diligence*, I thought French dust much more palatable than that we have at home. There are some remarkable features in French scenery, and the lives of the peasantry, which attracted my attention at once. For instance, there were large fields of ripening grain reaching to the road-side, without the least defence of hedge or railing. Every cow I saw was tied with a cord just long enough to permit it to crop the grass in the ditch at the wayside without touching the grain, which grew and ripened before its eyes day after day, — a very tantalizing situation! Now and then, too, I saw a flock of sheep watched by a shepherd and his dog, which of course appeared very Arcadian and very classical.

Paris is a gloomy city, built all of yellow stone, streaked and defaced with smoke and dust; streets narrow and full of black mud, which comes up through the pavements, on account of the soil on which the city is built; no sidewalks; cabriolets, fiacres, and carriages of all kinds driving close to the houses and spattering or running down whole ranks of foot-passengers; and noise and stench enough to drive a man mad. But the city buys a redemption of the curse that all these inconven-

iences would bring upon it, by the elegance of its public gardens, its boulevards, etc., etc., etc.

Here I must close, only mentioning that in the Louvre there is a painting of Venus which is an exact portrait of Miss K——. I was absolutely thunderstruck when it caught my eye, and am rejoiced to find an old friend in Paris.

To his Parents.

PARIS, July 11, 1826.

As usual, I am in the greatest haste imaginable, — not from any fault of mine, but rather that I have a vast multitude of letters to write. And it never gives one much self-possession, when bewildered in a labyrinth of ideas, to be told that his letters for the packet must be ready at a particular moment which is drawing on apace. But I will not lengthen out this prologue.

First of all, I wish you to have as exact a knowledge as possible of my affairs and finances. My board and room-rent amount to about six francs a day. There are charges, of course, for clothing, and little incidental expenses. If I live as I do at present, at the end of my year in France, I expect that my expenses will amount to little if any less than six hundred dollars. Perhaps you may think this too large an allowance. I am certainly very desirous of living as economically as I can, and at the same time respectably and genteelly. I do not expect to remain all summer in the heat of the city, but think of leaving the attractions of this most attractive of cities, and residing till winter in the environs, at a place called Montmorenci, the former residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the spot where he wrote the *Nouvelle Heloïse*. . . . I now occasionally attend the public lectures, though not understanding one sentence out of fifty; still, during my three weeks' residence in Paris, I can observe a great difference in my

ability to comprehend what is said. I have not forgotten what I came to Paris for.

Dr. Wells among other letters gave me one to Mr. Storrow, which has introduced me to a most delightful American family. They have resided in Paris about eight years; and I find it very pleasant to have a visiting place where I can almost believe myself at home again.

. . . Now come the salutations and the greetings, — such as love and remembrance to all the family, in common and severalty. "Greet Phoebe with a holy kiss," — that is to say, all the little ones.

To his brother Stephen.

PARIS, July 23, 1826.

After five weeks in Paris, I have settled down into something half way between a Frenchman and a New Englander, — within all Jonathan, but outwardly a little of a *Parlez-vous*. So I jostle along among the crowds of the Luxembourg, which is the favorite promenade of St. Germain.

But after all, the Boulevards are the most attractive places of resort of a warm summer evening. The Italian Boulevards are the oldest and most frequented. The trees there have gained a noble height, and overhang the sidewalk with their mingled branches, forming a delightful shade at noon-day and a high gloomy arch at night. There the people of quality crowd in their coaches to taste ice-creams, and persons of every character and description throng the foot-path, a living mass wedged together, and moving together, like the crowd in the aisle of a church on the Fourth of July (Who delivered the oration in Portland this summer?); musicians singing and playing the harp; jugglers; fiddlers; blind beggars, and lame beggars, and beggars without any qualifying term except importunity; men with monkeys; venders of toothpicks;

Turks in Oriental costume; Frenchmen with curling whiskers and round straw hats, long-skirted coats, tight trowsers of nankeen, etc., etc., etc.

On the Boulevards are several minor theatres, where parodies and farces are performed. A little while ago I attended the *Variétés*, and saw Apollo in red hat and striped pantaloons, and Vulcan dressed in a flame-colored coat. A monstrous heavy man played the part of *Zephyr*, with a little sugar-loaf hat, tight white pantaloons, and the belly of an alderman! They are very fond of taking off John Bull at these theatres, and I have seen his lordship represented in deerskin breeches, singing "Auld Lang Syne" with most ludicrous trills and quavers. . . . [In my French] I am coming on famously, I assure you.

As the summer heats grew too intense in Paris, our traveller began to think of some refuge in the environs. A young Frenchman, whose acquaintance he had made on the voyage, recommended Auteuil, beyond the Bois de Boulogne, and accompanied him to a boarding-house there in search of rooms. He was pleased with the situation, though he remarked, as he left the house, that all the inmates looked very pale. He did not know that it was a *maison de santé*. However, he had no reason to regret his going there. To Auteuil a pleasant chapter is devoted in Outre Mer. Some letters give the first impression.

To his Father.

The Village of Auteuil, August 12, 1826.

One would think that nothing could be easier to a stranger in France than to find every facility for making

himself acquainted with the language. Hence you can hardly imagine the perplexities I have been surrounded with, in searching out a situation which should offer any advantages at all peculiar and remarkable to a foreigner wishing to acquire the French purely and correctly.

I mentioned in one of my former letters, that I thought of residing a month or two at Montmorenci; I went there to see if I could obtain an agreeable situation, but not being successful, I returned to Paris, after visiting the Hermitage of Rousseau, and sitting upon the rock upon which he composed the *Nouvelle Heloïse.* What was to be done then? At Madame Potet's there were other Americans; we spoke our own language too much; I could not, and did not, attempt to persuade myself to the contrary.

I found, at length, a young French gentleman who was my fellow-passenger from America, who recommended me to the house in which I am at present residing. It is what, in the language of the country, is called a "*maison de santé*" or "house of health," where, retired from the noise and dust of the city, valetudinarians can breathe the country air and become healed of their infirmities.

Attached to the house is an extensive garden, full of fruit-trees, and bowers, and alcoves, where the boarders ramble and talk from morning till night. This makes the situation an excellent one for me; I can at any time hear French conversation, — for the French are always talking. Besides, the conversation is the purest of French, inasmuch as persons from the highest circles in Paris are residing here, — amongst others, an old gentleman who was of the household of Louis the Sixteenth, and a Madame de Sailly, daughter of a celebrated advocate named Berryer, who was the defender of Marshal Ney in his impeachment for treason. There is also a young student of law here, who is my almost constant companion,

and who corrects all my mistakes in speaking or writing the French. As he is not much older than I am, I do not feel so much embarrassment in speaking to him as I do in speaking to others. These are some of the advantages which I enjoy here, and you can easily imagine others which a country residence offers over that of a city, during the vacation of the literary institutions at Paris and the cessation of their lectures.

To his Mother.

AUTEUIL, August 17, 1826.

I have been residing for the last fortnight at this pleasant village of Auteuil. It is situated about three miles northward from Paris, and watered on one side by the Seine, whilst the Wood of Boulogne shades the other, and affords a delightful promenade, morning and evening. As to the village itself, there is nothing remarkable about it, at least nothing further than that it was formerly the residence of Benjamin Franklin,[1] and of the tragic poet Racine. This may have sanctified the place, by making it classic ground; but after all, a French village, in its best estate, can be little to the taste of Brother Jonathan. There is so little about it — except, indeed, its quiet and tranquillity — to remind one that he is out of town; no corn-fields garnished with yellow pumpkins; no green trees and orchards by the roadside; no slab-fences; no well-poles; no painted cottages with huge barns and out-houses, ornamented in front with monstrous piles of wood for winter firing; nothing, in fine, to bring to the mind of an American a remembrance of the beautiful villages of his native land. In every respect, as far as regards its construction, it resembles the city. You have

[1] Dr. Franklin's residence, when Commissioner to France in 1777, was really at Passy, a village in the neighborhood of Auteuil.

the same paved streets, the same dark, narrow alleys without sidewalks, the same dingy stone houses, each peeping into its neighbor's windows, the same eternal stone walls, shutting in from the eye of the stranger all the beauty of the place, and opposing an inhospitable barrier to the lover of natural scenery. Indeed, a French village looks like a deserted town. But you know how fresh and cheerful and breezy a New England village is; how marked its features, — so different from the town, so peculiar, so delightful! And I think you would hardly wish to find yourself more than once in a village of Normandy or Seine. I hope that in the vine country and the south of France, I shall find some more distinguishing and characteristic features of the village.

You can easily imagine with what impatience I am waiting for the arrival of your letters, which I know must before this time be somewhere near the coast of France. Kiss the little ones for me, and for yourself receive my kindest love.

A letter from his father advised him to go to Spain for the winter, and then to Italy, instead of Germany.

To his Father.

PARIS, October 2, 1826.

I was overjoyed a day or two ago in receiving your letter of August 11th, the first which I have received from home since my arrival in France. . . .

You either over-rate my abilities and my advantages, if you think that I am already master of the French, or I have sadly misimproved them both, which I do not wish to allow. But I will confess that I had no idea of the difficulties attending my situation, no idea that it was

indeed so difficult to learn a language. If I had known before leaving home how hard a task I was undertaking, I should have shrunk. My friends at home, and especially my young friends, imagine that I am enjoying a most delightful existence, without care and without labor, surrounded by all the allurements of a splendid metropolis, and living in continual delight. But nothing can be farther from the truth. There are allurements enough around me, it is true, but I do not feel myself at liberty to indulge in them; and there is splendor enough, but it is a splendor in which I have no share. No! The truth is, that the heavy responsibility which I have taken upon myself, the disappointments I have met with, — in not finding my advantages so great as I had fancied them, and in finding my progress comparatively slow, — together with the continual solicitude about the final result of my studies, and the fear that you will be displeased with my expenses, are hanging with a terrible weight upon me. I have never imagined the business I have taken in hand a very light affair, but I thought there would be fewer perplexities attending it.

Unfortunately, there is no one at Paris to whom I can apply for advice, most of the persons to whom I have letters being still at their country residences. In this particular, my arrival at the commencement of the summer was rather disadvantageous. . . .

The lectures, which I expected would commence the first of September, do not in reality commence before the first of November. I have therefore resolved to leave Paris a second time, and go to Tours. When the winter has really set in, I shall wish to return to Paris again, in order to get what good I can hope to derive from my letters of introduction, and also to cultivate the excellent French society into which I have had the good fortune to be introduced.

I met General Lafayette in the street not long ago; he was alone, on foot, and nobody seemed to notice him particularly! What a difference from what it was in America! He gives a great dinner to all the Americans in Paris on the anniversary of his return to France. I have not yet been at Lagrange. It is said that there are never less than thirty or forty at his table daily. So many visitors must be a great burden to him: this restrains me from going at present. He sends his regards to you.[1]

To his brother Stephen.

PARIS, October 26, 1826.

I am going to describe to you, as well as I can in the compass of a single letter, a foot-expedition which I made a few weeks ago, and which I mentioned in the letter I sent by yesterday's packet. It was a journey of a few days along the romantic borders of the Loire and Cher, — a few days stolen from the melancholy of a city life and filled with all the joy and lightheartedness which a foot-traveller feels, when, leaving his cares behind him, he shoulders his knapsack and wanders away.

Orléans was the first city I had seen whose ancient walls remained, and the sensations it excited were of a

[1] Mr. Longfellow had sent his letter of introduction to General Lafayette and received this response from him, dated at Lagrange, June 29: —

MY DEAR SIR, — With much pleasure I have Heard of your Arrival in paris and Hope we may Have at Lagrange our Share of your European tour. I leave here Sunday Morning on a visit Halfway to town, where I shall of Course attend the Anniversary dinner. There, if you dont come Before, I expect the pleasure to see You, after which time you are sure to find us at this place. Be pleased to present my affectionate Regards to your father when you write to portland and Believe me

Most Sincerely Yours,

LAFAYETTE.

powerful and thrilling kind; for though what is now left of the fortifications has been changed into a public promenade looking upon a richly cultivated landscape and shaded with fine old trees, still all the thoughts and associations which pass through a stranger's mind on first seeing the mass of an ancient wall are of other days. . . .

From Orléans I started on foot for Tours on the fifth of October. October is my favorite month of the twelve. When I reflected that if I remained in Paris I should lose the only opportunity I might ever enjoy of seeing the centre of France in all the glory of the vintage and the autumn, I "shut the book-lid" and took wing, with a little knapsack on my back, and a blue cap, — not exactly like Quentin Durward, but perhaps a little. More anon of him. I had gone as far as Orléans in the *diligence* because the route is through an uninteresting country.

I began the pedestrian part of my journey on one of those dull, melancholy days which you will find uttering a mournful voice in Sewall's Almanack: "Expect — much — rain — about — this — time!" "Very miscellaneous weather, good for sundry purposes," — but not for a journey on foot, thought I. But I had a merry heart, and it went merrily all day. At sundown I found myself about seven leagues on my way and one beyond Beaugency. I found the route one continued vineyard. On each side of the road, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but vines, save here and there a glimpse of the Loire, the turrets of an old château, or spire of a village church. The clouds had passed away with the morning, and I had made a fine day's journey, cutting across the country, traversing vineyards, and living in all the luxury of thought which the occasion inspired. I recollect that at sunset I had entered a path which wound through a wide vineyard where the villagers were still at their labors, and I was loitering along, talking with the peasantry and

searching for an *auberge* to pass the night in. I was presently overtaken by a band of villagers; I wished them a good evening, and finding that the girls of the party were going to a village at a short distance, I joined myself to the band. I wanted to get into one of the cottages, if possible, in order to study character. I had a flute in my knapsack, and I thought it would be very pretty to touch up at a cottage door, Goldsmith-like, — though I would not have done it for the world without an invitation. Well, before long, I determined to get an invitation, if possible. So I addressed the girl who was walking beside me, told her I had a flute in my sack, and asked her if she would like to dance. Now laugh long and loud! What do you suppose her answer was? She said she liked to dance, but she did not know what a flute was! What havoc that made among my romantic ideas! My *quietus* was made; I said no more about a flute, the whole journey through; and I thought nothing but starvation would drive me to strike up at the entrance of a village, as Goldsmith did.

The company I was with conducted me to the village of Tivher, the most beautiful and romantic village I was ever in. I found the village inn, and fell asleep at night with the thought that perhaps a part of The Traveller was written in that very village.

When I awoke next morning, a clear, bright autumn sun was shining upon the romantic valley of Tivher; the villagers were already at their work, the ducks were gabbling in the pool, the wine-press labored in the shade, a grist-mill was going, — and so was I. . . . At night-fall I arrived at the very celebrated old château of Chambord, celebrated as being the most splendid of the old Gothic châteaux in France, but at present in a very desolate state, unoccupied, and falling to decay. If you can call to mind any engraving of a French château, you will have a more

perfect picture than I can give you in a letter. Preble used to make excellent ones on the covers of old writing-books at school, with battlements and peaked roofs. Within are magnificent halls, splendid staircases, long corridors; but the only piece of furniture is a massive oak table of the Maréchal de Saxe, to whom Louis XV. gave the château after the battle of Fontenoy. That puts me in mind of a paraphrase of Robinson Crusoe which I attempted once, [when a boy] and of which two lines have always adhered to my memory: —

His eldest boy
Was killed at Fontenoy.

The next day I reached Blois. . . . The next carried me to Amboise. On the route I saw many of the houses of the peasantry cut into the solid rock of the hillside, and overhung, from the vineyards on top, with the thick foliage of the vines. I peeped into one of them; it was dark and damp like a dungeon, and seemed at best good for nothing but a wine cellar. But I have not time to finish my history.

Why do you not write? One letter for five months is rather short allowance. *Haud immemor mali succurrere disco;* which means I write you two for one. God bless you.

To his brother Stephen.

Paris, November 19, 1826.

. . . The road from Blois to Tours upon the northern bank of the Loire is exceedingly uninteresting to a foot-traveller, — on one side of your path the river, on the other an unbroken line of poplars. Crossing the river at a little village called Moines, I found myself in a very delicious country and trudged on merrily to the town of Amboise. On the road I met an old fellow who said he

was a sailor at the siege of Rochelle. I asked him if he knew Lord Nelson; and afterwards he managed to turn this to account by pretending that he thought me Lord Nelson's son, and begging a few *sous* "to drink the Commodore's health." . . . From Amboise I crossed the country to the banks of the Cher. There I saw the beautiful château of Chenonçeau, built by Francois I. for Diane de Poitiers. . . . Everything about this building is enchanting, — its park, in which Rousseau resided, its noble fortifications, and the beauty of the river scenery on each side. I lingered near it as long as my time would permit, and turned back at every two steps to take another last look, till a bend in the Cher hid the old edifice from my sight, and I jogged on toward Tours. . . . From Tours I went south as far as Savonières, a little village on the banks of the Cher, celebrated for its "*caves gouttières.*" There is a fine description of these in the guide-books, and I thought I should afterwards repent if I neglected seeing them. So down I went in spite of mud and mire, in search of these wonderful caverns, and also of Plessis-les-Tours, which lies somewhere on the same route. I persuaded myself, when I came to the ford of the river, that it was the same at which Quentin Durward crossed.[1] But

[1] Scott's description of his hero might well stand as a portrait of our young American traveller. "It was upon a delicious summer morning, before the sun had yet assumed its scorching power, and while the dews yet cooled and perfumed the air, that a youth coming from the north-eastward approached the ford of a small river tributary to the Cher near the royal castle of Plessis-les-Tours. . . . The age of the young traveller might be about nineteen. His face and person, which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country of which he was now a sojourner. . . . He was tall and active, and the lightness of step with which he advanced showed that his pedestrian mode of travelling was pleasure rather than pain to him. His complexion was fair; . . . his features without being quite regular were frank, open, and pleasing. A half smile which seemed

Plessis-les-Tours I could not find; nobody knew anything about it. The *caves* I expected to find large chambers, with columns of white stalactites, all glowing, bright, and beautiful. Instead of which, I had to slide down a bank of clay, — rendered very proper for that purpose by the rain over night, — and after searching round with a farthing candle for the splendid apartments with alabaster pillars, scrambling through holes and stumbling over heaps of clay, I found nothing to reward my pains but a few miserable fossil shells. N. B. I tore a hole in the back of my coat, which added much to the young man's general appearance, and induced him to start off forthwith on his return to Paris, by a direct route through Vendome and Chartres. . . .

I am now fixed, for the rest of my sojourn in Paris, in very comfortable quarters, and feel much at my ease and very happy. I feel, however, a little solicitude about the future, and do not like the idea of going alone either into Germany or Italy. . . . French comes on famously. I have now got to enjoy the society around me; but it was dull enough at first, as it must necessarily be to one who cannot speak French and does not wish to speak English. I have been here five months. . . .

Returned to Paris, he had taken up his winter quarters in Rue Racine, No. 5, taking his meals at restaurants and *tables d'hôte*. In December his father writes, —

to arise from a happy exuberance of animal spirits, showed now and then that his teeth were well-set and as pure as ivory; while his bright, blue eye, with a corresponding gayety, had an appropriate glance for every object which it encountered, expressing good-humor, lightness of heart, and determined resolution." — *Quentin Durward*, vol. i. chap. 1.

On the 30th of November, Thanksgiving-day, when we were wishing for you to join our family circle, we had the pleasure of receiving your letter. . . . Your ulterior object cannot be accomplished unless you obtain an accurate knowledge of the French and Spanish languages. Such are the relations now existing between this country and South America that a knowledge of the Spanish is quite as important as of the French. If you neglect either of these your whole object will be defeated. If the state of Spain is such that it is not safe to visit it, you will undoubtedly find instructors in France. If you neglect either of these languages you may be sure of not obtaining the station which you have in view. And I should never have consented to your visiting Europe had it not been to secure that station.

. . . I consider the German language and literature much more important than the Italian; and if you can learn only one, the former is to be preferred. . . . You will be glad to hear that we have established an Atheneum and Reading-Room in Portland which promise much advantage to the town. We have purchased the old Portland Library and have raised a permanent fund of more than $12,000. This, with annual subscriptions, will in a few years make a very respectable establishment, and will, I hope, give a little excitement to the literary taste of the town. . . . I hope and pray that you will have virtue and prudence. I commend you to the care of your Heavenly Father.

At the same time his mother wrote, —

I have just sent the younger part of the family to bed, at half past seven, and having the prospect of a quiet hour I will devote it to my absent son. Lucia only is with me; she is reading the 'Northern Traveller.' Alex. is trying some chemical experiments in the kitchen.

Papa and Stephen have gone to the office.[1] E. and A. spend the evening with A. G. The evening abroad is most delightful, — clear and cold, and a fine bright moon, but no snow. Our Thanksgiving this year was on the 30th of November. We had no one to join our circle but George Pierce. The evening before, we were talking of you and regretting your absence; and behold! in the morning, John [the man-servant] came in [from the post-office] with a smiling countenance. He "guessed here was a letter from Henry." And so it was, and well filled. Nothing could have been more acceptable, for we had not heard from you since your letter dated August 16. . . .

I am sure you did not, you could not, anticipate the disadvantages under which you have labored. Have you never repented and wished yourself at home? I was very sorry that you could not have the company of some one older and more experienced than yourself in the ways of the world. But there is one comfort; if you get home safe (which God in his mercy grant), your acquirements will be of permanent benefit, while the vexations and troubles you have endured will have passed from your mind as a dream. Do you recollect two young gentlemen, sons of H. G. Otis, who spent an evening with us rather more than a year ago? The eldest was here again, a month or two since, and we were speaking of you. He enquired your age, with whom you went out, etc. "Really, madam, you must have great confidence in him," he said. It is true, Henry, your parents have great confidence in your uprightness, and in that purity of mind which will instantly take alarm on coming in contact with anything vicious or unworthy. *We* have confidence; but *you* must be careful and watchful. But enough. I do not mistrust you. And here come the girls to change the subject —

[1] The law-office, which the elder brother had entered, had been removed down in town.

"Oh, we have had a fine time!" . . . But I can write no more to-night.

The winter passed on, occupied with lectures and studies, attending the Theatre and occasionally the Opera, taking lessons in Italian of one Ferranti, with whom his cousin Eben Storer was learning the guitar, in the intervals of his medical studies. He also went more into society, having made several French acquaintances.

To his Mother.

PARIS, December 23, 1826.

When I look at the date of your letter, I say to myself, "Two months ago this was in my mother's hand." It makes me sensible that time as well as distance separates us. . . . In this way I moralize upon the past, and then I look forward to the distant day of our meeting until my heart swells into my throat and tears into my eyes. I cannot help thinking that it is a pardonable weakness. . . .

I do not know how I came to fall into this "meditation among the tombs" kind of style. But I think it must be owing to the weather, which is dull and melancholy. This is the legitimate Parisian winter. It is not cold, — not the clear cold of our New England winter, which braces a man into good health, and while it pinches his nose puts him into a buoyant humor, — but a gloomy, chill, damp air, that gives one the rheumatism and makes him sad. No sooner do I set my foot upon the wet, cold pavement, than I begin to think of a graveyard; and whole hosts of pale, ghost-like beings, with overshoes shaped like coffins (by reason that French people wear square-toed shoes) are apt to put me into a doleful way. Indeed, I think I should have passed altogether a melancholy life of it, even

amid the gayeties of Paris, if my cousin E. S. had not been here. He leaves in a week or two for London, and I shall not stay long after his departure. All that keeps me now is the Carnival, which commences in a few days, and the strong desire I have of profiting by the kindness of some new French acquaintances I have lately had the good fortune to make. [Among them is] a gentleman by the name of Guillet, who was an acquaintance of Lafayette in the time of the Revolution, and afterwards Interpreting Secretary of Foreign Affairs under Napoleon. He speaks six or seven different languages; but though so learned he is always in a frolick, and exhibits what I should call a good specimen of the green old age of a Frenchman of the *ancien régime*. He has been exceedingly kind to us and exceedingly useful. He has introduced us to his family and to the soirées of a celebrated traveller, where we go once a week if we choose. We meet there Sir Sidney Smith, Mr. Cooper the novelist, Mr. Carter, Mr. Julian, editor of the French Encyclopedic Review, who is a correspondent of the literary and scientific men in Europe and America, and who offers us letters to any quarter of the continent. Mr. Warden, also, former consul of the United States, has treated us very politely, and being a member of the *Institut* has introduced us to some private meetings where we had our curiosity gratified by a peep at the wise heads of Cuvier, Laplace, Legendre, Gay-Lussac, etc.

. . . You will hear from me soon in Italy. With how much delight I shall leave the populous and noisy streets of Paris for the sunny regions of the South and the eternal summer of the Italian valleys! Then our intercourse by letters will become more uncertain. I shall, instead of letters, keep a journal for you, — a thing that I have not done in France, on many accounts, and chiefly on account of the little interest I attach to anything in Paris, and a

thorough disgust for French manners and customs. . . . It is but half after three o'clock, but so dark that I can hardly see to finish my letter. This is the gloomy French climate, — darkness visible at noon-day.

His fears in regard to the safety of travelling in Spain had subsided. From two countrymen of his who had just come from Spain — Mr. David Berdan and Mr. Pierre Irving, the nephew and biographer of Washington Irving — he heard such enthusiastic accounts that he determined not to give up his plan of visiting that country. To his father he writes on the 19th of February, —

It is now exactly eight months since my arrival in Paris. And setting all boasting aside, I must say that I am well satisfied with the knowledge I have acquired of the French language. My friends all tell me that I have a good pronunciation, and although I do not pretend to anything like perfection, yet I am confident that I have done well. I cannot imagine who told you that six months is enough for the French. I shall leave Paris for Spain on Wednesday, day after to-morrow. My health continues excellent, with the exception mentioned in my last.

To his Father.

Bordeaux, February 26, 1827.

I will improve a few minutes of the last day of my nineteenth year in describing to you how I have been engaged since leaving Paris.

The route I pursued in coming to this city was that of Orléans, Châteauroux, Limoges, Périgueux, etc. I wished to penetrate into the very heart of the kingdom, and by so doing I had the toil of five days and four nights through

a mountainous country, more resembling ours than any part of France which I have visited. Particularly, the highlands about Périgueux resemble much the fine mountain scenery in the vicinity of Lebanon Springs. But the towns I passed through are all unworthy of description. I had a most cold and uncomfortable ride of it, and I assure you I felt my heart leap within me when I heard the horse's hoofs clatter upon the stone bridge of Bordeaux.

This is the most beautiful city I have seen in France. The climate, I think, must be delicious; for to-day, when you are shivering over the brands of a huge wood-fire, around me the warmth of spring is breathing already. . . . The public walks of the city are numerous and beautiful; and the commerce of all kinds carried on here gives the place an air of life and activity delightful to a traveller.

Thus you see me on my way to Spain: and I cannot say that I leave France with much regret. It may be that my curiosity leaves no room for feelings of this kind, by painting the land to which I am going as fairer than that I am leaving; or it may be a secret disappointment lurking in my heart, at having found more perplexities to escape and more difficulties to encounter than I had anticipated; but true it is that I look forward to a happier life in Spain than I have led in France. The impression, however, which I carry away with me is, that the French are a hospitable, kind-hearted people, and much more enthusiastic than we are. They have not that unbounded levity and light-heartedness which is generally ascribed to them; and when the writers of Salmagundi said that a Frenchman passed one third of his time between heaven and earth, they meant a Frenchman of the old régime, not one of the present century. Indeed, the young people here seem quite as sedate as we are; and I have been frequently told by some of the "ancient land-marks" of

politeness that, in this particular feature of the national character, the Revolution has produced as great a change as it did in politicks, and a much more durable one. Strange as it may appear, after the awful and bloody experience of that Revolution, and the most appalling warning it thunders continually in the ears of rulers, the French ministry is laboring hard to shackle the spirit of the nation, and with the most bold shamefacedness endeavoring to retrench their liberty of thought by retrenching that of the press. It is the dark and dangerous policy of the priesthood that is doing this. The Jesuits rule the mind of a weak, good-hearted king [Charles X.]. Think, with what strides a nation is going back to the dark ages, when a printer is publickly prosecuted for publishing the moral precepts of the Evangelists without the miracles! This took place at Paris last summer. The "law project," as it is called, concerning the liberty of the press, now in full discussion in the two branches of the national government, the Chamber of Peers and that of Deputies, excites everywhere a most lively interest; and I have seen many a Frenchman, in speaking of it, shake his head profoundly, shrug his shoulders, and with a sigh, exclaim, "Ah, mon Dieu! another Revolution!"[1] But I suppose I am giving you all this second-handed, as you have probably seen the substance of it in the papers. I shall leave this city day after to-morrow for Madrid.

[1] The revolution which dethroned Charles X. and enthroned Louis Philippe took place, it will be remembered, three years later.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE NORTH OF SPAIN.

1827.

To his Father.

MADRID, March 20, 1827.

NOTWITHSTANDING the accounts of the troubled and dangerous state of Spain which filled my ears at Paris, and the tales of bloody murder and highway robbery which my friends recited to me there, to turn me away from the Spanish border, I have reached the very heart of the empire, without falling among thieves or becoming such a melancholy illustration of Spanish blood-guiltiness as some of my friends anticipated. All is at present tranquil, — as quiet and peaceful as France itself. True, there are "rumors of wars," and we hear almost daily that the king will immediately march off his troops to Portugal; then a royal guard marches up the street, and then marches down again, — and so the matter ends.

In this city I feel as quiet and secure as you could wish. The traveller alone has cause for apprehension, for in sober sadness the country is infested, nook and corner, with hordes of banditti.

With Madrid I am very much delighted. I have not seen a city in Europe which has pleased my fancy so much, as a place of residence. I anticipate no inconvenience whatever from the excessive heat of the summer

months, because the sunshine is easily avoided, and in the shade the excess of heat is not much felt, they tell me, on account of the great purity of the atmosphere. The situation of the city, too, is very favorable to health, for its site is an extensive plain, in the neighborhood of high mountains, and standing itself eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. But this vicinity of snowy mountains, which tempers the warmth of summer, has proved a dangerous one in winter.

I forgot to mention the day of my arrival; it was the 6th of this month. I soon found a situation in a family, which would be vacant in a fortnight from that time. To fill up the interval, I took the occasion to visit Segovia, St. Ildefonso, and the Escorial. You will find descriptions of this tour, and of my journey from Bordeaux to Madrid, enclosed. As it will be impossible to send letters frequently from such a distance, I shall endeavor to supply the deficiencies of my correspondence by a kind of journal.

I left the pleasant city of Bordeaux just as the melancholy days of Lent were closing like a curtain over the noise and gayety of the last scene of the carnival. The streets and public walks were thronged with many groups in masks; at every corner crowds were listening to the discordant tones of the wandering ballad-singers; and grotesque figures, mounted on stilts and dressed in the garb of the shepherds of the Landes of Gascony, were stalking up and down like merry and noisy cranes. But these scenes of gayety I soon left behind me when I had seated myself in a French *diligence*, and enveloped in a cloud of dust the ponderous vehicle thundered away to the sandy deserts of the Landes. I can give you no better idea of that province of France called the Landes

of Gascony, than by telling you that it resembles precisely the pine plains which surround the village of Brunswick, — which makes one wonder that the French do not place a college there; it would "keep the students out of temptation"!

From Bordeaux to Bayonne, the road winds through immense forests of pine, with here and there a miserable-looking hut, and a patch of cultivated land blooming in the desert. The distance between these two places is sixty-six leagues: and as, like Sterne, "I hate the man that can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say 't is all barren," I must tell you that the way is occasionally diversified by towns and straggling villages; and one evening I was quite delighted to find the romantic little village of Roquefort, built upon the sides of the green valley of the river Douze, that has scooped out a hollow for it in the midst of an immense sandy plain.

Bayonne is a little city, worthy of no description but such as you will find in guide-books and gazetteers. I was forced to drag out one dull day there, and on the morrow was on my way for the Spanish frontier, through the Basques.

The Basque girls are very beautiful; they are literally "nut-brown maidens." They appear to be very industrious, and several of them earn a livelihood by conducting travellers on horseback from Bayonne to Irun. This is a very singular and very agreeable mode of travelling. At the gate of Bayonne you find these girls stationed, with their horses. The saddle is constructed with a large frame-work, extending two feet on each side of the horse and covered with a cushion, so that the traveller and the guide sit balancing each other, with their feet hanging down in front by the horse's neck. We saw a great many persons travelling in this way, and I wished myself out of the *diligence* a thousand times.

I said that the Basque girls were handsome. They have most beautiful dark eyes, fine teeth, a sun-burnt complexion, and glossy, black hair parted over the forehead, gathered behind the ears, and falling down to the knees in a large, beautiful braid. The first I saw were those travelling in the way described; one, in particular, whose image haunts me still, — a most cheerful-looking girl, in the dress of the peasantry, her hair braided, and a large gypsy straw-hat thrown over her shoulders; and then that comfortable way of jogging on together!

As I am not expert in drawing horses' legs, you will please to imagine, in the above sketch, that they are hidden by a hill, or that the horse had none, or what you will. With regard to the gentleman's, if they are too long or too short, imagine his knees bent at such an angle as will bring them right. With regard to the lady's, — I decline interfering.

South from Bayonne, the scene suddenly changes from the waste sands to a broken and mountainous country. On this road I caught glimpses of the sea, as it came tumbling in among the rocks. It was the first time I had seen it for nearly a twelvemonth. I was glad to hear its old familiar voice; and you can hardly imagine what feelings it awakened within me. I thought I was quite near you

again. It seemed but a step — a little step — from one shore to the other; and with my mind's eye I saw White Head looming through the mists that gathered on the horizon, — White Head, Bangs's Island, the Light-house, and old Freeman, all as usual.

The little river Bidassoa is the boundary between France and Spain, and you cross it to Irun, on the Spanish side. We passed it at night, and when the morning broke we were high up amongst the mountains of St. Salvador, the continuation of the chain of the Pyrénées. In the little of Pyrenean scenery which I saw in thus passing there was nothing remarkably bold or striking. The mountain sides were neither rugged nor precipitous, and the trace of the plough-share was occasionally seen quite to their summits. Besides, there was no forest scenery to cheer the eye, and as the season of vegetation had not commenced, the huge outline of the mountains lay black and barren and uninviting. What alone gave romance to the scene was the dashing of a little mountain-brook that we followed for miles through the valley, now breaking into a cascade, now foaming under a rural bridge.

One of the first things which attract the attention of the traveller on entering the northern provinces of Spain is the poverty-stricken appearance of everything around him. The country seems deserted. There are no herds in the fields, no flocks by the wayside. The villages are half depopulated, the cottages ruinous and falling away piecemeal, whilst the people have nothing left them but rags and religion. Of these, such as they are, they have enough. Among the bleak and barren mountains, the traveller will frequently find a little chapel, with a cluster of not more than six cottages around it, where, as soon as the bell sounds for noonday, all within hearing fall to prayer; and whenever you stop on the road, the village

children come about the doors of the carriage with little crucifixes, curiously ornamented and set off with many-colored ribbons. As you pass through the towns, too, you see an idle and ragged population, lounging about at the corners, and, wrapped in tattered brown cloaks, sunning themselves on the south sides of the houses and walls. Everybody in Spain wears a cloak; rich or poor, high or low, old or young. To be sure, this in the poorer classes sometimes dwindles down to a blanket, but it is always gracefully worn, and you see the muleteers sitting on their saddles with their cloaks wrapped round them and the corner thrown over the left shoulder, and riding along with all the dignity of dons and noblemen. But throughout Biscay and the northern provinces, such as Old and New Castile, the poor are clad with brown rags.

The route I pursued on leaving Irun lay through Tolosa, Victoria, and Burgos; thence directly south through Aranda to Madrid. Part of the distance an armed guard accompanies the *diligence*. This sounds very formidable; but happening to be alone in the carriage the first night of my journey, this guard consisted of a mere scare-crow of a soldier with a flannel jacket and a gun, who slept as soundly as was becoming to a good sentinel, — and so we kept guard over each other. But to be guarded in this way was rather irritating, for it only kept me sensible of the danger I was in, when I most wished to forget it.

In broad daylight, too, one who travels in this country has always something to remind him of the perilous ways he is treading. The cold, inhospitable, uncultivated look of the country itself, the dark, fiendish countenances which peep at him from the folds of the Spanish cloak in every town and village, but more than all, the little black crosses which one comes upon at almost every step, standing by the road-side, in commemoration of a murder or

other violent death which has taken place upon the spot, — these keep his fancy busy.

Besides these general remarks, I have little to say of my journey to Madrid. I was hurrying on, night and day, with all possible speed, and regretted only that I could not tarry a little at Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, to see the tomb of the Cid, the Campeador, so celebrated in the Moorish wars. Thus my journey was by no means fruitful in adventures, I being neither robbed and pillaged, nor having the honor of a little black cross by the roadside.

I have already so overrun all bounds in this letter of mine that I must postpone to another occasion the description of my ride to Segovia and the Escorial. Behold me then in Madrid, most happily situated and with most brilliant prospects before me. I must not forget to mention that I have immediately taken a Spanish instructor, and feel enough enthusiasm about the language to make good progress in it.

The society of the Americans here is very limited; Mr. Everett and family, Mr. Smith his secretary, Mr. Rich the consul, Washington Irving and his brother Peter, Lieutenant Slidell of the navy, and myself, compose the whole. Mrs. Everett is a very agreeable lady, and we pass very pleasant evenings at her house. She receives one in a friendly, not an official way. Mr. Rich's family circle is also a very agreeable one; and Washington Irving, who resides in the same house, always makes one there in the evening. This is altogether delightful, for he is one of those men who put you at ease with them in a moment. He makes no ceremony whatever with one, and, of course, is a very fine man in society, all mirth and good humor. He has a most beautiful countenance, and at the same time a very intellectual one, but he has some halting and hesitating in his conversation, and says very pleasant, agreeable things, in a husky, weak, peculiar voice. He

has a dark complexion, dark hair, whiskers already a little gray. This is a very off-hand portrait of so illustrious a man; but after writing through three sheets of paper at a sitting, I do not feel much in the spirit of minute descriptions of any kind.

The family with whom I reside is a very kind and attentive one. It consists of an elderly gentleman and lady, with their daughter, a young lady about eighteen, who has already become quite a sister to me. Under her attentions I hope to find the acquisition of the Spanish a delightful task.

. . . Indeed, it is like going back two centuries in this old world, this visit to Spain. There is so little change in the Spanish character, that you find everything as it is said to have been two hundred years ago. You see the same dresses and the same equipages that are represented in the old plates of Gil Blas and Don Quixote; the same leather doublets, trunk hose, and odd-looking little carriages. But I am becoming garrulous on my old theme, so let me bring things to a close.

The visit to Segovia and the Escorial, with which he filled up the fortnight of waiting for his rooms, was made in company with Lieutenant Alexander Slidell (afterwards Mackenzie) of the United States Navy; who, in his pleasant book, A Year in Spain, speaks thus of his fellow traveller, —

Nor was I doomed on this occasion to travel without a companion. Fortune in a happy moment provided one in the person of a young countryman who had come to Spain in search of instruction. He was just from college, full of all the ardent feeling excited by classical pursuits, with health unbroken, hope that was a stranger to disappointment, curiosity which had never yet been fed to satiety.

Then he had sunny locks, a fresh complexion, and a clear blue eye, all indications of a joyous temperament.

Here is Mr. Longfellow's own account of the journey: —

To his Mother.

MADRID, May 13, 1827.

If my first letters from this city have safely arrived, you will not yet have forgotten the promise they contained of a description of my excursion to Segovia.

In a huge covered wagon, drawn by six mules, — and in its ponderous construction resembling one of the travelling equipages of the backwoodsman of our own country, when, sick of the quiet of the fruitful valleys of New England, he bundles his wife and children, together with pots and kettles and household gods, into a lumbering wain, and shouldering his axe, trudges off to Ohio, — on a fine sunny morning in April, we thundered out of the northern gate of the city. Our driver, who was also proprietor of the vehicle, was a stout, healthy young fellow, in blue velvet jacket, and brown homespun small-clothes, with a red sash round his waist, and a little round hat like a porringer, perched on one side of his head. He sat in front of the vehicle smoking a little paper cigar, now and then urging his mules into trot, and occasionally breaking forth into a stave of some old national song. Beside him sat his companion, copartner of his cares and of his wagon, asleep in the folds of a tattered cloak, with his head resting upon a jolly little goatskin filled with wine and hanging by a peg from the side of the cart. For fellow-passenger, I had only the friend who was making the tour with me, — Lieutenant Slidell of the navy, who has since left Madrid for Gibraltar.

You can hardly imagine how little there is in the provinces of Old and New Castile to interest the traveller. The country lies waste and open to the sun; you see the traces of former tillage; and here and there a ruined village, deserted by its inhabitants, presents the melancholy picture of falling roofs and mouldering walls. I was glad when the shades of evening hid these sad mementos from my sight; and as we rattled into a little village in the hollow of the mountains, all mournful reflections were put to flight by the glare of a cheerful fire from the open door of the village inn. Without ceremony we entered the inn kitchen. At the further extremity blazed a huge wood-fire against the wall, sending up volumes of pitchy smoke through a kind of tunnel in the roof, and lighting the whole apartment with its blaze. Beside it was a seat covered with mats of straw, upon which was seated mine host, a "little, round, fat, oily," pot-bellied man, in black breeches and a little narrow-brimmed oil-cloth hat surmounted with a red cockade, showing the wearer to be a faithful subject of the king, and a volunteer in the royal cause. Here and there upon the benches sat a weary muleteer, patiently awaiting his supper from the hand of the busy cook-maid, who was scouring about the kitchen with all the busy importance of her station. Apart from the rest I observed a hungry peasant plying heartily away at his flagon and trencher, and only relaxing his mighty exertions to catch a glance of the figures that entered. He was seated at a small table in the middle of the floor, lighted by a little lamp in the shape of a pot-hook, suspended from the ceiling, — such as you find in the plates of Don Quixote. As a new-comer entered the room, he would pause with the spoon raised to his mouth and lift up his voice, "Does it please your Grace to eat with me?" This invitation the Spanish peasants always give on sitting down at table. I mention it as a peculiarity; I

suppose it has been a custom with them time out of mind.

In the morning we were on our way before daybreak. As the day opened we found ourselves among the winding mountain paths. Beneath us stretched a wide-sweeping valley, half hidden in mist, and all around us were barren hills.

The reader will gladly spare the description of the ancient city of Segovia, with its grand Roman aqueduct, its Gothic cathedral and Moorish *alcazar;* and of San Ildefonso or Lagranja, the summer residence of the Spanish court, with its encompassing hills and beautiful palace-gardens stretching up the mountain side.

It was about noon when we left Lagranja for the Escorial. Our route lay across the Guadarrama mountains. To the guidance of a scarecrow of a muleteer we trusted our lives and our knapsacks. The road led through the finest scenery I have seen in Spain. Laying our baggage upon our mules, we trudged merrily along on foot with all that buoyancy of spirit which springs from fine health and pure air. In a few hours we reached the last house upon the mountains. At the door sat two hunters who had just come down from the pass which we were to cross. They gave us the unwelcome tidings that it was impassable for mules on account of the snow.

To his sister Elizabeth.

Madrid, May 15, 1827.

It is just a year to-day since I said, "My Native Land, Good-night!" And I hardly need assure you that every circumstance of the departure is fresh in my memory.

Indeed, it seems to me but yesterday; and the taste of the luncheon of ham and porter which I took on board ship with Greenleaf and Weld is still lingering in my mouth, or I fancy it so. How soon the year has stolen away from me! I should really be disposed to quarrel with old Time for shifting so rapidly the scenes of life's little drama, were it not that he promises me that each succeeding one shall be brighter than the last. I have the comfortable assurance that, as soon as he gets through with this slack-wire performance in Europe, he will light up the theatre anew for a happy little scene on your side of the water; in which will be introduced the much admired demi-chorus, —

> Captain C——'s a coming home;
> I shall die!

In the mean time, as my letter left me in an uncomfortable situation, half-way up the Guadarrama mountains, I beg leave to continue my journey.

In spite of the bad news of the mountains being impassable, which we received at the inn, we resolved to continue our jaunt, and left the house in *excellent good humor* with our guide for having led us into such a perplexity. We were soon among the snows; and then our mules began to show their laudable spirit of patience and long-suffering by quietly lying down in the road. Fortunately, encountering a troup of rough mountaineers who were contriving to clear away a foot-path in the snow, we left our mules with them to be taken back to the inn; and piling our luggage upon the shoulders of our guide, together with a multitude of *blessings* for his sagacity, we pushed on. It was getting late, and the sun was only lingering on the snowpeaks of the mountains, when we emerged upon the southern declivity into the smile of the sunlight and the warm breath of the wind. Here we had a long, weary descent to make, and it was already twilight when

we arrived at a little cluster of cottages at the foot of the mountain. We had still several leagues to walk, because, I will confess, we were rather startled at the idea of sleeping in a lonely Spanish inn among the hills. Now a new calamity befel us. The spirit of our guide began to flag. His knees smote together. It was just in front of the tavern door; and he, like his mules, refused to go. But as we had not paid him, he found upon reflection that this resolution was rather premature; and having spirited up his courage with a bottle of wine, he began again to drag his slow length along. The people at the door of the inn shook their heads as we passed, and we soon discovered the real cause of our guide's reluctance. It was not so much fatigue as the fear of robbers. As we descended into a wooded hollow, the last ray of daylight forsook us, and with it the last ray of hope vanished from the soul of our Palinurus. He told us in a low, cautious voice, that the valley we were entering was the scene of many a midnight robbery, and the burial-place of many a belated traveller. For about three miles we passed all cross-roads with the speed with which a schoolboy would pass a graveyard after dark, — startled at the least noise, holding our breath at the whisper of the wind, and looking with fearful expectation that from behind every bush would peer the head of some bold highwayman. At length this suspense was alleviated by the twinkle of a cheerful light, and soon after, the friendly bark of a dog informed us that we were near the habitation of man. I never heard sweeter music; and have seldom seen a more agreeable sight than were the dusky, indistinct towers of a village church against the sky.

As you have probably enough of wayfaring by this time, I shall not detail the continuation of our route next morning, which brought us to the Escorial. It will be enough to say that it was also on foot; and, from the sad

condition of my boots, was something like making a penitential pilgrimage with peas in one's shoes. Notwithstanding, the day was not far advanced when we reached our resting-place.

The Escorial is at once a palace, a church, a convent, and a sepulchre. It was built by Philip the Second in fulfilment of a vow made in the battle of St. Quentin. . . . It is constructed of a dark sombre granite. The church is magnificently grand. I could not help lingering among its gloomy arches, indulging in that pleasant kind of melancholy which such scenes are apt to inspire. I heard Mass said in the twilight of its aisles; and as the chant of the priests reached my ear at intervals, with the peal of the organ echoing amid the arches and dying away in indistinct murmurs along the roof, the effect was most powerful. From the church you descend by a magnificent marble staircase into the tomb of the kings of Spain. It is a circular vault of forty or fifty feet in diameter, lighted by a sepulchral lamp which hangs from the ceiling, and finished in black marble. . . . From the church, too, you pass into the sacristy, where you are shown a fine painting of Raphael's, — one of the most celebrated and valuable in the world, called "the Pearl." It represents the Holy Family. Other apartments of the convent are full of fine paintings.[1] But as I am no connoisseur in things of the kind, I shall not attempt any description, — for which I dare say you will thank me. . . .

We were only one day at the Escorial. We left for Madrid, our abiding city, mounted upon mules. I was rejoiced beyond measure when I saw the spires of the city rising at a distance, but rather weary and woe-begone with my thirty miles ride. Since then, for six weeks, we

[1] The paintings have been removed from the Escorial to the Museum at Madrid.

have had nothing but wind and rain, which have laid me up with a fit of rheumatism. Thanks to a change of weather and to the "warm good feeling" of a pair of flannel drawers, I am now fast getting rid of my troublesome companion. I cannot conceive how I should be subject to rheumatism, unless it be an inheritance from old Dick Richards, which has come down to me together with the cottage under the hill.[1]

I know that it will give you joy to learn that I am very pleasantly situated here. I am in one of the kindest families possible. The whole house is goodness, from the mistress down to the domestick; and the daughter — a young lady of "sweet sixteen," with the romantic name of Florence — supplies the place of a sister much better than I had thought could be possible. I find much more frank and sincere feeling of kindness toward me as a stranger here in Spain than I found in France. The outside of the Spanish character is proud, and on that account at first a little forbidding. But there is a warm current of noble sentiment flowing round the heart. The Spaniards are, at the same time, perhaps the most courteous people in the world. You cannot imagine how very punctilious they are. In saluting a lady the common phrase is, "Señora, I throw myself at your Grace's feet." The lady replies, "I kiss your Grace's hand, Señor." How would that do in Portland? You must say a thousand good things from me to all my fair friends around you, in general and particular; and also to all the children of the family, of whom I think very often.

We have seen that our traveller found a small but very agreeable circle of Americans in Madrid.

[1] This personage was the negro servant who had carried him, when a little boy, to school, and who had always promised to bequeath to him his cottage on Munjoy's Hill.

To Mr. Alexander Everett, the American minister, he had brought letters from his father's friend, Mr. Charles Stuart Daveis, of Portland, and was very cordially received. Mrs. Everett wrote to Mrs. Daveis, —

> I dare say [Mr. E. has told you] how much satisfaction we felt at the introduction of your young friend Mr. Longfellow. His countenance is itself a letter of recommendation. He arrived about a fortnight since. . . . I will only add that we are much pleased with this addition to our little American circle. . . . He bids fair to be a great light in your State, if you can keep him there. I cannot but hope that his friends will put him up, after his return, to writing something about Spain.

Washington Irving, then forty years old, was engaged upon his Life of Columbus. In his diary he mentions, on the eighth of March, that "Mr. Longfellow arrived safely and cheerily the day before yesterday, having met with no robbers." And on the thirtieth of August, he notes that he had just written "letters of introduction for Mr. Longfellow, to Rumigny, Böttiger, Löwenstein, Sir Walter Scott, and Sotheby."

Many years after, Mr. Longfellow, recalling these days, gave this picture of the writer who had been the admiration of his boyhood: —

> I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Irving in Spain, and found the author, whom I had loved, repeated in the man. The same playful humor; the same touches of sentiment; the same poetic atmosphere; and what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all

that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self, —

> And rustling hears in every breeze
> The laurels of Miltiades.

At this time Mr. Irving was at Madrid, engaged upon his Life of Columbus; and if the work itself did not bear ample testimony to his zealous and conscientious labor, I could do so from personal observation. He seemed to be always at work. "Sit down," he would say, "I will talk with you in a moment, but I must first finish this sentence."

One summer morning, passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards, he said, "Yes, I am always at my work as early as six." Since then I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window, — so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil, — and have recalled those striking words of Dante: —

> "Seggendo in piuma,
> In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre,
> Senza la qual chi sua vita consuma,
> Cotal vestigio in terra di sè lascia
> Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma."

> "Seated upon down,
> Or in his bed, man cometh not to fame,
> Withouten which whoso his life consumes,
> Such vestige of himself on earth shall leave
> As smoke in air, and in the water foam."[1]

His letters give some of his experiences in Madrid and its neighborhood: —

[1] Remarks in offering Resolutions at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society. (*Ante*, p. 12.) The quotation is from the *Inferno*, xxiv. 47–51.

To his Father.

MADRID, July 16, 1827.

The news of a further remittance was very acceptable to me; for, although I live with all decent economy, yet I must confess that European economy would be extravagance in New England. In residing in Madrid my expenses have been greater then they would have been in a provincial town; but unfortunately it is only in Castile that the language is spoken with purity.

. . . The religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church are still celebrated in Spain with all the pomp and circumstance of darker ages. The Spaniards, in their faith, are the most obedient people in the world. They will believe anything a priest tells them to, without asking why or wherefore. But at the same time, as you may readily infer from this, they have as little pure religion as can be found upon the face of the earth. In fact, their religion may justly be compared to one of those little grocery stores in the purlieus of Green Street, which has its whole stock of sugar hats and gingerbread images stuck up at the windows.

The ceremony most frequently witnessed is the passage of the Host, or "consecrated wafer," — or, as the Spaniard firmly believes it to be, the body of God himself, — to the death-bed of some poor child of mortality. It is carried upon the end of a silver staff by some bareheaded friar, preceded by the banners of the church and a short procession of priests with wax candles and the tinkling of a little bell. As the procession passes through the street, the people take off their hats and throw themselves upon their knees; the noise and bustle of the city ceases, and you hear nothing but the tinkling of the bell. These are common, every-day processions. But the other night I witnessed a spectacle far more imposing. I was at the

Opera; and in the midst of the scene, the tap of a drum at the door, and the sound of the friar's bell, announced the approach of the Host. In an instant the music ceased; a hush ran through the house; the actors on the stage in their brilliant dresses kneeled and bowed their heads; and the whole audience turned toward the street and threw themselves on their knees. It was a most singular spectacle; the sudden silence, the immense kneeling crowd, the group upon the stage, and the decorations of the scene, produced the most peculiar sensations in my mind.

He next describes a ceremony at the palace, where the queen gave a supper to twelve poor women, washing their hands and waiting upon them at table with her maids of honor; and a like performance where the king served twelve poor men, washing their feet. "The queen," he says, "is eaten up by a most gloomy religious frenzy — and writes poetry."

Have you received the books I sent from Paris? — books are so very cheap there. At Brunswick they have an excellent French library. Do you know whether they have any Spanish books? As nobody can work without tools, it might not be amiss to inquire. I am still in my former intention of going to Germany by the way of Marseilles, unless some objection should offer itself. Pray do not think me too changeable in my designs; many of them are rather suggestions than mature plans. Rest assured that I shall do what will result most to my advantage, so far as I am capable of judging. Do not believe what people tell you of learning the French language in six months and the Spanish in three. Were I guided by such counsellors I should return a sheer

charlatan; and, though I might deceive others as to the amount of my knowledge, I cannot so easily deceive myself. Whatever vanity I may possess with regard to my natural abilities, I have very little with regard to my acquisitions.

We did not celebrate the "glorious Fourth" here; though it so happened that the day was "ushered in," as the newspapers say, by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, — which ring every day and all day. I dare say you had the usual allowance of orations.

To his Mother.

MADRID, July 16, 1827.

Since I last wrote you, I have spent a week or two in the country to enjoy a little rural life in Spain, and see if the shepherds who inhabit the green valleys of Castile are the same with those that sigh through the pages of pastoral romance. In the villages of the north of Spain there is little to tempt one away from the city. You see nothing but a cluster of one-story huts of a dirty yellowish stone, roofed with thatch or red tiles, thrown disorderly together in some nook among the hills. There is seldom a tree to be seen. And those who love to "babble of green fields" must content themselves, in place of velvet meadows and waving woods, with the matter-of-fact beauty of beans and barley. I had the good fortune, however, to find a village which enjoyed the shadow of a few trees. It is called *Pardillo*, and is situated on the southern slope of the Guadarrama mountains, about five leagues from this city. It is the most picturesque village I have yet seen in Spain. And the view of the surrounding country, sprinkled here and there with clumps of forest and cultivated uplands, and shut in by a curve of bare and stormy mountains, was very delightful.

It was the morning of a village holiday when we arrived, and as we entered the street we encountered groups of the peasants in their best dress, adorned with flowers and ribbons, moving along to church. This was an irregular little building, of the same rude material as the cottages, with the tombstone of some village patriarch placed as a step at the door, and a large shady tree in front. I recollect lingering about the humble edifice, and listening to the voice of the priest within and the mournful tones of a poor little organ that was groaning most sadly beneath the heavy hands of the gray-headed sacristan. After mass the villagers hurried away to their sports. In the evening we had a rustic dance in front of the house. There is something very amusing in these village dances. One almost thinks he has got back into old pastoral times; and the peculiar dress of the Spanish peasantry adds much to this romantic self-deception. They wear a short jacket of brown or black cloth, with breeches of the same, white stockings, and black leather gaiters. The waistcoat is generally of some bright color; and below it, around the waistband, is passed a red sash. The back of the head is covered with folds of a colored handkerchief, and above this the round Spanish hat with velvet band and tassels is cocked a little on one side. In the dress of the girls there is nothing peculiar. The music of these rural festivities consists of two or three guitars of different tones, accompanied by a voice, the tap of a drum, and castanets, which are nothing but two circular pieces of wood a little hollowed in the centre and attached to the thumb by a silken cord. The dance which I saw the most is called the *Manchegas*, — a dance of the province of La Mancha of chivalrous memory. There seems to be no regular step, but every one swings his legs about like a pendulum, and balances his arms in all directions. I used occasionally to join in with the rest; and I very distinctly

recollect that the first motion of my arms in the air was so violent and so well directed as to deprive the manager of his hat; and the first swing of my leg brought my boots into collision with a pair of nice white stockings, — manœuvres which excited universal and unbounded applause.

. . . . . .

By the kindness of Mr. Irving, who introduced me to the Marchioness of Casa-Yrugo, I have had the opportunity of a peep into good Spanish society. The marchioness is a Philadelphia lady, who married one of the Spanish ministers, and since her husband's death has become the heiress of a large property. She is now somewhat advanced in life, but still gives large parties. I have been several times to her evening jams; but, as it was Lent, there was no dancing. Some childish sport took the place of it; and I have seen a whole room-full of the "high-born Spanish noblemen" and daughters of dons and cavaliers engaged in such games as in our country belong only to children.

But the society which I have at home pleases me most. The daughter of the old lady with whom I am residing is one of the sweetest-tempered little girls that I ever met with. The grace of the Spanish women and the beauty of their language makes her conversation quite fascinating. I could not receive greater kindness than I receive at the hands of this good family. I shall feel the most sincere regret in bidding them farewell. There is another family in the house, — a Malaga lady with her daughter, a very handsome young lady of about seventeen, with bright blue eyes and fine auburn hair. She frequently reminds me of my sister A.; and, by the way, has the same name. The two young ladies are very intimate. Whilst I write, I see them in the balcony below me, very busy with their needles and their tongues, little dreaming that I am send-

ing tidings of them across the sea. I confess that I feel very little desire to leave Madrid, as you may imagine. But as you claim me for your own, and as I have just thrown my purse out of the window because it was full of holes and told no flattering tale, I shall not be able to linger much longer in this land of the sun. Indeed, I shall take my departure as soon as the immoderate heat of the weather abates a little, so as to permit one to travel, if not comfortably, at least without perishing. I seldom go out, excepting very early in the morning to bathe in the river, and at nine o'clock at night to walk in the Prado. . . . There are the principal fountains. On Sundays the "salon" of the Prado is so crowded just after sunset that one can hardly elbow his way along, or see through the cloud of dust which envelops him. This the Spaniards seem to enjoy highly. God bless them in such enjoyment!

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE SOUTH OF SPAIN.

1827.

At the beginning of September, the summer heats being abated, our traveller left Madrid and moved slowly toward Italy through the south of Spain. His road led across La Mancha, with its wind-mills, its *ventas*, and all its Don Quixote memories, to Cordova.

The withered leaves were already dropping, and the immense plains, as far as the eye could reach, looked brown, barren, and sunburnt. I have never seen a country that wore so desolate a look. You trace the road for miles before you, with neither cottage nor green tree. In some parts, when you start on your journey in the morning, you may see in a direct line before you the village in which you are to pass the night. As I dislike to be hurried through a country, however sad and solitary it may be, without seeing its peculiarities, I took a seat in the wagon of a carrier from Castile to Andalusia. You cannot imagine with what fear and trembling one travels at the present day in Spain. The whole country is overrun with robbers. Every village in La Mancha has its tale to tell of atrocities committed in its neighborhood. At night,

in the capacious inn-kitchen, my fellow-travellers would huddle together and talk of the dangers we were to pass through on the morrow, and converse for hours in that mysterious undertone which always fills the mind with phantoms. But fortunately, we passed through all unmolested. It was undoubtedly owing to that *poor-gentleman* look which every one of us carried about him. A poverty-stricken country; everywhere in the roofless cottages and ruined walls we trace the footsteps of the Peninsular War. A lapse of ten years has not changed the scene. As you approach the wretched habitations of the peasantry, a troop of half-starved children, some absolutely naked, others with but a fragment of a shirt, or a tattered jacket, will come shouting forth, begging, dancing, and tumbling along the road, with such strange gambols that it raises a smile at the same time that it makes your heart ache. One circumstance which much surprised me in La Mancha was the cleanliness of the inn-kitchens. A paved carriage-road generally passes directly through the centre of the inn, and upon each side of it are the rooms and bed-chambers of the family. I recollect one that had two cross-roads in it; it somewhat resembled four cottages under one large roof. In this thoroughfare you always find the heavy baggage of muleteers and wagoners; and in some nook the fire glances upon the whitewashed walls of the kitchen. The kitchen of a country inn is seldom a separate room; it is rather a large alcove, with its fire in the middle of the floor, benches built against the walls on each side and covered with mats, on which sleeps the tired muleteer, wrapped in his cloak. Above is a great tunnel of a chimney which embraces the whole ceiling. One may well wonder how there can be much neatness in such an arrangement; but the glitter of brazen pans, and a goodly show of crockery arranged with care against the white walls have such a neat, comely look, that they appeal

as feelingly and persuasively to a man's stomach as the tidy kitchen-maid with nicely braided hair, to his heart.

The traveller is occasionally cheered by green olive fields; and as you approach the village of Val-de-Peñas, celebrated for its wines, the hills are covered with vineyards. South of Val-de-Peñas, the country wears a more cheerful aspect. The landscape breaks into hill and dale; you catch glimpses of whitewashed villages sheltered in the hollows of the mountains. In the Sierra Morena, the chain of mountains which separates La Mancha from Andalusia, there is a wild narrow pass called Despeña-perros. It is the thoroughfare of all travellers from Madrid to Seville, — the most bold and picturesque scenery I have yet met with in Spain. Just at the entrance of the pass stands the Venta of Cadenas, — the inn at which the poor knight-errant suffered so many misfortunes. It is a long, low house, with paved cart-road passing through the centre; the kitchen a mere nook, and within it a strapping wench busy among pots and kettles. She was the very counterpart of the faithful Maritornes, whose midnight assignation with the muleteer began the melancholy history of Don Quixote's adventures at the inn, when, faithful to the laws of chivalry, he guarded at midnight the gates of the enchanted castle and listened to the lament of the captive princess. Immediately on leaving the inn, you enter the wild mountain scenery. It becomes wilder and wilder. The wood runs along near the summit of the mountains, — on one side huge overhanging rocks, on the other a precipice of immense depth covered with rugged forest, shrubs, and wild vines. At the bottom of the ravine wind the silver waters of a little stream. You pursue this road for miles, now skirting the brow of the hills, and now winding down into shadowy hollows. The scene resembles that of the White Mountains, but it is not so fine. . . . At the close of the day we reached a little village called

La Carolina, the first Spanish village I saw which had anything of rural beauty about it. The bloom of Andalusia opens before you there.

The environs of Cordova are truly enchanting. You not only have the beauty of the vine and the olive-tree, but you pass along in the shadow of hedges of the wild fig, and above you towers the palm. The city itself is by no means handsome. The only object worthy the traveller's attention is the cathedral. In its outward appearance there is nothing imposing, but on entering you are lost among the multitude of columns, all of beautiful colored marbles, and formerly eighteen hundred in number. Some of the Moorish chapels are still preserved, and are of the most costly workmanship. From the church-tower you have a beautiful view of the city and surrounding country: on one side is a range of mountains sprinkled over with little white hermitages; on the other, the clear waters of the Guadalquivir sweep through a reach of soft lowland landscape.

On the thirteenth day of my journey and the fifteenth of the month, I reached Seville, — sick, weary, and out of spirits, — and took a room at the *Fonda de los Americanos.* I was disappointed in Seville. The Spaniards speak of it as the French do of Paris, — "If you have not seen it you have not seen anything."[1] The streets are extremely narrow; the houses are low. The street-door opens into a short passage through which you pass into the court, — in Spanish, the *patio,* — by a gate of light iron-work, highly ornamented. A kind of colonnade runs quite round this court, supporting a gallery above from which open the chambers. The colonnade is hung round with pictures, and furnished with sofas and chairs, like an apartment. Almost

[1] Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla.

always in this court is a fountain, lulling you with the tinkling of its waters. An awning is drawn across from the eaves during the heat of the day.

Of course he visited the Cathedral, with its court-yard full of orange trees; its Giralda, — that beautiful Moorish tower, crowned with a Renaissance belfry; its interior so lofty, so noble, so religiously impressive, perhaps the most beautiful Gothic interior in the world. He begins a description of it, but breaks off abruptly, —

I was never born to write a guide-book; I have no patience in describing churches, palaces, cities, so I have left a blank to be filled up with engravings. . . .

Farewell to Seville! I left it without regret and took the steamboat for San Lucar at daybreak. As we passed rapidly down the Guadalquivir I was reminded of the Delaware. There is some resemblance, but the banks are infinitely more fertile, and the river itself more majestic. The Guadalquivir wants those happy-looking villages which are scattered along the Delaware. In place of them, occasionally, the hut of a poor fisherman, the thatched cottage of a peasant, with a herd of horses feeding in its field. On reaching San Lucar, I took a gig across to the *Puerto di Santa Maria*, in company with a young gentleman of that place with whom I had come from Madrid. I stopped a day at his father's house and was much pleased with the village. The public walks are very beautiful, and the principal street a fine one. From Port St. Mary I took a boat across to Cadiz.

Cadiz. I have a pleasant chamber looking out upon the principal square of the city. At morning the sun awakes me, and at evening the fresh sea breeze comes in at my window. At night the square is crowded with the

beauty and fashion of the city. The trees that surround it have lamps hung in their branches, and a stone balustrade, with benches, runs completely round the area.

I found the American consul, Mr. Burton, a very kind and agreeable old gentleman. At his house I met Mr. Maynard, of Gibraltar. He is a merry fellow, and we had a thousand things to talk of concerning Portland in the "olden time." He has resided in Gibraltar about eleven years. We passed as many pleasant days together in Cadiz, and left that city in company for Gibraltar. As there is no carriage-road between the two places we were obliged to make the journey on horseback, — a fatiguing ride, though a very merry one. The country is wild and uncultivated; and the road, or rather pathway — for it is nothing more — carries you through forest and valley, now scrambling up a rugged rock, now plunging into a deep glen, and at length brings you at night to some solitary inn, whose very loneliness startles you. We made, however, but a two days' journey of it, and are now safely within the walls of Gibraltar. The tap of the English drum has already become familiar, and I have ceased to wonder at the odd figure of a bare-legged Highlander, with plaid kilt and long red coat. The "Bladensburg" regiment is here.

. . . . . .

I went by sea from Gibraltar to Malaga, and I must confess that I felt a secret joy when the night veiled from my eyes the rock to which I had been so long chained [waiting for a passage]. In two days we reached Malaga. . . . The consul at Malaga, Mr. George Barrel, was formerly a midshipman in the service of the United States, on board the same vessel and at the same time with Henry Wadsworth. I found that he knew you all personally, and he told me several anecdotes of the family circle. He is one of the most generous, free, noble-

hearted men I ever met. . . . I passed a week very agreeably, and then set off in company with Mr. Ruden, a gentleman from New York, on a visit to Granada. The road from Malaga to Velez-Malaga is full of variety. Sometimes it winds along the sea-beach beneath high, overhanging rocks, representing well the scenery in the Antiquary where the heroine is so near being drowned; and at other times stretches away through long level tracts of cultivated land teeming with olive and vine. From Velez to Granada is nothing but a rugged mountain path; the whole way is through a wild, mountainous country. About halfway between the two cities stands Alhama, — "*Ay de mi, Alhama.*"

We reached Granada after nightfall. As we crossed the beautiful Vega, — those delicious and luxuriant meadows which stretch away to the south and west of Granada, — the lights of the city glimmering in the distance and the sound of the evening bells called my thoughts away from the realities of life to the musings of romance. The gradual closing of twilight added enchantment to the scene, and as my companions crossed some eminence in the road and, wrapped in their Spanish cloaks, became relieved against the dusky sky, I could not help fancying them a band of Christian knights bound on some chivalrous adventure to the walls of the besieged city. Behold me, then, in Granada!

November 11, 1827. Whilst "the sound of the church-going bell" was chiming in my ears, and the streets were full of black-eyed maids and matrons crowding to their devotions (and by way of parenthesis glancing from beneath their veils at the passing stranger), I sallied forth to the Alhambra. This ancient fortress of the Moors is on a hill, on one side commanding a view of the city and the Vega, and on the other looking down a steep precipice

into the romantic valley of the Darro. You are soon lost amid the labyrinth of galleries and halls and corridors, — spacious halls, with wrought columns and walls covered with curious devices, and gleaming with colors so brilliant that even centuries have not dimmed their lustre; balconies overlooking the finest landscapes; windows opening upon court-yards and gardens, green with the orange and the lemon, and freshened with the gush of fountains. It is the refinement of luxury. It was the view from the windows which most enchanted me. The romantic valley of the Darro directly beneath me, the river stealing along its sandy bed, the gardens overhanging it; the yellow foliage of the autumn; the merriment of a troop of children, the sound of whose voices just reached my ear; the cluster of gypsy huts excavated in the hillside opposite; and over all, the soft vapory sky, — composed a scene which I cannot well describe. There are moments in our lives to which we feel that romance could add nothing, and which poetry itself could not beautify. Such were those I passed in lingering about the Alhambra and dreaming over the warlike deeds of other days. . . . The hands of the authorities of Granada, with singular disregard to posterity and something like disrespect to antiquity, are whitewashing the walls of the palace. After ages will lose an immense deal of bad poetry which wandering bards have written on those walls.

I was in Granada but five days. But in those five I lived almost a century. No portion of my life has been so much like a dream. It was a season of most singular excitement to me. How much I wanted in those happy moments some early bosom friend to share these feelings with me! . . . How many solitary moments a traveller has! There is some truth in Madame de Staël's remark, that "of all the *pleasures* of life, travelling is the *saddest!*"

November 12. Mr. Kreisler accompanied us to the convent of the Carthusians, just without the city. The gate was opened by a "jolly fat friar" in coarse white garment, who seemed delighted with the sight of strangers. The Carthusian monks are very rigorous in their discipline. They eat no meat whatever, never converse among themselves nor speak to any one except on days of indulgence, never leave the enclosure of the convent, and when they meet each other in their solitary walks in the gardens of the monastery their salutation is the warning of death, — the two short words, "*Memento mori!*" The convent chapel is magnificent and costly; the sacristy exceeds it in the splendor of its marbles. . . . When we left the convent we found the jolly little man waiting at the gate. He told us he had been twenty-nine years in the convent. I asked him if he never ate meat. "No," he said. "Do you not like it? Are you more fond of fish?" "Ah, Sir, meat is much better, but we cannot eat it!" . . . On leaving the convent, we took the country road and walked out to the country-house of a Spanish nobleman — the Count of Montijo. He is an old Bartolo of a fellow, married to a young wife. . . . I forgot to mention in its place our visit to the Insane Hospital. There was a poor vicar of Ronda there, who asked me why I wore glasses. "When you came in," said he, "I thought you one of the French saints, for they have clear eyes, but cannot see." "*Santos di Francia, que tienen ojos claros y san visto*" is a Spanish proverb.

After dinner, as we were sitting quietly in our chamber, a deputation of law-students was ushered in by the little negro Anthony. They were dressed in black robes, and wore a military cap, something resembling the *chapeau-bras*. As one after another entered silently and solemnly I thought that the iniquity of *our* travelling caps had brought the whole Inquisition upon us. We went with

them to visit two country-seats. . . . Theatre; Opera of the *Bella Tubernera*, taken from Howard Payne's comedy The Merry Days of Charles II. . . . At supper, little Anthony quite as high as he ought to be. He wants to go to America, because they "insult him in his own country."

Midnight. Dog howling. The song of a watchman, — "*Ave Maria Purissima! los doce y medio, y sereno!*"

15th. Visited for the last time the Alhambra, and took a last lingering look of those scenes of romance, which I thought I could gaze on forever.

17th. Reached Malaga about noon.

Mr. Longfellow spent eight months in Spain. The details of this visit have been given here thus fully, because it was to him a period of great delight. It appealed with the most romantic charms to him in his most romantic years. He always referred to it with a warm glow of interest. One of his latest poems, 'Castles in Spain,' is made up of his reminiscences of this visit. He was thrice in Europe in after years, but never again visited Spain. He was unwilling to break the spell of that early time.

CHAPTER X.

A YEAR IN ITALY.

1828.

To his Father.

MARSEILLES, December 14, 1827.

. . . WE sailed from Malaga on the 22d of November. At the end of a week we reached the entrance of the Gulf of Lyons, where a blustering north-wester, which continued four days, blew us off to Corsica. We at length got up near Toulon, and were just steering into the harbor of Marseilles, when a second gale, more tremendous than the first, sent us sea-faring again. Fortunately it was of very short duration, and two days afterward we were comfortably sitting by our fireside in this city. . . .

We start for Toulon day after to-morrow. I go in company with Lieutenants Carr and Saunders, and Purser Harris of the U. S. schooner Porpoise, which is now at this place. Another young gentleman, by the name of Greene, — a grandson of the old General, — goes with us. I am very happy to have such excellent company. I shall leave them at Genoa and proceed to Florence, where I shall put myself into an Italian family without loss of time.

From Marseilles the lively company of young men went along the coast to Nice; thence, by the

beautiful Cornice road, overhanging the sea and occasionally descending to some Mentone, Oneglia, or Savona upon its shore, they reached Genoa on Christmas eve.

Journal.

December 24. Reached Genoa, the "superb city," and took chambers at the *Hotel des Quatres Nations*, with a terrace overlooking the sea. It is Christmas eve, — a beautiful night. The moon is shining on the water, and here and there a boatman's lantern glimmers upon the silent wave. . . . Attended the midnight mass at the Annunziata.

25th. The Strada Nuova, the most beautiful street I ever beheld, — a long succession of palaces. But what misery at their gates! The schooner Porpoise arrived. Happy meeting of the officers with our party over a foaming tureen of egg-nog.

26th. Visited the Palazzo Rosso, and the Durazzo, — both very splendid and very rich in paintings by celebrated masters. Those which struck me were a Magdalene by Titian and a Cleopatra by Guido.

29th. Reached Pisa after a long day's ride from Spezzia. Rich plantations of olive, and by the roadside vines trained from tree to tree.

January 1, 1828. Left Pisa for Florence; beautiful country, and beautiful peasant girls.

4th. At the Pitti palace; the collection of paintings very beautiful. There is also the Venus of Canova. What beauty, what elegance, what modesty! It is the rival of the Venus de' Medici; the posture is nearly the same, but the Venus of Canova has drapery. I saw them both in one day. I had heard much of the skill of sculptors. But when I saw before me a statue that seemed to breathe and move, and the hardness of marble softening away into

the delicate beauty of rounded outline,—I could not but wonder at what man had done.[1]

In Florence he took up his abode in a house looking upon the Piazza Novella and its church of Santa Maria, where Boccaccio, as he remembered, placed the opening scene of the Decameron. But he does not mention the forlorn Madonna in its chapel, which makes one wonder that it should ever have caused that quarter of the city to be named the Borgo *Allegro*.

To his Father.

FLORENCE, January 13, 1828.

I have now been in Florence about a fortnight, as I arrived on New Year's Day. I propose remaining a month or six weeks longer, and then going to Rome. I cannot yet say how long it will be necessary to remain in Italy in order to acquire its language and see its wonders. I shall, however, divide the time principally between this place and Rome. The language is spoken more grammatically here than elsewhere, but the accent is very harsh. I find it very easy to read and not very difficult to understand when spoken. At the same time, when I attempt to speak it myself, I find some difficulty in keeping clear of Spanish words. There is a great deal of similarity between the two languages, yet there are not perhaps a dozen words precisely the same in both,—always a slight difference, which perplexes me very much.

The Carnival is about commencing. There are seven theatres open. For *eleven cents* you can attend one of the

[1] It may be noticed that in all this journey and residence abroad, Mr. Longfellow appears more interested in sculpture than in painting.

most charming, and see a performance of tragedy or comedy by some of the best actors. Theatres are at half price during the Carnival.

In our consul here, I find not only an excellent, kind man, but also an acquaintance of yours, — Mr. Ambrosi, who was in Portland in 1802. He speaks very often of your kindnesses to him when sick with the yellow fever at Mr. Cutter's tavern in Portland. He takes great pleasure in repaying them to me; and has been exceedingly kind in introducing me into society in Florence; of which I shall send you a few very hasty notes.

When I look upon my table and see about twenty unanswered letters, and then reflect how exacting some of my correspondents are, and what kind of letters are generally expected from a man travelling in Italy, I am almost desperate. If I should take the time necessary to write long letters, with rounded periods, I should never find a moment for my French, Italian, and Spanish studies, all of which I carry on. For the same reason I keep no journal — nothing more than a few loose notes. It is to the family only that I write without care.

When I reached Florence, the first thing I heard was — *Demidoff*. If I asked who such a lady was — "Oh, she is so and so; I saw her the other night at Demidoff's." "Do you go to the opera to-night?" "Opera, no; I am going to Demidoff's." "Pray tell me, is there a French theatre in Florence?" "Oh, yes, certainly there is — at Demidoff's." I at length grew desperate. "Who the deuce is Demidoff?" said I. "Ah, don't know him? haven't been presented? sorry for you." At length I got at the truth of the matter. Demidoff is a Russian count of immense wealth, living on an income of a million dollars a year, — about two a minute. He is now on the down-hill of life, but

fond of the pleasures of society. He gives splendid balls and parties three times a week; which—after being once presented—you attend when you please, without further invitation.

A few evenings since I was presented there by the consul, in company with one or two other American gentlemen. Passing through the ante-chambers, we found the company assembled in the theatre. The Count has a private company of French comedians attached to his suite, to lend a hand in clearing away the rubbish of his million a year. The room used for these theatricals was very neatly carpeted, and furnished with chairs enough to accommodate about a hundred spectators. Near the door sat the old Count, in an elbow chair with two large wheels,—his infirmity being that he cannot walk. The play was what the French call a *vaudeville*,—a genteel kind of farce interspersed with songs. The acting was very indifferent, but as it cost nothing to the audience, they could not in conscience be out of humor; and so the play was more or less applauded by all present, lest it should be thought they did not understand the language. When the play was over, the Count was rolled off in his car to his fireside in the *salon;* and the company, being too small to entertain itself, after chatting awhile about the weather and the play, dispersed. Two days after, there was a ball and supper; but I did not go. . . . I must confess that I hardly understand the old Count's philosophy. I should not think he could be happy with so much revelry about him. His countenance bespeaks a great deal of benevolence, and you hear of him as being very generous in his charities to the poor. He likes to see the world happy around him; and I dare say has more than one passing regret that he cannot break that two-wheel chair of his and figure away in the dance with the best of them.

To his Mother.

FLORENCE, January 18, 1828.

I suppose the very names of Florence and the Arno are full of romance and poetry for you, who have not seen them; and that you imagine me sitting at night in the shadow of some olive grove, watching the rising moon and listening to the song of the Italian boatman or the chimes of a convent bell. Alas! distance and poetry have so much magic about them! Can you believe that the Arno —

that glassy river,
Rolling his crystal tide through classic vales —

is a stream of muddy water, almost entirely dry in summer? and that Italian boatmen, and convent bells, and white-robed nuns, and midnight song and soft serenade — are not altogether so delightful in reality as we sometimes fancy them to be? But I must not tell tales! I may spoil the market for some beautiful effusion that, at the very moment when I write, is making its appearance in the delicate folds of Oliver's "State Banner"!

There is very excellent society in Florence, chiefly composed of French and English. By the kindness of Mrs. Derby, I have been enabled to visit in the former, and have been received with great kindness. At Marseilles I received a letter from her, inclosing an introduction to Princess Charlotte (the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte), who is at present residing in Florence. I received an invitation from her ladyship to pass the evening, which I, of course, accepted. There was very little company, mostly connexions of the family. The princess is a small, delicate person, about your own size. The Countess de Survilliers, wife of Joseph Bonaparte, was present; a fine, sensible old lady, with a countenance marking a great deal of firmness and character; and also the Duchess of

Istria, — a beautiful Frenchwoman. And I must not forget to mention that I made the acquaintance of the son of Marshal Soult. The evening slipped away very pleasantly. It was there that I saw for the first time an *improvisatore*. I was talking with a gentleman in the corner of the room, when from the opposite end I heard the sound of a piano, and a moment afterwards a voice, neither singing nor declaiming, but something between these. I turned to listen, and was told that it was an *improvisatore*. He was reciting the Invasion of Italy by Hannibal, with a good deal of action; whilst another person accompanied his voice upon the piano. The next subject given him was the Battle of Navarino. He paused for a few moments, then commenced in the same recitative tone as before, with an accompaniment, and without any hesitation. After this, a list of rhymes was written down upon a sheet of paper, and nine different subjects given him, each of which he was obliged to adapt to those rhymes; composing extemporaneously nine different pieces of poetry with the same endings. I did not understand Italian well enough to judge of his performance, but the occasional applause bestowed upon him by those who did understand led me to conclude that some parts were beautiful, if not brilliant.

The next day I dined with the Countess de Survilliers,— a plain, good dinner, without any kind of ceremony. There was at table an Italian lady of the family of Michael Angelo, with her daughter, who sang in the evening most divinely. After dinner the same society I had seen the day before dropped in, and I felt quite at home. There was no *improvisatore;* in place of one, the Princess Charlotte played *Yankee Doodle* for me!

January 23.

I shall stay but a few days longer in Florence. I feel anxious to get into Germany; at least as much so as I do to

see Rome and Naples. I must confess it, I am travelling through Italy without any enthusiasm, and with just curiosity enough to keep me awake. I feel no excitement, — nothing of that romantic feeling which everybody else has, or pretends to have. The fact is, I am homesick for Spain. I want to go back there again. The recollection of it completely ruins Italy for me. Next to going home, let me go to Spain!

I forgot to mention a splendid ball at the English Ambassador's a few nights ago, at which we were present. He gives a masked ball on Monday next to which we are also invited.

Journal.

February 6. Left Florence for the warmer sun of Southern Italy, with a vetturino, by way of Siena. During the winter season the traveller finds little, even in Italian landscape, to interest his fancy. Wrapped in his travelling cloak, he looks from the coach window upon the pitiless rain, and throwing himself back in his seat rather dreams that he is in Italy than feels it. A fat priest entertained us with merry tales.

11th. Entered Rome under the bright rays of a noonday sun. Rome is announced by Nero's tomb.

> Quoi! c'est là Rome? quoi!
> C'est le tombeau de Neron qui l'annonce.
>
> — *Dupaty.*

It is the commencement of the last week of the Carnival, and the city echoes with gayety, — the Corso crowded with carriages and walking gentry, throwing *confetti* at each other. . . . These gayeties banished from my thoughts the memory of ancient days and deeds. But now, in the silence of the night and the solitude of my chamber, they come crowding upon me.

I saw on Sunday a ceremony worth all the fooleries of the merry season; it was the taking of the Black Veil. . . .

To his Mother.

ROME, March 26, 1828.

An interval of nearly three months has elapsed since receiving any letters from the family. . . . Upon my word, I 'm quite as ignorant of your sayings and doings for nearly a year as if I had been travelling in the moon. Thus far, you are debtors to my curiosity; and with regard to the anxiety we reciprocally feel — as I am only *one* and you at home are ten — mine is to yours in the inverse ratio of these numbers. Excuse my arithmetic.

I have been in Rome six weeks, but I have as yet hardly commenced seeing Rome. I have been pursuing my studies with some little care, and the busy days of Carnival hardly left room to visit curiosities. But I am rather anticipating myself. I should have told you that I remained in Florence but a month. The fact was, I disliked very much the sound of the Tuscan pronunciation. I got quite out of humor with the language, and concluded that I would not give further attention to speaking, but would make my way through Italy with the little I had acquired, and be contented with reading. I accordingly left Florence, and arrived here with the intention of seeing the city in a few weeks and, after taking a peep at Naples, go north, visit Venice and Milan, and pass through Switzerland into Germany.

On arriving at Rome I found a friend of mine, — Mr. Greene, of Greenwich, Rhode Island, — with whom I had travelled from Marseilles to Leghorn, and I went into the same family where he is residing. And such a delightful

family! I could write you a volume upon my good fortune in getting so pleasant a situation. The family was once very rich; political changes have reduced it somewhat, — reduced, I mean, in a pecuniary way, — and I feel that I am now in it by peculiar privilege. There are three young ladies, who have all been excellently educated and speak, besides their native tongue, both English and French. They are great musicians also; one plays the harp with great perfection, the other the piano with the skill of a professor; and both sing. But the family is so very kind, we see so much good society in the evening, and I have so good an opportunity for practising French, Spanish, and Italian, that I shall make my residence in Italy something longer than I had intended on leaving Florence. Next week is the "Holy Week," so noted in the Catholic world, and so splendid in its ceremonies at Rome. . . .

There is one subject upon which I have for a long time wished and intended to write you, — that is, to set the girls to studying French, or one of the languages. If you could get instruction for the Spanish in Portland, begin with that. It is much simpler in its principles and easier in its pronunciation than either of the other living languages. The fact is, with this study of the languages I am completely enchanted. Indeed I am very passionately fond of it. So much so that I wish my brothers and sisters to go hand in hand with me.

In April he made a trip to Naples, in company with his friend, Mr. Greene.

To his brother Stephen.

NAPLES, April 22, 1828.

It is just a fortnight to-day that I have been sojourning in this delightful land. You see nature here as it glows

in painting and blooms in song; not that nature is not always more lovely in herself than in the poet's album and the painter's sketch-book, — but you find in the scenery of Naples those rich combinations which, were they found everywhere, would make the world we live in too much of a Paradise.

My windows overlook the bay of Naples, and directly in front of me on the other side of the water, rises the broken cone of Vesuvius, with a thin light cloud of smoke wreathing itself about its summit, and fading away into the blue of the atmosphere. The long curve of the sea-shore is lined with white villages; beyond, the blue promontory of Sorrento juts into the sea, and farther out lies the island of Capri, so famous as the scene of the retirement of Augustus and the follies of Tiberius. It is not however my intention to go into minute descriptions, because they are tedious as well as useless.

I find this commencement of a letter among my papers. By the date you will find when I was in Naples, and that will save me the trouble of telling you that I have been there. I was there about three weeks.

One of the most interesting jaunts I made from Naples, was to Baiæ and the Elysian fields. On my way I visited lake Acheron, — though the scene is now changed. The thick, black forests which the poets describe as surrounding it no longer exist; and instead of Charon's boat, that ferried the disembodied spirit across those waters, a little flat-bottomed scow took me across to an oyster-house for two cents! The only truth in Virgil's description is the "*facilis descensus;*" for the lake is situated in a hollow among the hills, with steep banks enclosing it. There is a ruin of the temple of Apollo upon its brink. The tomb of Virgil at Posilippo is also a spot full of interest; and at sunset it is lovely beyond description. In a word, I

could give you the names of a thousand delightful rides about Naples, — the names, and very little more. . . .

You at home must not keep me long in want of letters. Every little circumstance which takes place in Portland is interesting to me, — from the Brazen Nose of Temple Bar (which I understand has been again snoring its inspiration among the Bœotians of Fish Street) down to David Ross going round Trull's corner in a windy day. By the way, I wish you of Temple Bar would keep me a kind of journal or day-book recording interesting facts, and send it to me once a month. Amongst so many of you it would cost you nothing to make a few loose notes and illustrations. . . .

A few months ago I received a long letter from Pitt Fessenden, which I intend to answer soon. I am also in debt to my most punctual correspondent, Greenleaf. . . . I most heartily wish that one of you Templars would come out and spend with me the rest of my sojourn in Europe. You must make Ned Preble "*Chargé d'affaires et Envoyé extraordinaire*," to my court at Göttingen, whose venerable walls I hope yet to see; though all depends upon the letters which I am waiting for from home. . . .

A thousand kind remembrances to all friends, in town and country; with my warmest love to every member of the family.

Of this visit in Naples Mr. Greene has given us an interesting reminiscence in the dedication to his friend of his Life of General Greene: —

Thirty-nine years ago, this month of April, you and I were together at Naples. . . . We were young then, with life all before us; and in the midst of the records of a great past our thoughts would still turn to our own future. . . . One day — I shall never forget it — we re-

turned at sunset from a long afternoon amid the statues and relics of the Museo Borbonico. . . . We went up to the flat roof of the house, where, as we walked, we could look down into the crowded street and out upon the wonderful bay and across to Ischia and Capri and Sorrento, and over the housetops and villas and vineyards to Vesuvius. . . . And over all, with a thrill like that of solemn music, fell the splendor of the Italian sunset. We talked and mused by turns, till the twilight deepened and the stars came forth to mingle their mysterious influence with the overmastering magic of the scene. It was then that you unfolded to me your plans of life, and showed me from what "deep cisterns" you had already learned to draw. From that day the office of literature took a new place in my thoughts.

In Naples he became acquainted with Nicander, the Swedish poet. After a three weeks' visit he returned to Rome.

To his brother Stephen.

ROME, June 28, 1828.

As you see by the date, I am still in Rome, where I only wait for letters. As soon as they reach me I shall take my leave. . . . I have been so delighted with Rome that I have extended my residence much beyond my original intention. There is so much in the city to delay the stranger; the villages in the environs are so beautiful, and there is such a quiet and stillness about everything that, were it in my power, I should be induced to remain the whole year round. You can imagine nothing equal to the ruins of Rome. The Forum and the Coliseum are beyond all I had ever fancied them; and the ruined temples and the mouldering aqueducts which are scattered

in every direction over the immense plain which surrounds the city give you an idea of the ancient grandeur, and produce in your mind ideas which cannot be easily defined nor communicated.

But how different from ancient Rome is the modern! Perhaps it is hard to criticise manners and customs; but I wish to mention one or two facts. I speak of the dissoluteness of manners. There seems to be no kind of shame attached to it. Whenever I go to the principal street of the city at the hour for promenade, I see a lady of the highest ton (who has a rich young banker for her "cecisbeo") driving in her carriage with her daughter, her husband, and her lover! However, there are many families, of manners and morals as uncorrupted as ours. Though in morality, as in geography, a great deal depends upon difference of longitude; and in Europe playing cards and dancing and going to the theatre on Sunday night are thought very innocent amusements. Nobody here has the least suspicion of its being immoral, any more than we have of any immorality in eating dinner on Sunday. The only idea they have of hallowing the seventh day is that of going to Mass in the morning. And all the other festivals of the Church are kept just as holy as the Sabbath.

At Rome there is a great deal of religious superstition. . . . But I have been so long in Roman Catholic countries that the abuses in this religion have little effect upon me. Its *principles* are as pure and holy as could be wished.

You must not be astonished at what I have written you with regard to the corruption of manners at Rome. It is a problem easily solved. The great folly of mingling together religion and politics explains the matter at once. All offices of any note are held by the clergy. The only career which is open to a young man is that of the Church.

This implies *celibacy*. Marriage, in Rome, shuts the door to advancement.

In Outre Mer we find a chapter upon "Rome in Midsummer." It is not often that the traveller from other lands lingers so late in the city of malaria. Nor would our traveller have done so, but for an unexplained delay and miscarriage of letters, including a letter of credit to Germany, for which he long waited in vain. The delay proved a perilous one to him. In the beginning of July he took a violent cold, which ended in a fever, that grew high and dangerous. The crisis, however, passed favorably, thanks to the devoted attentions of the kind family — the Persiani — in whose house he was living. He felt that he owed his life to the care of the eldest daughter, who, having the freedom of a married woman, was his especial nurse. She administered to him a healing medicine as he lay gasping for breath, and prevented the surgeon from bleeding him a fourth time. As soon as it was possible for him to be moved, he left Rome, "completely shattered," for the village of Arricia. The country air, working with a good constitution and temperate habits, soon gave him back his strength. He passed a month in Ariccia, "in the wedge-shaped Casa Antonini" at the junction of the streets. Here he made the acquaintance of his countryman, Mr. George Cooke, of Virginia, "an artist, an enthusiast, and a fellow of infinite jest." And here, in the weeks of convalescence, he read Italian

poetry, strolled in the Chigi villa, rambled about the wooded environs of the village and through the green "galleries" *di sopra* and *di sotto*, threw stones into the Alban lake, talked with the monks of the convent, and being seized at intervals with the artist fancy, sketched the trunk of a hollow tree or the tower of a distant church or a fountain in the shade.

To his Sisters.

L'Ariccia, September 1, 1828.

You will see by the date of this that I am still at L'Ariccia — the village from which my last letters were dated. The month, which was to be the limit of my sojourn here, is nearly finished; and I shall return to Rome in a few days, with my health perfectly restored, and, of course, in very good spirits. . . .

I dare say you have wondered not a little that in none of my letters I have spoken of Rome in the rapturous language of a modern tourist. But with me all deep impressions are silent ones. I like to live on, and enjoy them, without telling those around me that I do enjoy them. Besides, when I attempt a description, I find the effect it produces in reading so infinitely inferior to the effect I think it should produce, — and all I have seen described in painting and poetry is so very inadequate to convey an idea of what Rome is, — that when I sit down to my task, I find it a very cold and ungrateful one. From this motive, I have sent you nothing from Rome, but a short description of the buffooneries of Carnival; and I do not know whether this ever reached you.

But, I assure you, there is something in the ruins of Old Rome which is grand and beautiful beyond conception; and the effect produced on you is almost delirious. I do

not believe there is a finer view in the world than that from the eastern gate of the city, embracing the Campagna, with its ruined aqueducts diverging in long broken arcades, and terminated by the sweep of the Albanian hills, sprinkled with their white villages, and celebrated in song and story! But the great charm of the scene springs from association; and though everything in Italy is really picturesque, yet strip the country of its historic recollections, — think merely of what it is, and not of what it has been, — and you will find the dream to be fading away.

You would be shocked at the misery of the people, especially in the Pope's dominions: but their element seems to be in rags and misery; and with the ceremonials of their religion and the holidays of the church, which average nearly three a week, they are poor — and lazy and happy. I mean, happy in their way. . . .

You know not what a longing desire I have to get some of your Portland news. There must be a great budget of them for me somewhere. But where to look for them — and whence — and when I may expect them, I know not. When you next write, tell me every little particular you can lay your hands on.

Are you studying French, or Spanish, now-a-days? If not, you should lose no time in commencing, for I assure you that, by every language you learn, a new world is opened before you. It is like being born again; and new ideas break upon the mind with all the freshness and delight with which we may suppose the first dawn of intellect to be accompanied.

To his Mother.

Rome, November, 1828.

For me, a line from my mother is more efficacious than all the homilies preached in Lent; and I find more incitement to virtue in merely looking at your handwriting

than in a whole volume of ethics and moral discourses. Indeed, there is no book in which I read with so much interest and profit as one of your letters.

I think that to-day must be Thanksgiving Day with you. To a wanderer like myself, there is no season which so vividly recalls the endearments of home, and so fully awakens the recollection of its blessings, as the return of these annual holidays which signalize the close of the year. . . . I imagine myself seated in the midst of you — recalling earlier days, and renewing the broken links that absence has made in the social chain!

Here, too, the winter festivals are just commencing; and the toy-shops are full of dolls and gew-gaws for the *Bifana*, who acts here the same comedy for children that Santiclaus does in America. The *pifferari*, or pipers, begin to come in from the neighboring villages, to play before the images of the Virgin, and hail the approach of merry Christmas. . . .

The month of October is also a merry month in Rome. It is the vintage time, and there are a thousand little social parties in the different vineyards near the city. This year there was a great concourse of all classes twice a week at the garden of the Villa Borghese; when the lower classes, decked out in their Sunday finery, danced beneath the trees to the music of tambourines. These dancing groups, scattered here and there among the groves and over the lawns of the park, — with the splendid equipages moving along the stately avenues, — produced a very pleasing picture. All this merry-making finished with the month of October. November ushered in the melancholy Festival of the Dead; and for eight days you could hear nothing but the mournful knell of funeral bells. It was a great tribulation to me, for I live between two churches.

Rome is now becoming quite gay. The crowd of English who have come to winter here is immense. Walter

Scott and Mr. Cooper are both expected. There are also great crowds from other quarters of the world; and amongst other notable personages, a Russian Princess, who is travelling with a suite of forty. . . .

Like all other people, the traveller has his cares and sorrows. Sometimes he is gay — at others, sad: sometimes he feels like a bird uncaged; and then again he seems to "drag at each remove a lengthening chain." But my sheet is full, and my exhausted lamp just expiring. I can only see to trace the letters, and those hardly legibly. It is after midnight. At so lonely an hour my thoughts return homeward with double force, to centre in the happy circle which is now gathered around your fireside.

So I wish you, one and all, a pleasant Thanksgiving, a merry Christmas, a happy New Year, and a good-night.

Returned to Rome, he still lingered, caught in its proverbial fascination, until December, when he set out through the north of Italy on his way to Germany. From Venice he writes, —

To George W. Greene.

VENICE, December 17, 1828.

All the incidents of our early acquaintance, as well as those of our first travels together, must still be fresh and vivid in your recollection. In mine, they are almost too much so: for you will call to mind those expressive words of Dante, in the melancholy story of Francesca di Rimini, —

> nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria.

It was at this season of the year that we were together in Genoa. I remember it as if it were but yes-

terday, — the view from our windows, and the terrace overlooking the bay. You cannot have forgotten Christmas eve. I remember we sat together until midnight. . . . When I call to mind all this, and reflect that it was but a year ago, the lapse of time seems a dream. Still, how fruitful of events has that little space of time been to both of us. Chance, that threw us together then, has now jostled us apart again.

You see by my date that I am in Venice. Indeed, my present situation recalls to my mind very vividly ours a year ago. My windows look out upon the bay; it is a winter night; the moon is shining quietly upon the water. As I write, too, the sound of the Austrian drum, and the distant ringing of bells reaches my ear. Nothing is wanting to complete the illusion, and to make the shadow go back one year on the dial-plate of time, but to see you enter the door.

I dislike to be alone at Christmas time. I feel as if I were an outcast from the world. The return of these annual holidays is the signal for bringing friends together, and uniting around the family fireside. Even the Italians, — little as they have of true home-feeling about them, — seem to feel this, — and I find more than one wanderer turning his footsteps homeward to pass Christmas with his friends. They have a proverb, too,

> Natale coi tuoi;
> Pasqua — dove puoi![1]

Venice is the most wonderful city I ever beheld. You will be delighted with it. The Italian language in the mouth of a Venetian woman is perfect music. You cannot conceive how soft it is. Indeed, I have not yet heard a harsh sound, even among the common people. I am

[1] Christmas with your clan;
Easter — where you can!

very sorry I left Childe Harold in Rome. Mr. Hooper has it; you must get it from him; it will serve you when you come here. The Europa is the best hotel here, and is very reasonable. I pay two francs a day for my room. I am very much occupied, as I think of leaving next Monday.

To his Father.

VENICE, December 19, 1828.

On receiving yours of the 15th September, I left Rome immediately. I unsealed your letter with the usual delightful feelings of hearing from home. But the tidings that the anticipated appointment at Bowdoin has been refused me were very unexpected and very jarring to my feelings; and the more so, because it was a situation which neither yourself nor I had solicited, but which had been gratuitously offered me upon certain conditions, — which I have scrupulously fulfilled.

I assure you, my dear father, I am very indignant at this. They say I am too young! Were they not aware of this three years ago? If I am not capable of performing the duties of the office, they may be very sure of my not accepting it. I know not in what light they may look upon it, but for my own part, I do not in the least regard it as a favor conferred upon me. It is no sinecure; and if my services are an equivalent for my salary, there is no favor done me: if they be not, I do not desire the situation. If they think I would accept the place [of tutor, instead of professor] which they offer me, they are much mistaken in my character. . . .

Excuse my warmth. I do not think so meanly of myself as to accept such an appointment. It was not necessary to come to Europe for such an office as they offer me. It could have been had at a much cheaper rate and at an earlier hour.

I feel no kind of anxiety for my future prospects. Thanks to your goodness, I have received a good education. I know you cannot be dissatisfied with the progress I have made in my studies. I speak honestly, not boastingly. With the French and Spanish languages I am familiarly conversant, so as to speak them correctly, and write them with as much ease and fluency as I do the English. The Portuguese I read without difficulty. And with regard to my proficiency in the Italian, I have only to say that all at the hotel where I lodge took me for an Italian until I told them I was an American.

I intend leaving Venice in a few days for Dresden. I do not wish to return without a competent knowledge of German; and all that I can do to acquire it shall be done. The time is short, but I hope to turn it to good advantage.

In the mean time please to give my kindest remembrances and most cordial thanks to those friends who have taken so much interest in my behalf; particularly to Judge Preble and Professor Cleaveland. I should be sorry that my refusal [of the tutorship] should cause them any pain, but more so should it cause you any.[1]

To his Mother.

VENICE, December 20, 1828.

I have been in this city about five days. My journey from Rome was a very uncomfortable one. Rainy days, sleepless nights, wind and cold, and "stumbling among dark mountains," compose not one half the melancholy catalogue of my woes. But I will spare you the details. Your imagination can readily picture the miseries of a

[1] His father wrote him that the principal reason of the offer of an inferior situation by the college authorities was their want of funds for a professor's salary.

traveller at this season of the year. Italy's eternal summer blooms only in song.

I shall never forget the delightful feelings awakened within me on approaching Venice, and entering its principal canal. It was a bright moonlight night, and a thousand lamps glimmered in the distance along the water's edge. Above rose the palaces, and domes, and spires of the city, emerging from the sea. Occasionally a gondola, with its little lamp, darted, like a shooting star, along the water, and disappeared in some dark alley. The only sound that reached me was the distant chime, measuring the march of night, the dashing of an oar, or the voice of a gondolier. There was something so like enchantment in the scene that I almost expected to see it sink into the sea, and disappear like an optical delusion, or some magic city in the clouds. Indeed, all is so visionary and fairy-like here that one is almost afraid of setting foot upon the ground, lest he should sink the city.

The object that has most interested me is the old Palace of the Doges. . . . The old dungeons are shown you. Most of them are entirely dark; into others a feeble ray of daylight struggles. From the walls of one of them I copied the following inscription, traced in rude characters by some hard instrument: "Confide in no one; think and be silent, if thou wishest to escape the snare and treachery of spies. Sorrow and repentance avail not here." . . .

To draw your thoughts from so melancholy a theme, I will mention a little incident that befel me upon this spot. As I was busily engaged in sketching the Bridge of Sighs, a wench of a chambermaid emptied a pitcher of water from a window of the palace directly upon my head. I came very near slipping into the canal.

Yesterday I took a boat upon the Grand Canal, and floated from one extremity to the other. On the borders

of this canal stand some of the most magnificent palaces I ever beheld. Still you trace in many of them the melancholy marks of decay and desolation. In some, the windows are closed up; in others, the casements are without glass! My gondolier pointed out to me, as we passed, the habitation of Lord Byron. He had formerly served him as gondolier, and recited to me a sonnet he composed to his Lordship. It is very curious. He told me also several anecdotes of his manner of life at Venice. He said he was a "*piccol' uomo, pallido, ma pien' di spirito e di talento*" (a little pale man, but full of vivacity and talent). In fact, everybody at Venice knows Lord Byron.

My gondolier was quite a poet, and sang me two or three stanzas from Tasso. This morning he called and brought me a copy of his sonnet to Lord Byron. I told him to write one for me, which he did. It is too long to be copied here, but you will see it one of these days. It is a very singular composition.

21st. I left my letter last night to go to a conversazione at Madame Benzon's, at half past eleven o'clock. It is the house where Lord Byron visited constantly. She is an elderly lady, and receives company every evening from ten or eleven o'clock until three in the morning. These are the fashionable hours at Venice, because they go after the theatre to finish the evening, or rather the night, in society. The Venetian ladies are not handsome, but they have a great deal of vivacity.

I intend leaving to-morrow evening for Verona, on my way to Dresden. I do not anticipate a very delightful journey. The weather is very cold and uncomfortable, even here; and I cannot hope for a diminution of its severity on advancing further north.

CHAPTER XI.

IN GERMANY.

1829.

To his Father.

TRIESTE, December 27, 1828.

I REACHED this city yesterday on my way to Dresden.

Trieste is a busy commercial city, with wide streets intersecting each other at right angles. Its active population and houses of modern construction give it an aspect widely different from the old and ruinous cities I have lately visited, such as Bologna, Ferrara, Padua. There is very little to interest any but a commercial man. Still, the different costumes, and the different languages, and the different physiognomies, — Greek, Turk, Italian, German, French, and English, — afford an amusing and instructive study for the traveller who is pleased with novelties, and is willing to be pleased.

To Dresden I have many introductory letters from Washington Irving, to whom I am indebted for many kindnesses. This makes me desirous of remaining there, should I find my expenses moderate and my advantages for study good. But these long journeys eat up quantities of money, and a city residence must needs be more expensive than a country one.

I write this from a coffee-house, where I am surrounded by noisy groups, of all nations; some dozing over the

columns of the gazettes, others talking the day's gossip, and others smoking over their coffee. I am afraid my letter will exhale the fumes of pipes and beer, and not of the midnight oil.

I shall write again soon. Meanwhile I hope something may be done more favorable in regard to my prospects touching the professorship at Bowdoin.

To his brother Stephen.

VIENNA, January 3, 1829.

I write you this from the banks of the Danube. To the usual congratulations of the season I would add the kindest good wishes of brotherly affection, and repeat that, though far from you in reality, I am not so in imagination. I am continually coming upon some object which vividly presents your image to my mind and makes me regret that you are not with me. Such was the case this morning, in visiting a large collection of antique armor. Such helmets as these would have been chronicles to you:

They are of burnished steel, more than a quarter of an inch in thickness. The corresponding parts for the body are equally curious.

Yesterday I took a carriage and drove to Greifenstein, to see the ruins of an ancient castle, celebrated as having been the prison of Richard of the Lion-heart. It is about sixteen miles from Vienna, upon the summit of a steep hill "bosomed high in tufted trees." Beneath it winds the lordly Danube, spreading its dark waters over the lowland. The little village of Greifenstein stands at the foot of the hill, from which a winding pathway leads to the old castle. Upon the angle of the rock on which the castle stands, is the impression of a human hand. This, according to tradition, gave rise to the name. *Greifen* answers to our *grip;* and *stein* is *stone.* Every knight, when he entered and gave his right hand to his host, laid his left hand on the stone [as a guard against a treacherous blow]. So, in process of time, the stone was worn away, and the impression of a hand remains. The chamber of Richard's confinement is in the large square tower.

I have before me a copy of a song made by Richard during his confinement, which I picked up in France among some old troubadour poetry of the twelfth century. It is in the dialect of Provence. He begins by

lamenting his sad fate, and says that his friends should blush to leave him "nearly two years in chains."

> Let them know, my noble barons,
> English, Normans, and Gascons,
> That never so poor a yeoman had I
> That I would not have bought his liberty.
> I may not reproach their noble line,
> But chains and a dungeon still are mine!

He then calls upon his fellow-troubadours, — for Richard himself was a troubadour, — and tells them to name him in their songs.

> Troubadours and friends of mine,
> Generous Chail and Pensavin, —
> Ye whom I love and have loved so long, —
> Repeat to the foeman in your song
> That little glory will be to him
> In quenching a flame already dim;
> That never yet did Richard show
> A heart that was false to friend or foe;
> And that he more shame than glory gains
> Who wars with an enemy in chains.

It is throughout very simple and beautiful, — the most so of any troubadour poetry I have read. I would translate the whole for you; but what I have already written is so lame and inexpressive that I desist.

Prague, 11th. I left Vienna on the 9th, and reached this city to-day at noon. I travelled in company with a Hungarian noble and his "*homme d'affaires.*" The route was not very interesting. The Bohemian pine-forests reminded me of Brunswick; and Bohemian small beer, of old Uncle Trench's. Prague is a pretty city, and very ancient; situated on the banks of the Moldau, which divides it into the old and new city. A beautiful stone bridge connects them.

I shall leave to-morrow for Dresden. Good-night!

Arrived in Dresden, he settled himself down to the study of German. The letters which he had brought from Mr. Irving opened to him the literary and social advantages of the city.

Journal.

Dresden, January 25, 1829. Der Freischutz, the celebrated German opera of Weber, represented at the theatre. The orchestra very good; the singers, with one exception, very bad. The Devil, dressed like a collier, with smutty face and pudding-dish hat, frightened the grand-duchess into hystericks.

26th. Presented an introductory letter from Washington Irving to Counsellor Böttiger. Found him in his study, in fur-lined morning gown and slippers; a venerable, gray-headed old man. He received me very cordially; offered me the use of his library, and also to procure me other facilities for pursuing my studies. "When you come again," said he, pressing me by the hand as I was about to retire, "you must tell me all about Washington Irving, — what he is doing, and what he is going to do. And if I can be of any service to you, I am always at your command."

27th. Passed the evening at the Baron von Löwenstein's. Tableaux. The evening concluded with a ball and supper.

28th. A soft, spring-like day; of course, grand thaw; everything afloat. Feel decidedly blue, — deep blue; as blue as Mr. Warren's map of Jerusalem.

29th. The counterpart of yesterday. Towards evening took a solitary walk along the terrace overlooking the river.

30th. Mr. Paganini gave a concert. So full, I could get no place. How the world goes mad after a "fiddler"!

31st. A snow-storm. Busy with studies all day. In the evening, in the dining-room, a queer-looking Dutchman, with a head like a "hurra's nest" and a great wooden pipe, kept the room in a roar with his drollery.

February 1. Evening at the Baron Löwenstein's. Tea, music, and supper. The French minister's wife a very graceful and fascinating woman. After all, the French ladies bear away the palm from all Europeans, as far as grace and gentility go.

2d. At the *Menschen Markt*, before the Catholic church; where the villagers who wish to be hired as servants were assembled. Among them heard the old Sclavonic tongue spoken. Music in the church. In the afternoon, at the Public Garden, a short way out of the city. Great concourse of people; music at the Coffee-house; tailors and apprentices in all their glory.

3d. In the evening, with Mr. Walther at the beer-house, to see the world. Mine host, a jolly good-natured tapster, — a "Yankee clever" fellow,[1] with a little black cap on his head, a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard of ale in his hand. His wife had still the lineaments of beauty about her. In one corner, a group playing checkers; in another, a poor musician singing the Robber's Song, from Schiller, accompanied by his wife and a tinkling guitar. Over the entrance was the head of a laughing philosopher, with the inscription "*Wer weiss ob es wahr ist?*" Music, also, at Günter's, my lodgings.

4th. At the Public Library in the morning till one o'clock. Found a very curious old Spanish book treating of the troubadour poetry of Spain, entitled the *Cancionero General.*

5th. Mr. Böttiger gave me a letter to the librarian of the Royal Library, enabling me to take books home. In

[1] *Clever*, in New England, used to mean *good-natured.*

the evening, went to a kind of ball, interspersed with declamations by an antiquarian bookseller. *Ho spregiato la lisciatura,* as the Italians say.

While in Dresden he wrote to Carey & Lea, the Philadelphia publishers, that he had planned, and begun to write, a series of Sketches and Tales of New England life, homeward to which turned his "untravelled heart." His note-book gives these hints: —

1. New England Scenery: description of Sebago Pond; rafting logs; tavern scene; a tale connected with the "Images."[1]

2. A New England Village: country squire; the parson; the little deacon; the farm-house kitchen.

3. Husking Frolic: song and tales; fellow who plays the fife for the dance; tale of the Quoddy Indians; description of Sacobezon, their chief.

5. Thanksgiving Day: its merry-making, and tales (also of the Indians).

7. Description of the White Mountains: tale of the Bloody Hand.

10. Reception of Lafayette in a country village.

13. Down East: the missionary of Acadie.[2]

[1] Sebago is a considerable sheet of water about twenty miles from Portland, to which the Portland boys used to make occasional fishing excursions. On its eastern side is a point of rocks, on which are some weather stains, or Indian marks, called the "Images." If Henry Longfellow chanced to visit them when he was twelve years old, he may have seen a shy, dark-eyed boy of his own age fishing, or steering his boat, among these rocks. At any rate, Nathaniel Hawthorne used to frequent them, having his home, at that time, in the neighborhood.

[2] Only one of these sketches was ever published.

In Dresden the social advantages may have overbalanced the studious influences. Besides, his friend Preble was now in Göttingen, and that was naturally a strong attraction to one who, so long among strangers and so far from home, was getting a little homesick. So the stay in Dresden was shortened, and on his twenty-second birthday we hear from him in Göttingen.

To his Father.

GÖTTINGEN, February 27, 1829.

Finding Göttingen everything I imagined it, my desire to pass a year here springs up anew. Allow me at least, then, to pass the summer here. In the mean time my friends can probably think of some other situation equally good as the professorship at Brunswick. If they cannot, upon my return I might be permitted to deliver a course of lectures on modern literature at the Portland Atheneum; and in the mean time I could look out for myself. As I have already told you, upon this point I feel not the slightest anxiety or mistrust. . . .

While at Dresden, I felt no other desire than that of returning home. I had got a little down-hearted. But meeting here with an old and good friend has given a new elasticity to my spirits. I am contented and happy. In this disposition I am a little unwilling to give up what is now in my reach, as I shall never again be in Europe.

I brought letters to several of the professors here from Bancroft and Ticknor, and have been well received. Göttingen is a small city, and there are no amusements here; so there is no alternative but study. The library is the largest in Germany, and the advantages for a student in my particular pursuits are certainly not over-rated. There

FAC-SIMILE OF A PEN DRAWING BY MR. LONGFELLOW: GÖTTINGEN, 1829.

are about fifteen hundred students; as in all universities, some are scholars, and others high, wild fellows. He who wishes to be distinguished must fight his way to distinction; but he who wishes to pursue his studies quietly is no more molested here than at one of our colleges.

Please write me immediately upon the subject of this letter. In the mean time I have other literary projects in view, which shall be duly made known to you. . . .

What Preble tells me of the improvements going on in Portland delights me. It might be made one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Besides, he tells me the "march of mind" goes forward. I see Mr. Neal attributes it to his "Preface to *Niagara*."

To his sister Elizabeth.

GÖTTINGEN, March 28, 1829.

After spending an idle hour in a vain attempt to put into English verse a lovely little Portuguese song, which I got from the library to-day, I have thrown the book aside for some more fortunate moment, and will devote the remnant of daylight to my absent sister. To show you how badly I have succeeded, I will here transcribe one verse of the song as it lies before me, premising that the subject is The Poet's Farewell to his Lyre: —

How oft, alas! when lonely,
Awakening from my slumbers,
Thou lyre of gentlest numbers,
My hand hath tuned thy strings!
Thou, said I, and thou only,
Canst soothe my soul; I borrow
From thee my joy in sorrow
From thee . . . . . ings!!!

You must get S. to fill up the hiatus.

After reading this, you can easily imagine me sitting alone in my chamber, at the close of a chill, melancholy

day in March, with a leaden sky overhead, and twilight stealing in at the window. It is a disheartening day;

and then its hue,
Who ever saw so fine a *blue?* —

one of those days which makes one just sad enough to translate a sad ballad, and just poor enough in spirit to make a poor translation.

I have lighted my lamp, and am going forthwith to write you a letter about myself. Preble has gone to Berlin. At the moment I write I am the only American here. I remain entrenched behind a rampart of books; with intellectual provision enough to hold out quite through the vacation. With Göttingen I am much delighted, though I have no other society than my books. My studies, you already know, are modern languages and modern literature. My poetic career is finished. Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together; . . . and no soft poetic ray has irradiated my heart since the Goths and Vandals crossed the Rubicon of the front entry, and turned the *sanctum sanctorum* of the "Little Room" into a china closet.

. . . The muse being in the penitentiary, I can write you no epithalamium, but I can send you a volume of good wishes,[1] which I think much better. I wish you all happiness, all rest, all confidence; and, with all, a love that passeth understanding. Jeremy Taylor says in his *Marriage Ring*, "She that is loved is safe; and he that loves is joyful." . . .

As I was tumbling over some old papers this morning I found a billet, sent me, according to the custom of the country, by a Spanish lady, a few days after her marriage. It runs thus: "Don Gonzalo de H. and Doña Clementina de O. give your Grace a share in their marriage.

[1] Upon the occasion of her engagement in marriage.

and offer you their house." All that was meant was that "his Grace" was at liberty to make a morning call upon the bride and bridegroom when he pleased.

There are some of my correspondents who keep an exact account of debtor and creditor with me. You must know that this makes me a martyr, for I am scarcely ever debtor. Mr. O. K. B. writes on with an ardor and perseverance worthy of a better cause; bearing the whole burden of our correspondence upon his own shoulders, and setting at nought all the safeguards and barriers which human prudence has devised in similar cases of peril.

My dear sister A., the place you occupy in my heart is much larger than the place assigned you in this letter. There is, however, some analogy, for you are at the bottom of both. The account you gave me in your last of the manner in which you had *furbished* up your mind [by mathematical studies] was very interesting to me. I hope you will soon *demonstrate* to me your affection in *straight lines produced to infinity*, — that is, in a long letter, and not in an epistle like this, cut up into *fractions*.

A month of the spring vacation he spent in a tour to England.

To his Mother.

GÖTTINGEN, May 15, 1829.

It is to-day three years since I left America. It seems more like an interlude in the drama of life, than a part of the play. My own part in this world's comedy is so connected with the parts my friends have to act upon the same stage, that without their presence I am not sure of my own identity. Hence I look upon this visit to Europe

as a song sung between the acts. And I am sorry that some of the variations lately introduced have not gained me much applause.[1]

I have just returned to Göttingen from a journey through Flanders to London, and back by way of Holland. At Mayence I took the steamboat on the Rhine. It is a noble river, but not so fine as the Hudson. The ruins of old castles and monasteries which look down upon it from every eminence along its banks, give it a more picturesque appearance. The most beautiful scene is at the Bingerloch — the "Highlands" of the Rhine. It is there the river makes its great bend; the Nahe empties into it at the same spot, and at their junction stands the beautiful town of Bingen. The river rushes in shallow rapids round the bend, and below spreads out into a long silver sheet, over which looks the most beautiful ruin of the Rhine. It is the old castle of Vautsberg, which stands upon the edge of a rugged precipice, several hundred feet high, overhanging the river.[2] I never saw a more picturesque object, and seldom a more lovely view.

What shall I say of London, — of my pilgrimages to Temple Bar, Eastcheap, and Little Britain? Indeed, I know not what to say. We will talk of these things hereafter. If I hurry you along with too much speed, bear in mind that I was also hurried along through scenes in which I fain would have lingered. I remained but a week in London, and then embarked for Rotterdam. With Holland I was much delighted. . . . I was pleased, too, with the happy look of the people. The Dutch women are not handsome, but they possess that beauty which springs from health and a quiet, peaceful life; and I read an assurance of ease and plenty in the fair rotundity and

[1] Alluding to changes in his plans.

[2] He afterwards made this castle the scene of some passages in the Golden Legend.

bright buttons of the contented tradesman, whose golden face, like the round and ruddy physiognomy of the sun on the sign of a village tavern, seems to say, "Good entertainment here." Haarlem I think the prettiest of the Dutch cities. . . .

I have not time to give you a more particular account of this very interesting tour. I was exactly a month absent, and now that the lectures have begun, I am so very busy that I have hardly a moment for letters.

To his Father.

GÖTTINGEN, May 15, 1829.

I am now very much occupied with my studies. But unfortunately there are no lectures on modern literary history. The courses I attend are: Wendt on Natural Law, and Heeren on Ancient, and on Modern, History. This occupies three hours of the day; the remainder is occupied in study of the German language under the guidance of an able professor, and in pursuing other branches of modern literature. I am also writing a book, — a kind of Sketch-Book of scenes in France, Spain, and Italy. This is what I spoke of in my last letter. I hope by it to prove that I have not wasted my time; though I have no longer a very high estimate of my own talents. The further I advance, the more I see to be done. The more, too, I am persuaded of the charlatanism of literary men. For the rest, my fervent wish is to return home. I would not remain a moment, were it not from the persuasion of its necessity. But the German language is beyond measure difficult; not to read, — that is not so hard, — but to write. And one must write, and write correctly, in order to teach. I can only promise you to do my best. I can assuredly lay a good foundation, and much more I cannot expect to do. If I can

have the Professorship at Bowdoin, I should like it. But I must have it on fair grounds.

He did not confine his studies to German literature. His note-books show readings in Spanish and French, and in old English writers. Among these notes we find a favorite passage from Locke,[1] which reappears many years afterward in one of his letters, and in his impromptu address to the children of Cambridge in 1880; and also a quotation from John Lyly's Endymion, with which, ten years later, he opened the first chapter of Hyperion. Here is a bit of his own about a more modern poet: —

Next to Byron, there is no poet whose writings have had so much influence on the taste of the age as Wordsworth. Byron drove on through the upper air till the thunder of his wheels died on the ear. Wordsworth drove to Parnassus by the lower road, got sometimes lost in bushes and lowland fogs, and was much molested by mosquito critics. In our own country the Wordsworth school has evidently the upper hand. His simple austerity and republican principle in poetry were in unison with our moral and political creed. Our modes of thought are sober and practical. So, in most instances, were his.

He had wished, and purposed, to spend the whole summer in Göttingen. But letters from home changed his plan.

[1] "Thus the ideas as well as the children of our youth often die before us, and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching; where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away." Book ii. chap. 10, — Of Retention.

To George W. Greene, in Florence.

PARIS, June 18, 1829.

I write you two lines — no more — merely to say good-by. I was obliged to leave Göttingen on account of letters from home requiring my return. My parents think I have been long enough absent; and, in addition to this, by my last letters I learn that one of my sisters is dangerously sick.

I had intended to write you very minutely respecting the University of Göttingen, but I have now no time. I can only say, do not on any account omit studying there. I never saw so great advantages for a student.

Day before yesterday I was at General Lafayette's *soirée*. All the family spoke very affectionately of you.

From Paris he passed through London, spent a day in Oxford, another in Stratford, and on the first of July set sail from Liverpool, in the ship Manchester, for New York, which he reached on the 11th of August.

In Paris he had heard of the death of his eldest sister, Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XII.

PROFESSOR IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

1829–1831.

"TRAVELLING has its joys" — so he wrote upon his homeward voyage — "for him whose heart can whirl away in the sweep of life and the eddies of the world, like a bubble catching a thousand different hues from the sun; but happier is he whose heart rides quietly at anchor in the peaceful haven of home."

The opening of the term at Bowdoin College was at hand. We have seen that instead of the expected professorship, he had been offered only the position of instructor, and that he had with warmth rejected this change. His father's suggestion that he should accept the instructorship tentatively for a year had not any more pleased him. On the sixth of September he received from the Trustees of the College the following votes: —

In the Board of Trustees of Bowdoin College, September 1, 1829:

Mr. Henry W. Longfellow having declined to accept the office of Instructor in Modern Languages,

Voted, That we now proceed to the choice of a Professor of Modern Languages.

And Mr. H. W. Longfellow was chosen.

Voted, That the salary of said professor be established at eight hundred dollars annually, until further order of the Board.[1]

Voted, That H. W. Longfellow be appointed Librarian for one year, with a salary of one hundred dollars.

Very soon after the appointment Mr. Longfellow took up his residence in Brunswick. He was now twenty-two years old. He occupied rooms in one of the college halls, taking his meals in a private family. He at once devoted himself zealously to his duties of teaching. Finding no French Grammar which suited him, he translated and printed for the use of his pupils the Grammar of L'Homond, which had the merit, always a great one in his eyes, of containing all essentials in a small compass. He had always a dislike of large books. In the same year he edited for his classes a collection of French *Proverbes Dramatiques*, and a small Spanish Reader, *Novelas Españolas*, taken from the *Tareas de un Solitario* of Jorge W. Montgomery, — a copy of which had been given him by Mr. Everett in Madrid. In acknowledging the receipt of copies of these books sent him by the author, Professor Ticknor wrote, "The books in themselves are valuable, I think, and excellently suited to the object you propose; but I value still

[1] It was afterwards raised to a full professor's salary of one thousand dollars.

more the spirit that prompted you to such extra labor in order to promote the success of your department. It is by such means, it seems to me, — and by such alone, — that the standard of improvement in our colleges can be further raised."

To his Father.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, December 20, 1829.

Our examinations are at length over and the college closed. I now occupy Dr. Wells's room at Mrs. Barnes's near Professor Cleaveland, where I intend to pass the greater part of the vacation. The executive government have thought it advisable to introduce considerable changes into the plan of studies. The new arrangement puts a hard laboring oar into my hands, and will give me three recitations a day, besides the hour occupied in the Library. The prospect before me seems thick-sown with occupation, promising me little leisure for my private studies, which, on account of my busy life the last term, already begin to assume a retrograde march.

What detains me in Brunswick at present is my French Grammar. The notes and additions have rendered it larger than I anticipated; and the trouble of correcting Griffin's proofs is not to be expressed in words. This, however, does not discourage me from engaging further in the same occupation. Among the French books in the Library, I have just found a few volumes which are so much what is wanted for a text-book that I have concluded to make a selection from them for my pupils and others. The work is a collection of Dramatic Proverbs, or small plays, such as are performed in Paris by ladies and gentlemen in private society. The book is so exactly what we stand in need of that I am only surprised that something of the kind has not appeared here before.

The more I see of the life of an instructor, the more I wonder at the course generally pursued by teachers. They seem to forget that the young mind is to be *interested* in order to be instructed. Look at the text-books in use. What are they? Extracts from the best and most polished writers of the nation; food for mature minds, but a fruit that hangs beyond the reach of children, or those whom ignorance of a foreign language puts on the footing of children. But the little collection which I propose to publish unites the simplicity and ease of conversation with the interest of a short comedy which turns upon some situation in common life, and whose plot illustrates some familiar proverb which stands at its head by way of motto.

I wrote to Dr. Nichols a few days since, and sent him the outline of a prospectus for the new Female High School [in Portland] which I drew up at his request. I hope they do not mean to let the subject drop.

Among the students the new professor became at once extremely popular. Nearer to them in age than their other professors; less imbued, it is likely, with the old-fashioned ideas of the relation and its discipline; full of fresh interest in his work; with the glow of foreign travel upon him, and always cordial, courteous, and sympathetic in his intercourse, he met them not merely as an instructor but as a friend. One of them, President Hamlin, of Middlebury College, writes, —

When I entered Bowdoin College, in 1830, Professor Longfellow had occupied the chair but one year. Our class numbered fifty-two, — the largest Freshman class that had up to that time entered the college, — and many

of the members were attracted by Longfellow's reputation. His intercourse with the students was perfectly simple, frank, and manly. He neither sought popularity nor repelled it. He always and evidently enjoyed having students come to him with any reasonable question about languages, authors, literature, mediæval or modern history, — especially the former. They always left him not only with admiration, but guided, helped, and inspired.

Another remembers that "his manner was invariably full of that charming courtesy which it never lacked throughout his whole life. At the same time he never forgot his position. . . . He was always on the alert, quick to hear, ready to respond. We were fond of him from the start; his speech charmed us; his earnest and dignified demeanor inspired us. A better teacher, a more sympathetic friend, never addressed a class of young men." An anecdote is reported which well illustrates his relations with his pupils. A student had incurred the censure of the college Faculty for some slight offence against the regulations, and Mr. Longfellow was instructed to "admonish" him. The Professor met the youth the next day in the Library, and was addressed by him with a question upon some point in French literature. An animated and instructive disquisition followed upon the subject; in course of which the Professor forgot his duty and was turning away, when, recollecting himself, he came back with "Ah! I was near forgetting. The Faculty voted last night that I should admonish you for [naming

the offence], and you will consider yourself admonished." Coming from him, this was perhaps a more effective admonition than a sterner and more formal one from a less friendly teacher.[1]

Another anecdote relates that in one of his French classes a student was called upon who had evidently made little or no preparation, and was prompted by his classmates very audibly. The Professor took no notice of this till the young man was seated; then he quietly said: "Your recitation reminds me of the Spanish theatre, where the prompter performs a more important part than the actor."

We have seen that he was college librarian as well as professor; but the duty was in those days a light one, occupying only one hour in each day. "As freshmen," says one of his pupils, "we saw him only in the library. He was always apparently pursuing some investigation or absorbed in some book; and yet nothing escaped his attention. The assistants were kept up to the mark, and no irregularity was allowed. He attended readily to any question about book or subject, and then resumed his reading; and always seemed so absorbed and yet so attentive that he seemed to have two personalities."

He did not confine himself exclusively to his own department, but occasionally would take a class from one of his brother professors.

[1] Letter of Judge Barrows, who thinks the student was John A. Andrew, afterward Governor of Massachusetts.

"He had the correction," says the student just quoted, "of my written translations from Cicero's *De Natura Deorum*. After every effort to produce a faultless translation, it would be defaced by his corrections. 'Is not my translation correct?' I inquired. 'Oh yes, severely correct, but that is not the only quality of a good translation.' His occasional remarks upon authors and literature were in reality the best of lectures. He guided me to the study of Cousin, Degerando, and Benjamin Constant as giving some knowledge of French thought in Philosophy. Having to give the oration before the Peucinian Society in my Junior year, I mentioned as a proposed subject some philosophical errors of the Middle Ages. He entered into the idea at once with interest, and afterwards complimented my poor performance altogether beyond the truth. It was his way. He was never insincere, but his ready and hearty sympathy with every honest effort would betray him into language that had its degree of truth in his feelings."[1]

It was not till the succeeding Commencement, in the autumn of 1830, that the new Professor delivered his inaugural address, taking for his theme the Origin and Growth of the Languages of Southern Europe and of their Literature. The subject was of course treated in outline, but was enlivened by translations of characteristic passages in prose and verse. This was the preface: —

Mr. President and Gentlemen, — I have looked forward to this day with feelings of pleasure and solicitude. It is natural for me to have desired an occasion on which I might express to you how grateful to my feelings

[1] Letter of Cyrus Hamlin in Bowdoin Orient.

has been the confidence you have reposed in me in conferring on me the Professorship of the Modern Languages in this institution. When a man's duty and his inclination go hand in hand, surely he has no small reason to rejoice, no feeble stimulus to act. I regard the profession of a teacher in a far more noble and elevated point of view than many do. I cannot help believing that he who bends in a right direction the pliant disposition of the young, and trains up the ductile mind to a vigorous and healthy growth does something for the welfare of his country and something for the great interests of humanity. Feeling such motives to action as these, and feeling moreover the great responsibility which is inseparable from such motives, I cannot on an occasion like the present banish all sensations of solicitude. Reduce a man's duties to as narrow limits as you will, no one can feel certain that he has done all that he might have done. Enlarge their sphere and you increase this uncertainty. Perfection is rather to be aspired after than hoped for. And if I have in anything failed to discharge worthily the duties imposed upon me, I ask that you would place it to the score of inexperience and human fallibility rather than to a want of interest or a want of exertion.

Here is a passage from the sketch of the ancient ballad poetry of Spain: —

There is no page in the history of the warlike ages, which to my mind presents a picture of more signal moral beauty than that in which is portrayed the outlines of the Moorish sovereignty in Spain. We catch glimpses of something like a Golden Age. It is true that the heart of Castile still throbbed with the pulsations of liberty, and the iron tempest of war beat against the northern frontier of their realm. But in the quiet bosom

of the country all was peace. No terrors had followed the footsteps of the Moslem conqueror; no captive chained to his chariot wheels adorned his triumph; no iron sceptre smote the land and blasted the fruitful field. The husbandman sowed his seed and gathered his harvest in security; and the spires of the Christian church rose amid the domes of the Saracen mosque. The conquerors and the conquered seem to have had common interests and common pleasures; and they sat together beneath the shadow of the palm-tree and the olive, and sang their common loves and jealousies. The tolerance that prevailed is every way remarkable. In the zeal of the Moorish government to spread their learning and arts through the country, colleges and libraries were established in all the principal cities of the South of Spain, and thrown open alike to Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians. These genial influences gave a softer tone to national feeling. And, though the spirit of the warrior is visible in a great portion of the Spanish romances, in others the knight throws down his spear and unclasps his helmet. The sound of the Moorish flute mingles with the brazen voice of the trumpet, and the rough feelings of the chieftain give way to gentler affections and more peaceful dreams.

One more quotation may be given, as characteristic: —

It is this *religious* feeling, — this changing of the finite for the infinite, this constant grasping after the invisible things of another and a higher world, — which marks the spirit of modern literature. The ancients, it is true, dreamed of an immortality; but their heaven was an earthly heaven, and the eye could take in at a glance the sensuous paradise of the Elysian Fields, where the prerogative of the soul is not that it should grow better, but that it should merely live longer. But to the modern poet the

world beyond the grave presents itself with all the force of reality, and yet with all the mystery of a dream. It is a glorious certainty to some, an appalling certainty to others. Thitherward the confiding spirit turns, as to "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;" or, fearing, trembling, doubting, shrinks back and yet aspires, denies and yet believes.

The rules of his professorship did not require anything beyond the teaching of the languages. But Mr. Longfellow's interest in his work led him to prepare courses of written lectures.

To George W. Greene.

June 27, 1830.

Your letter was just what I wanted. That is, it was a letter which gave me a graphic picture of yourself and your situation. I could see you at your study window, enjoying in Narragansett and Mount Hope a delightful [certainly a very faint] reminiscence of Naples and Vesuvius. It is there your Tasso and Ariosto sound sweetest to your ear, that the *dolce far niente* of a summer evening is most heavenly, and that you take most delight in reading your own happiness

dentro le pozzette
Che forma un dolce riso in bella guancia.[1]

My window looks out upon a balm-of-Gilead tree and the college chapel; and, by way of back-ground, I have a fine view of the President's barn and the high road to Portland. I rise at six in the morning, and hear a French recitation of Sophomores immediately. At seven I breakfast, and am then master of my time till eleven, when I

[1] within the little pits
Which a sweet smile forms in a lovely cheek.

hear a Spanish lesson of Juniors. After that I take a lunch; and at twelve I go into the library, where I remain till one. I am then at leisure for the afternoon till five, when I have a French recitation of Juniors. At six, I take coffee; then walk and visit friends till nine; study till twelve, and sleep till six, when I begin the same round again. Such is the daily routine of my life. The intervals of college duty I fill up with my own studies. Last term I was publishing text-books for the use of my pupils, in whom I take a deep interest. This term I am writing a course of lectures on French, Spanish, and Italian literature. I shall commence lecturing to the two upper classes in a few days. You see, I lead a very sober, jog-trot kind of life. My circle of acquaintances is very limited. I am on very intimate terms with three families, and that is quite enough.[1] I like intimate footings; I do not care for general society.

I am delighted more and more with the profession I have embraced, and I hope ere long to see you in a situation similar to my own.

I am proud to have your favorable opinion of those little poetic attempts of mine which date so many years back. I had long ceased to attach any kind of value to them, and, indeed, to think of them. Since my return I have written one piece of poetry, but have not published a line. You need not be alarmed on that score. I am all prudence now, since I can form a more accurate judgment of the merit of poetry. If I ever publish a volume, it will be many years first.[2] Indeed, I have such an engrossing interest in the studies of my profession that I write very seldom except in connection with those studies.

[1] "His coming into our house," said a member of one of these, "was always like sunshine."

[2] It was nine years later that the Voices of the Night appeared.

Mr. Alexander Everett, whose acquaintance, as will be remembered, he had made in Spain, had returned to Boston and become the editor of the North American Review, then the only, or the principal, Quarterly in the United States. In acknowledging the receipt of some of Professor Longfellow's text-books, he had urged him to become a contributor to the Review. Later he wrote: —

> I am very happy to find that you enter with so much spirit into the plan of contributing to the Review, and shall calculate much on your co-operation in the future numbers. I shall hope to receive in season for that of January the article you mention on 'The Origin and Progress of the French Language.' The subject is very interesting, and belongs to a department of literature in which we find it less easy to obtain assistance than in most others. I think that a series of papers of this kind, executed with ability, may, by making you known in this quarter, produce a good effect upon your prospects. At all events they will be very useful to me, and very entertaining and instructive to the community. Allow me to ask if you do not mean to publish anything in the way of travels. Slidell has done himself great credit by his book on Spain, and you would probably write a much better one. . . . Have you ever published any collection of your poems?

In response to this invitation, the young professor began those contributions to the Review which continued through several succeeding years. In April, 1831, appeared the first of these, — an article of forty pages, upon the subject mentioned in Mr. Everett's letter. In this paper were intro-

duced some translations of his own, afterwards reprinted in his works, — such as the *Renouveau* of Charles D'Orléans, 'Now Time throws off his cloak again;' the 'Friar Lubin' of Clement Marot; and the lovely verses attributed to Clotilde de Surville, 'Sweet babe, true portrait of thy father's face.' Similar articles followed in the Review, upon the Italian and the Spanish languages and literature, containing also original translations.

Thus Mr. Longfellow was fairly launched into the literary career toward which his heart and will were turned in his college days. In the full vigor of young manhood, interested in his professional work and studies, his mind and pen grew busy with an activity and an industry which never ceased while life lasted. In the years that followed they were to know few idle days.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROFESSOR IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

1831–1835.

Busy as the young professor was with his books and his pen, interested as he was in his pupils and his work, something was still wanting. His heart was always ideally sensitive to feminine attractions, his domestic affections always warm. He was no mere bookworm or dry-as-dust scholar. In his visits to Portland he renewed his acquaintance with the friends of his earlier years. Among the young ladies whose beauty kept up the reputation of his native town, were now conspicuous the daughters of his father's friend and neighbor, Judge Barrett Potter. In September of 1831, Mr. Longfellow was married to the second daughter, Mary Storer Potter. Her character and person were alike lovely. Under the shadow of dark hair, eyes of deep blue lighted a countenance singularly attractive with the expression of a gentle and affectionate disposition. She was well educated at a time when Greek and Latin were less commonly included in the studies of girls than were

the mathematics. She is commemorated in the well-known lines as —

> the being beauteous,
> Who unto my youth was given,
> More than all things elsè to love me.[1]

They were tenderly devoted to each other; and never was a home more happy than theirs, when, soon after their marriage, they began housekeeping in Brunswick, in a house still standing under its elms in Federal Street. The room on the right-hand of the entrance was made his study, and here he began to gather a library. He has himself given us a little picture of it: —

June 23. I can almost fancy myself in Spain, the morning is so soft and beautiful. The tessellated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon my study floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild brier and the mock orange. The birds are carolling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine; while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of doves from the eaves, and the whirring of a little humming-bird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun.

In this pleasant home, and with this blessed companionship, Mr. Longfellow devoted himself with fresh interest to his literary pursuits. He continued to write for the North American. He prepared a second course of written lectures, upon the Literary History of the Middle Ages, beginning

[1] 'Footsteps of Angels.'

with the Christian Fathers and coming down to the origin of the modern languages. These lectures still exist in manuscript, in the characteristically neat yet flowing back hand which the author had adopted during his stay in Europe; the lines as even as if ruled, and with scarcely an erasure or interlineation. It is noticeable that several pages of illustrative extracts are in his wife's handwriting. The first lecture opens with the passage from Lucretius,[1]

> Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
> E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem, etc.,

with Lord Bacon's paraphrase.[2]

How busy his days were, and in what way, we may gather from a few entries in a scanty journal.

November 29, 1832. Five o'clock in the morning. Commence the preparatory reading for an essay on the History of the Spanish Language; beginning with the *Orígines de la Lengua Española* . . . por Don Gregorio Mayáns y Siscár. Finished the first volume. In the evening read four chapters of the first book of Livy.

30th. Rose at half-past five. Ran over the second volume of Mayáns; commenced the second book of Aldrete's *Origen y Principio de la Lengua Castellana*. Read five chapters in Livy, and the fourth and fifth acts of Ben Jonson's *Alchemist;* a fine comedy, though too broad, — the better suited to the prurient taste of his age, of which his noble genius should have been the castigator, not the pander.

[1] De Rerum Naturâ, lib. ii.

[2] In the Essay on Truth: "It is a pleasure," says Lucretius, the poet who beautified the sect, "to stand upon the shore and see ships tost upon the sea," etc.

December 1. Commenced a new introduction to my Phi Beta Kappa poem, to be delivered in Cambridge in August next. I am flattered that the committee of the Society should have thought of me as Poet. Finished Aldrete. He is altogether too diffuse for my taste. His work wants perspective; all objects seem of equal size, and he devotes as much time to points of minor consideration as to the most important. Cortes read to me chapters xv.–xvii. of Don Quixote. It is a pleasure to hear it read by a Spaniard. One might believe that the Knight of the Rueful Countenance and his Squire were talking with us.

2d. Sunday. A bright sunshine after yesterday's snowstorm. Read Massillon's sermon, *Sur les Tentations des Grands;* one of Wieland's Psalms; Livy, three chapters.

3d. Revised and corrected a paper for 'The Schoolmaster,' entitled, 'Saturday Afternoon.' Read Moratin's Comedy, *El Si de las Niñas*, one of the best pieces of the modern theatre. In the evening, four chapters of Livy; among them chapter xxix. of Book first, containing the beautiful description of the destruction of Alba.

4th. Ran over a Dissertation on the best method of studying the languages of the Bible, translated from the German by Professor Stuart. Livy, four chapters.

11th. Wrote an apostrophe to Truth, part of my Phi Beta Kappa poem. Ran through the *Glosa Famosa sobre las Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique*, by Luis Perez; stupid enough, though in some parts ingenious.

Mr. Longfellow had said to his sister, in a letter from Göttingen, that he had written no poetry since leaving America, which was almost literally true; and since his return we have seen him busy in other ways. But now, after an interval of eight years, he again puts his pen to verse. At the

college Commencement in September, 1832, he delivered the Poem before the Bowdoin chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. It was not printed, but some fame of it reached Cambridge, which he visited in the same autumn; and he was invited to give the Poem before the Harvard chapter of the same society in the following August. His friend, Mr. Charles Folsom, in sending him the invitation, wrote: "I thought we ought to be sure of having a *poem* by choosing a *poet*. Was I not right to wish to bring a minstrel from Maine, if the best was to be had there? And if I had a regard for that minstrel ought I not to wish to find him fit audience and *many?*" The large audience was expected because it was supposed that the Oration would be given by John Quincy Adams. For some reason this was not the case. Mr. Edward Everett was the orator; and the audience certainly was not diminished in numbers. The poem was the Brunswick poem refreshed with many new stanzas. Its title was "The Past and the Present," and its subject, Education. The poet, in view of the orator's fame, had modestly requested that the usual order should be changed, and that his poem should be recited first. When Mr. Everett rose he said that his subject also was Education, and that he found himself but a follower in a field where the flashing sickle had already passed.[1]

[1] Some of the young ladies of Cambridge remembered this; and when the young professor afterward came to Harvard they called him "the Flashing Sickle."

To George W. Greene.

March 9, 1833.

Out of a pile of twelve unanswered letters, I take yours first; not because it has the oldest date, — for it has none at all, — but because I have been thinking of you this evening, and feel more disposed to write to you than to any one else. Till I read your letter, I thought I was a great babbler about myself and my concerns. Now that you tell me I am not, I am determined that you shall know all I have published since my return from Europe [not including text-books].

1. Article on The French Language, in the North American Review.
2. Article on The Defence of Poetry; in the same.
3. Article on The Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain; the same.
4. Article on The Italian Language and Dialects; the same.
5. Notice of an Italian Reading-book, in the Cambridge Monthly.
6. Sundry papers of prose and verse, in the New England Magazine.
7. In the Token for 1832, a story.
8. In the same, for 1833, a story.

To these add, as delivered in public, though not published: One poem (by courtesy so called); one inaugural address; one address before a literary society in Portland; one address before the Benevolent Society in Portland; one address on Female Education [in Augusta]; and sundry college lectures.

There, — I believe that is all, except a translation of a paper on the old French Romances, published in January last in a new Cambridge periodical, the Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature.

And shall I tell you what I am engaged in now? I am writing a book, — a kind of Sketch-Book of France, Spain, Germany, and Italy; composed of descriptions, sketches of character, tales illustrating manners and customs, and tales illustrating nothing in particular. Whether the book will ever see the light is yet uncertain. If I conclude to

publish it I think I shall put it out in numbers or parts, and shall, of course, send you a copy as soon as it *peeps*. I find that it requires little courage to publish grammars and school-books; but in the department of fine writing — or attempts at fine writing — it requires vastly more.

To Alexander H. Everett.

July 16, 1833.

I feel highly flattered that you should miss me [from the North American]; though I think in the next number to spare myself that gratification. I have been intending for some time to send you a paper on the old English Romances, a subject which has considerable attractions.

A few days ago I sent you Outre-Mer, No. I., being the first number of the European sketches we were speaking of. I fear they may strike you as rather too trivial in their character. My object is to give variety; and in the next number, which will appear in the fall, I shall give something of a different hue.

In one of his letters from Göttingen, Mr. Longfellow had mentioned that he was writing some sketches of his travels. And when, in 1831, Mr. Joseph T. Buckingham established the New England Magazine, and applied to him for contributions, he sent for the opening number the first of a series called 'The Schoolmaster.' Five of these papers followed, — the sixth appearing in February, 1833. They have nothing to do with education, as the title might imply. They are scenes from his travels in France and his walks in Paris, and end at the gate of Père-la-chaise. They were the first sketches for his Outre-Mer, and

they ceased when the first number of that work came out in a pamphlet form.[1] It was in marbled covers; and in a large type, like the numbers of the Sketch-Book. A second number followed, and then the publication stopped, to be resumed and completed in a book form two years later. The author's name did not appear, but it was an open secret. The numbers as they came out met with favorable notices in the newspapers, some of them very cordial. The charm, the transparency, the animation of the style were recognized in all the criticisms; almost always there was a reference to Irving and the Sketch-Book. The Bath Inquirer ventured to say, "A careful reading of the contents fails not to meet our approbation, and we recommend it for a place in the library of every family." A friendly review in the North American was written by Rev. W. O. B. Peabody.

It was in connection with the publication of Outre-Mer that Mr. Longfellow began what became a habit, — the collecting into a scrap-book the newspaper criticisms upon his books. At the beginning of this first one he printed as a title "Puffs and Counterblasts," and added a woodcut of George Cruikshank's, which represents a royal personage feeding with pap an already over-fed baby, while below stands a group of ragged children lifting their haggard faces and emaciated

[1] Outre-Mer; a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. No. I. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Co., 1833; pp. 107. No. II. Lilly, Wait, and Co., 1834; pp. 108–208.

hands in vain entreaty for a share of the pudding. Another cut shows an excited cat looking at her own reflection in a highly polished boot. A third — a battle scene — may be supposed to figure some fierce critical onslaught; while on a later page — was it some unconscious prescience that inserted a distant view of Westminster Abbey?

It was in connection, too, with the first number of Outre-Mer that Mr. Longfellow for the first and almost the only time — there was but one other — appeared in public defence of himself against a critical charge.[1] An article in the New York Atlas brought against him the accusation of having stolen the tale of 'Martin Franc, or the Monk of St. Anthony' from George Colman's 'Knight and Friar.' The "Author of Outre-Mer" (using that signature) replied that the story was a very ancient one, that it was professedly taken "from a manuscript of the Middle Ages," and that he had found it in a collection of *Fabliaux*, and in several other forms, — as far back, indeed, as the Little Hunchback of the Arabian Nights. "Thus the story," he said, "has passed through as many hands as did the body of Friar Gui. Mr. Colman

[1] The second instance was in 1845, when Mr. Poe charged him with having passed off a ballad of Motherwell, 'The Bonnie George Campbell,' with slight changes, as his own translation from the German. Mr. Longfellow replied that he had found the ballad in a German collection, with no indication of its being a translation, and had put it into English without any idea of its origin. Mr. Poe, as far as is known, took no notice of this explanation; though the number of the Magazine containing it was noticed in his paper.

evidently drew the incidents of the 'Knight and Friar' from the same source whence I drew those of 'Martin Franc.' Unfortunately I was not aware that any modern writer had availed himself of this old fiction. . . . In this quarter," he adds, "it is quite an old story; the professor you speak of has always cited it in his college lectures as a specimen of the fictions of the early poets of France."

Outre-Mer, however, at first only a *brochure*, was not Mr. Longfellow's first *book*. In his article on 'The Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain' in the North American, he had translated several stanzas of the *Coplas* of Don Jorge Manrique, a monody on the death of his father. He now completed this translation, — there are forty-two stanzas in all, — and adding a half dozen sonnets from Lope de Vega, Aldana, and Mendrano, and prefixing a considerable part of the North American article, he published the whole in a little volume, with the Spanish original on the opposite pages. This was his first *book;* a thin volume of ninety pages.[1] The translation is more literal than previous English versions, but less strictly exact than he would have made it in later years. In his preface he says, —

As there are certain beauties of thought and expression in a good original which cannot be fully represented in

[1] Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique, translated from the Spanish with an introductory essay. . . . By Henry W. Longfellow, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Bowdoin College. Boston: Allen & Ticknor. 1833.

the less flexible material of another language, [the translator] may at times be permitted to transgress the rigid truth of language.

He illustrates this view by the parallel of the sculptor who, unable in marble to represent the human eye, may, by sinking it deeper or making the brow more prominent, give, through the deepened shade, more of the spirit and life of the original than an exact copy of nature would have done. "So," he says, "I have occasionally used the embellishment of an additional epithet or more forcible turn of expression." In later years he adopted, as is known, a much stricter canon of the translator's art.

From Professor Ticknor.

Boston, December 6, 1833.

Dear Sir, — I received last summer, from your kindness, a copy of Outre-Mer, which I read with great pleasure, and have ever since been hoping to see the promise of some new number. . . . A few days since, I received through your publishers a copy of your translations from the Spanish. They are more faithful and valuable than either Bowring's, Lockhart's, or Lord Holland's; to say nothing of those of Rodd and the early versifiers, which do not deserve to be in any way compared with them. I cannot help adding that I hope you will be induced to proceed further both in prose and poetry. . . . In your versions from the Spanish, you open a pure and lovely vein of rich ore, little known to the world, but which runs very deep into the mysteries of life and passion.

Will you not publish your *Φ. B. K.* poem? I have heard only golden opinions of it from all quarters; and

the more regret not having been present when it was delivered.

Very sincerely, your friend and servant,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

The prevalent theological tone of the college and the town was a pretty rigid Calvinism. "The Unitarian Society," of which Mr. Longfellow spoke in one of his early letters, must have been only an association among the students. After his return to Brunswick a Unitarian church was established there, small in numbers and humbly housed, to which he gave the encouragement of his attendance, his interest, and his purse. He also took charge, at one time, of its Bible class, and lent his aid to its choir.

To George W. Greene.

April 26, 1834.

The books have arrived safely, and I am as delighted with them as a child with a new drum. The present, I assure you, is most acceptable, and is of great value to me. My review of Willis's poems, I regret to say, is still in the inkstand.

What you say concerning the impression which your own writings leave upon your mind after the excitement of composition is over, I am very glad that you can say. Woe be to you if it were otherwise! It is, to be sure, a cruel pang; it is one which I feel often, often, — every time I open a page of my own writing. I console myself with thinking — what is very true — that to be fully satisfied with what one has done is but a bad prognostic of what one is going to do.

I am much rejoiced at your enthusiasm on the subject of Italian literature, and of a history of this beautiful province of letters. Let me advise you to whisper it to no one. Keep the plan a secret in your own bosom — to think about when you are sad. Believe me, these plans we form are of so ethereal an essence, that the moment you uncork them the flavor escapes.

No news from Virginia. Oh, vile pen, ink, and paper! I write this in agony.

To George W. Greene.

October 28, 1834.

It is somewhat past midnight by the clock, and before me lies 'The Journey into Italy' [a chapter in Outre-Mer] which I have just completed. The motto will give you the character of the chapter. It is from Goethe's Faust — "What I catch is at present only sketchways; but I prepare myself betimes for the Italian journey." . . I only touch the salient points, and that very lightly. My next chapter will be 'Rome in Summer.' The number on Spain is finished. A thousand topics are touched upon, and I consider this number far superior to either of the preceding. The style is more spirited and vigorous, and the subjects less familiar to most people. You see I am pushing on with vigor, and, unless the *estro* leaves me, I shall have Italy finished before I write you again. There is nothing like writing when one is in the vein. The moment you stop, you grow cool, and then it is all over with you.

And lo, as I write this, one lamp has shut its burning eye, and the other begins to wink.

29th. Need I say how much pleasure we should take in visiting you at your father's? But the cruel winter! Oh, no, my friend, it is impossible. Our visit shall be a summer visit; so as to give you an opportunity of

drowning us in the Bay, in testimony of your skill as Palinurus!

A new edition of the *Vocabolario della Crusca* is in press at Florence.

There is no very good reason why two months should elapse between our letters, is there?

Mr. Longfellow had enjoyed the quiet and seclusion of Brunswick. Nevertheless, after a while, there are indications in his letters that he was finding his situation there rather monotonous and restricted. In 1832 he had written to a friend, —

On commencing my professional duties, I was actuated by the same feelings which seem now to influence you. I sought retirement; and I am confident that I did wisely. Next September completes three years that I have been laboring on in this little solitude; and I now feel a strong desire to tread a stage on which I can take longer strides and speak to a larger audience.

Besides, the affairs of the college were not prospering. The Legislature had refused much needed appropriations to its treasury. There was trouble, too, about the presidency, and an appeal to the courts. In this condition of things Mr. Longfellow cast his eyes round in hope of bettering himself elsewhere. His friend, Mr. Greene, newly returned from Europe, had suggested to him a professorship in the New York University; and there was a good deal of negotiation and correspondence with the authorities there, and finally a visit to New York; but after much delay and

postponement, nothing came of it.[1] There was a plan for taking the Round Hill School in Northampton, which Mr. Cogswell was about to give up, but with a like result; and a scheme for a school in Boston with Mr. Greene, which also came to nought. There were even some glances toward the University of Virginia.

But one day the mail brought to Brunswick the following letter from the President of Harvard College: —

CAMBRIDGE, December 1, 1834.

DEAR SIR, — Professor Ticknor has given notice that it is his intention to resign his office of Smith Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University, as soon as the Corporation shall have fixed upon a successor.

The duty of nominating to that office devolves upon me; and after great deliberation and inquiry my deter-

[1] It was in furtherance of this plan that Mr. Ticknor wrote a cordial letter of recommendation, in which he said, — "Soon after he was graduated at Brunswick, he became known to me by an interest quite remarkable at his age, — and still more so, perhaps, from the circumstances in which he was placed, — an interest, I mean, in the early Provençal literature, and in the literatures of Spain and Italy. He passed some time in France, and still more in Italy and in Spain; and his knowledge of the language and literature of each of these countries has, for several years past, seemed to me extraordinary. He writes and speaks Spanish with a degree of fluency and exactness which I have known in no American born of parents speaking English as their vernacular. His knowledge of Spanish literature is extensive and to be relied upon; and several publications he has made on the subject have been accompanied with poetical translations of much spirit and fidelity. Besides this, he is, for his years, an accomplished general scholar, particularly in modern literature, and full of activity and eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge. His address and manners are very prepossessing, his temper amiable, and his character without blemish from his earliest years."

mination is made to nominate you for that office under circumstances which render your appointment not doubtful, — provided I receive a previous assurance from you of your acceptance of it. To ascertain this is the object of the present letter.

The salary will be fifteen hundred dollars a year. Residence in Cambridge will be required. The duties of the professorship will be of course those which are required from the occupant of a full professorship, and such as the Corporation and the Overseers may appoint. If a relation such as I suggest with this University be one acceptable to you, I shall be obliged by an early answer.

Should it be your wish, previously to entering upon the duties of the office, to reside in Europe, at your own expense, a year or eighteen months for the purpose of a more perfect attainment of the German, Mr. Ticknor will retain his office till your return.

Very respectfully, I am

Yours, etc., etc.,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

This proposal was too agreeable to be otherwise than accepted. "Good fortune comes at last," — he wrote to his father in communicating President Quincy's letter, — "and I certainly shall not reject it. The last paragraph of the letter, though put in the form of a permission, seems to imply a request. I think I shall accept that also." It will be remembered that during his visit in Europe Mr. Longfellow had spent much less time in Germany than in the Southern countries. He wished also to make himself familiar with the Scandinavian tongues.

The nomination was undoubtedly owing to Mr. Ticknor, whose opinion of his young friend's ability and qualifications we have already seen. A formal vote of the Corporation of the University confirmed the President's letter with the assurance of an election on his return from Europe.

The Bowdoin professorship, which he had now held for five and a half years, was resigned, the household broken up, and in April, 1835, accompanied by his wife and two young ladies, friends of hers, he set sail from New York in the packet-ship Philadelphia, Captain Morgan.

Before leaving he had arranged with the Harpers for the publication of Outre-Mer, in two volumes.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN ENGLAND AND NORTHERN EUROPE.

1835.

In London Mr. Longfellow stayed about three weeks. Here he made many pleasant acquaintances, — breakfasting with Sir John Bowring; dining with Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart; spending an evening at Mr. Babbage's, where were Miss Jane Porter, Lady Morgan, Mr. Hayward the translator of Faust, and Mrs. Blackwood and Lady Seymour, the reigning beauties. At the house of Lady Dudley Stuart, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, he heard Rubini and Grisi sing. But of more interest than all these was the acquaintance of the Carlyles, to whom he brought an introduction from Mr. Emerson, whose visit at Craigenputtock was remembered by Mrs. Carlyle as "the visit of an angel." Mrs. Longfellow wrote: —

Mr. Carlyle, of Craigenputtock, was soon after announced, and passed a half-hour with us much to our delight. He has very unpolished manners and a broad Scottish accent, but such fine language and beautiful thoughts that it is truly delightful to listen to him. He

invited us to take tea with them at Chelsea, where they now reside. We were as much charmed with Mrs. C. as with her husband. She is a lovely woman, with very simple and pleasing manners. She is also very talented and accomplished; and how delightful it is to see such modesty combined with such power to please. On Tuesday we visit Chantrey's studio with them.

There were visits, also, among the booksellers and publishers. With Bentley he made arrangements for an edition of Outre-Mer.[1]

On the ninth of June Mr. Longfellow and his party took the steamer for Hamburg; and thence journeyed to Copenhagen, and to Stockholm, where the midsummer months were to be spent. At Lydköping he could read with perfect ease in the public square at midnight, and hear the watchman cry aloud from the church-tower, four times toward the four quarters of the heavens, his chant, — "Ho, watchman, ho! Twelve the clock hath stricken. God keep our town from fire and brand and enemy's hand!"

On the way he noted the groves of pine and drooping fir-trees with rose-colored cones; the troops of white-haired boys and girls hurrying to open the frequent gates; the civility of the peasants; the timber houses painted red; the beauty of the summer night, which was not night but sunless and unclouded day, — a long mild twilight, which like a silver clasp united the day with

[1] A notice in the London Spectator closed with these words: "Either the author of the Sketch-Book has received a warning, or there are two Richmonds in the field."

yesterday. From the scenes of this journey he wove the charming description of rural life in Sweden with which he prefaced his article upon Tegnér's *Frithiofs Saga* in the North American Review.[1]

Reaching Stockholm at the end of June, he at once presented his letters of introduction. He made the acquaintance of Berzelius, of Liljogren, of Professor Schröder, of Mellin the clergyman and poet, and of some of the younger literati. He met Mr. Hughes, then the American minister, and Mr. Appleton, formerly *chargé d'affaires;* Mr. Arfwedson, whose wife was an American lady, and Baron Stackelbach, who had been for many years Swedish minister at Washington. He found himself received with most cordial and friendly hospitality, — "They are unwearied in their attentions."

He was somewhat scandalized to find the clergymen smoking in the streets, drinking punch in the cafés, and playing cards on Sunday. The peasantry, spite of their courtesy, seemed "dull and lumpish."

Established in Stockholm, he immediately began his studies in Swedish, under the direction of Professor Lignel of the University of Upsala, who was passing his summer vacation in the capital. Mellin gave him lessons in Finnish, which he found "abounding in vowels."

[1] N. A. R., July, 1837. This description was afterwards reprinted as a preface to the translation of 'The Children of the Lord's Supper' in Ballads and Other Poems.

"The Swedish language," he wrote, "is soft and musical, with an accent like the lowland Scotch. It is an easy language to read, but difficult to speak with correctness, owing to some grammatical peculiarities. Its literature swarms with translations. Cooper and Irving are well known, most of their works having been translated, and are read with delight. I have also a Swedish copy of Slidell's Year in Spain. Sweden has one great poet, and only one. That is Tegnér, Bishop of Wexiö, who is still living. His noblest work is *Frithiofs Saga*, a heroic poem, founded on an old tradition. Franzén, Stagnelius, Bellman, Atterbom, Nicander, — these are other *scalds* of the North; and then there are a multitude of small *authorlings*." Nicander he had met in Italy in 1829.

In August he made an excursion to Upsala to visit the University. He found the professors receiving their salary in corn, which was sold for them by an appointed agent, their salary depending upon the market price; for private instruction they received thirty-seven cents an hour. In the Library he of course looked over the famous *Codex Argenteus* of the sixth century; and in the cathedral saw an ancient wooden image of the god Thor. The new Library, with its handsome staircase of marble, was yet unfinished, and only the six thousand MSS. were upon its shelves. The botanical garden had its memories of Linnæus and also his statue. But the summer was cold and rainy.

"Winter," said the Spanish minister, "has decided to pass the summer here."

Leaving Stockholm at the end of August for Copenhagen, he was detained a week in the pretty town of Gothenburg waiting for a steamboat.

Gothenburg, September 2. We arrived last evening from Stockholm, having passed through the great Gotha Canal and the large lakes of the interior. It is about three hundred miles; but owing to the great number of locks and the difficult navigation of the lakes, we were six days on the way. There are seventy-two locks. The canal is a noble work.

3d. Called upon Olof Wijk, to whom I have a letter of introduction. A giant in person, and a pleasant giant, withal. He came this evening with his carriage and took us out into the environs. Every landscape near the town has something wild about it; some huge, round sterile hill or barren crag,— something of untamed and untamable nature. This gives striking contrasts at every view. The town itself is well built, the houses being finer than those in Stockholm.

Arrived in Copenhagen he writes —

To his Father.

September 20, 1835.

With Copenhagen I am much delighted. It is a finely built city, with spacious streets and handsome houses. In parts, however, it has a desolate look. There is a marble church, half built and falling to decay; and they will get quite a crop of grass this year from the great paved square in front of the Palace. But other quarters are more lively. There is a library of four hundred thousand volumes; a crowd of literary men, and a great deal of mental activity.

I brought letters to Molbech, Thomsen, Rafn, and Finn Mágnussen. Rafn is a historian, and editor of old Icelandic books, which he transcribes from the MSS. of which the libraries are full, — a tall, thin man, with white hair standing out in all directions like a brush. His eyes are always wide open, like a man who sees a ghost. He is a very friendly, pleasant man, and gives me lessons in Icelandic. Finn Mágnussen is one of the great scholars of the North; an Icelander by birth, and learned in the literature, language, and antiquities of his native island, — a man of medium stature, with high cheek-bones and a tawny skin.

He took lessons in Danish from Mr. Bolling, one of the librarians, and found it to have an unpleasant *burr*, in comparison with the soft and beautiful Swedish. Hearing one day the national air of *Kong Christian*[1] from some strolling musicians in a coffee-house, he looked up the words, by Ewald, and translated them. With Professor Thomsen he visited the great Museum of Northern Antiquities, with its collections from pagan times and the ages of chivalry. Going with Professor Rafn to the University library in the Round Tower, which is climbed by a spiral inclined plane in place of a staircase, he found there a hundred thousand volumes and a large collection of Icelandic MSS. Before leaving Copenhagen, after a delightful fortnight, he was, on Professor Rafn's nomination, made a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities.

[1] "King Christian stood by the lofty mast."

Reaching Amsterdam on the first of October, he was detained there for nearly a month by the illness of his wife. He occupied this enforced leisure in studying the Dutch language and its literature; in haunting the booksellers and buying old books of the Jews. His wife having recovered, they resumed their journey by the Hague and Delft.

To his Father.

ROTTERDAM, October 12, 1835.

From Hamburg we took the steamer for Amsterdam, having relinquished the idea of passing the winter at Berlin. The objects I had in view could be equally well accomplished in a pleasanter and cheaper place. That place is Heidelberg, on the Neckar, the seat of a university, and renowned for its beautiful situation. We have now been a month in Holland. I have been buying books for the college, and studying the Dutch language, — in sound the most disagreeable I remember to have heard, except the Russian. It is, however, a very important language to me, being of all the modern Gothic tongues the one which bears the strongest resemblance to the mother-tongue from which they all come. It has also a strong affinity with our own.

At the Hague we stopped but one day. I think it a very beautiful place, and our lodgings were in the most beautiful part of it, at the "Niewe Doelen," with windows looking out on the Vijverburg. The park, too, is magnificent; the foliage of the large trees bronzed by sun and wind, the walks all carpeted with yellow leaves; under the trees the little blue lake, the rustic bridges, and the seats.

About the time that Outre-Mer was published in America, a work on the West Indies with the same title made its appearance in Paris.

In Rotterdam his wife again fell ill.

To his Father.

ROTTERDAM, November 26.

. . . My own health is perfectly good. I pass most of my time in reading and writing, having one or two acquaintances here who supply me with books. The most agreeable and friendly man I have met here is an English clergyman, Dr. Bosworth, known in the literary world by an Anglo-Saxon grammar. He is now publishing a dictionary of the same language. Rotterdam is rather a pretty place. The houses are large, and many of them fine; and there are public walks on the banks of the river, though at this season the trees are bare and black.

28th. I am much grieved to say that Mary is not so well to-day. She is very feeble, and the physicians tell me that her situation is dangerous. My anxiety is very great. She suffers no pain, and is perfectly calm, but does not regain her strength. . . . It is a great comfort to have C. with us. She takes the place of a sister and does all she can to comfort and soothe us.

On the 29th Mrs. Longfellow died, "closing her peaceful life by a still more peaceful death; and though called away when life was brightest, yet going without a murmur and in perfect willingness to the bosom of her God."

CHAPTER XV.

WINTER AND SPRING IN HEIDELBERG.

1835–1836.

On the second of December Mr. Longfellow left Rotterdam for Heidelberg. At Dusseldorf, stopping for half an hour, he strayed into a Roman Catholic church; and the solemn stillness at the elevation of the Host, the kneeling crowd, and the soft, subduing hymn, chanted to the music of the organ, soothed and cheered him. Sunday found him in the cathedral of Bonn. Spending a day here, he called upon August Wilhelm Schlegel, the translator of Shakespeare, then a man bowed under some threescore years, with an intellectual and pleasant countenance and courteous manners. In the afternoon, taking a carriage with his companion, he resumed his journey along the Rhine, and passed the night at Rolandseck, in a pleasant little inn upon the river-bank, looking out upon the island and Kloster Nonnenwerth. The next morning he rose before daybreak, and opening his window in the chill and misty morning, listened to the rushing of the Rhine. The day dawned slowly, and Drachenfels

stood opposite in its hood of mist, like a monk, solemn and severe. Leaving Rolandseck at an early hour, our traveller stopped in Andernach at noon, and reached Coblenz in the afternoon in time to cross the river and stand upon the esplanade of Ehrenbreitstein in the gathering twilight. The next day's journey was from Coblenz to Bingen, stopping on the way to climb through the falling snow to the ruins of castle Stolzenfels, not then restored. At Salzig, while the landlady of the picturesque Star on the river-bank was getting dinner, there was time to cross the river and climb the steep and stony path to the ruins of "the Brothers," and down the defile beyond to the Kloster, under the walnut-trees of Kamp, whose bells were ringing noon. Passing through Mayence without stopping, and at Worms the next day only long enough to visit the cathedral, at evening our travellers reached Mannheim. Here they stayed only to change horses, and hurried on to Heidelberg. It was night when they drove through the long Hauptstrasse and alighted at the Prinz Karl.

After a few days Mr. Longfellow established himself in pleasant rooms in the house of Frau Himmelhahn, toward the end of the Hauptstrasse near the Karls Thor. His windows looked out upon the river, commanding a grand prospect. At the back of the house a path led steeply up to the garden terrace of the castle. In this house he met, as fellow-lodgers, Professor

Bertrand of the University, and the Russian Baron von Ramm, whose quiet tone and gentle manners attracted him, and who became the companion of many a ramble. To Mittermaier, the famed law-professor, "a man of expanded views and leader of the liberals," he had brought an introduction from Dr. Lieber. He became acquainted with Gervinus, then young but already known by his writings on German literature; with Schlosser, the Professor of Modern History, who reminded him of Judge Story; and with Reichlin-Meldegg, who was lecturing on Shakespeare and Schiller. He heard the venerable-looking Thibaut lecture upon the Pandects; and met, on the *Anlage*, Paulus, the rationalistic theologian, too old now to lecture. Dr. Umbreit showed him the manuscripts in the University library, — some of Luther's sermons, and portions of his translation of the Bible, — and offered him the use of any of his books that were not in the library, to whose shelves the Pro-rector Bähr, the librarian, gave him free access.

At this time, too, he made the acquaintance of his countryman, Mr. Bryant. A lover of his poetry, the poet he had never met. Learning that he was in Heidelberg with his family, he called upon him, was cordially received, and his visit immediately returned. This was followed by other meetings and some long walks over the hills. The mild, expressive eye, the calm countenance, the thoughtful spirit of the author of 'Thanatopsis' were very attractive to him. But

at the end of January Mr. Bryant was unexpectedly called home, and they seldom met afterwards, though an occasional letter passed between them. Mrs. Bryant remained at Heidelberg through the winter with her daughters. And one evening at her lodgings Mr. Longfellow met Mr. Sam. Ward, of New York, a cousin of his friend Mr. Greene, and began a long intimacy with him.

Of course, there were lonely hours which no society could fill. But sometimes into these came the sense and assurance of the spiritual presence of her who had loved him and who loved him still, and whose dying lips had said, "I will be with you and watch over you;" and he repeated the hymn which had soothed her last hours, —

> Father, I thank Thee; may no thought
> E'er deem thy chastisement severe;
> But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
> Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

or at midnight recalled a favorite verse from Watts, —

> Cold mountains and the midnight air
> Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
> The desert thy temptation knew, —
> Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

Christmastide came with its festivals. For the first time he saw the *Weihnachtsbaum*, the Christmas-tree, which was then unknown in America. But festivals are the renewers of sorrow to those who mourn. And Christmas Eve brought a new grief, in a letter telling him of the death of his brother-

in-law and dearest friend, George W. Pierce.[1] He received it as an added admonition "to set about the things he had to do in greater earnestness."

And so ended the year, begun with new hopes and bright prospects, shutting down over a sorrow that well-nigh broke the springs of action, but which he bore with courage and with a silent, tender, religious faith. "Henceforth let me bear upon my shield the holy cross."

He did not let his sorrows absorb him, or lead him into listless idleness. His friend, Mr. Ticknor, had written to him from Dresden, "I pray God to give you that support without which all external consolation is idle and unavailing. Give yourself to constant and interesting intellectual labor; you will find it will go further than any other merely human means; at least such is my experience." He applied himself diligently to books. With the opening of the new year he began a careful study of German literature from its origin, making full

[1] Nearly twenty years after, he paid this tribute to his friend: "I have never ceased to feel that in his death something was taken from my own life which could never be restored. I have constantly in my memory his beautiful and manly character, frank, generous, impetuous, gentle; by turns joyous and sad, mirthful and serious; elevated by the consciousness of power, depressed by the misgivings of self-distrust; but always kind, always courteous; and, above all, noble in thought, word, and deed. Such was the friend of my youth, of whom I have said elsewhere, —

> He, the young and strong, who cherished
> Noble longings for the strife, —
> By the road-side fell and perished,
> Weary with the march of life."

notes of his reading. As he says of Paul Flemming,— into whose experiences he afterwards wove much of his own at this time, with such modifications as the exigencies of fiction suggested, — he "buried himself in books, in old, dusty books. He worked his way diligently through the ancient poetic lore of Germany, into the bright sunny land where walk the modern bards and sing." Among the "modern bards" was Salis, whose 'Song of the Silent Land' he translated at this time. He did not, of course, confine himself to poetry, but read the prose of Goethe, Tieck, Hoffmann. But most of all did he take delight in Jean Paul Richter, attracted by his sentiment, his pathos, his humor, his prodigal fancy, though annoyed sometimes with his freaks.

To George W. Greene, in Florence.

January 22, 1836.

Oh, my dear George, what have I not suffered during the last three months! and I have no friend with me to cheer and console me. . . . I am most sincerely grieved to hear of the cause of your leaving home. Mr. Ticknor writes me that it is on account of ill-health. Be careful. Above all, put your heart at ease, and banish that "corroding ambition" which you speak of. Oh! I wish I could be with you, could speak with you one half-hour. I think I could set the matter in such a point of view that you would feel the tooth of the destroyer no more. You have a higher and nobler motive of action within you, believe me; look into your own heart, and you will find the motive there. It is the love of what is intellectual and beautiful; the love of literature; the love of

high converse with the minds of the great and good; and then, the speaking the truth in what you write and thereby exercising a good influence on those about you, bringing them, as far as you may, to feel a sympathy with all that "is lovely and of good report." Think of this, and your heart will be lighter. For my own part, I feel at this moment more than ever that fame must be looked upon only as an accessory. If it has ever been a principal object with me — which I doubt — it is so no more.

To his Father.

HEIDELBERG, January 24, 1836.

It is now two months since I have written you, and yet I have hardly courage to begin this letter. I feel very lonely and dejected, and the recollection of the last three months of my life overwhelms me with unceasing sorrow.

Every day makes me more conscious of the loss I have suffered in Mary's death; and when I think how gentle and affectionate and good she was, every moment of her life, even to the last, and that she will be no more with me in this world, — the sense of my bereavement is deep and unutterable.

You can well imagine that it requires a great effort for me to discipline my thoughts to regular study. I am doing, however, all that I can. Fortunately, Heidelberg is a very beautiful place. The town stands between steep and high mountains on the Neckar, just where the valley, before so narrow that you can almost throw a stone across, spreads out trumpet-mouthed into the broad plain of the Rhine. The change in the face of the landscape is sudden and beautiful, — no gradual transition, with broken and irregular hills, but the mountains go down with one grand sweep into the plain. Overlooking the town stand the ruins of a magnificent old castle, — the finest I have

seen in Europe, excepting the Alhambra. Indeed, the whole scene reminds me of Granada, and the valley of the Darro, and is hardly less beautiful.

The University of Heidelberg is celebrated as a law school, having three very great men in this Faculty, — Mittermaier, Thibaut, and Zaccharie. Its literary Faculty is null and void; though the library is large and good, and very rich in old manuscripts. The students are not very numerous, — about four hundred. They smoke in the streets, and even in the lecture-rooms. The people in general seem to be rather limited in their notions; and one of the professors' wives said the other day that in America the ladies sit with their feet out of the window!

Mr. Bryant, the poet, who has been here through the winter, leaves town for America to-morrow; affairs of importance requiring his immediate return. His family remains here till spring. Professor Ticknor is in Dresden, but will be here in the spring on his way to Italy. My friend Greene has established himself in Florence.

The news of George's sickness and death was most unexpected. I warmly sympathize with you all in this great affliction; and desire most ardently to be with you once more. At most, it will not be long; only a few months after this letter reaches you. And then will end a tour which has been productive of very little pleasure and much pain.

The short winter was over, and March came bringing the early spring. Windows were opened, and through them came the warm air and the smell of the fresh-turned earth as the gardeners began their work. Boys offered flowers for sale in the streets, — "pinks such as I used to take

to church when a boy." The almond-trees blossomed. Long walks began to be taken, oftenest with his friend the Baron, — to Handschuhsheim, to Rohrbach, with its silver waterfalls and old mill, to the Königsstuhl tower on the mountain top. Many hours were spent in solitary rambles in the neighboring woods which were daily growing greener, in sketching among the castle ruins, or enjoying the magnificent views from its terraces. Under the garden trees he read Herder. Sitting on the benches of the road that climbs to the Wolfsbrunnen, Richter's *Kampaner-Thal* is his companion. Spring brings the *wandertrieb*, — the longing to be on the wing. In April, with three friends, he made a trip to Frankfort, — a four days' excursion, — along the lovely Bergstrasse, with the cherry-blossoms shining overhead and whitening the plain below "like a silver mist." At Frankfort was the annual fair, and the statue of Ariadne, and Goethe's house; and he stayed over a day to hear his favorite opera, Don Giovanni.

By the end of April the nightingales had begun their song in the castle-grounds, and were heard by day and night in the house under the hill. Crowds began to fill the garden-alleys in the evenings, sipping tea under the blossoming trees, and listening to the horn-players instead of the nightingales. Only in the mornings could he now be solitary there. In May he heard Händel's Judas Maccabeus rendered by five hundred musi-

cians in the castle court-yard. But for oratorios he never had much liking, remembering, perhaps, how in his youth he had heard the choruses shouted and screamed under the low ceiling of Beethoven Hall. It was pleasanter for him, now, to walk up the *Philosophen Weg*, across the river, and through the woods to the Angel's Meadow — the *Engel Wiese* — on the brow of the hill of All Saints, where bloomed the forget-me-nots, and where his initials may possibly be found carved on one of the beech-trees; then down by Kloster Neuburg to sup on bread and milk at the Stiftsmühle, and back to town in a boat down the Neckar, while the cuckoos sang, and the German girls questioned them in the traditional rhyme. Or he drove to Weinheim and into the Birkenauer Thal beside the rushing Wechnitz, and climbed to the ruins of Windeck. Once he went to Mannheim to see *Nathan der Weise* enacted by the celebrated Esslaer, then seventy years old.

In June, he made an excursion to the baths of Ems, in company with Mrs. Bryant and some other friends. At Mayence he saw the cathedral, the turkey-cock beadle, the cloisters of St. Willigis, and the tomb of Frauenlob the Minnesinger, with his fine serious face carved in relief, and, below, the women bearing him to the tomb. At the table d'hôte of the Rheinischer Hof he drank the Laubenheimer wine of the neighborhood; but it was not there, but at Heidelberg, that he sat beside the man "with broad, smooth forehead and large

intelligent eyes," — a tradesman with the head of a scholar, — who entertained him with personal reminiscences of Jean Paul, as described in Hyperion.

Returned to Heidelberg, he still found himself restless. He began to long for home, and yet dreaded the return alone. He had never been in Switzerland, and determined upon a journey thither, passing through the Tyrol.

To George W. Greene (in Florence).

HEIDELBERG, June 5, 1836.

. . . I foresee, by the way in which I have commenced this letter, that it will not be worth the trouble of reading. I think one feels from the very first word whether he is going to write a letter, properly so called, or only a thing with a date at one end of it and a "Yours and so forth" at the other. The soul betrays itself as well in the movement of a pen as in a glance of the eye. I am on the eve of my departure for Munich. I wish I could say Florence; but, alas, that lies not in the circle of probabilities; though my very soul languishes for "a beaker full of the warm South." From Munich I intend to go [through the Tyrol] to Milan; then to cross the Simplon into Switzerland, return to Heidelberg, and, after a few days' tarry, start for home by way of Paris. Come to Milan, that we may pass a day or two together. . . . Your cousin, Sam. Ward, has met with a very serious accident. On his way to Paris he fell from his carriage and injured his knee so badly that he was confined a month in Luxembourg, from which place he wrote me. He holds you in high esteem; so does Felton. See what he says in his last letter to me: "Greene has uncommon talent. His

article in the North American on Macchiavelli is admirable." . . . It is of great importance for a man to know how he stands with his friends; at least, I think so. Through good report and through evil report, the voice of a friend has a wonder-working power; and from the very hour we hear it, "the fever leaves us."

You ask for German catalogues with prices. Infatuated young man! Did you not know that Germany is full of antiquarian booksellers, from whom you can obtain everything you want at about half the price marked in the trade-catalogues? . . . The new works are all dear. Every little authorling sets a price upon his writings which would astonish you. Since I last wrote you I have met with a serious loss. Two large boxes of books, mostly Dutch, — ponderous folios with brass clasps and curious engravings, a treasure in their way, — all gone down into the great deep; food for fishes! The vessel sank in sight of Boston harbor, and went to the bottom "with man and mouse." And thus my epistle takes an end. You *must* come to Milan. The *Lago di Como* is beautiful; and the Alps, sublime. You have seen them only once; to me it will be all new.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN TYROL AND SWITZERLAND.

1836.

It was near the end of June that Mr. Longfellow left Heidelberg for the Tyrol. Spending the Sunday in Stuttgard he heard Luther's hymn '*Ein feste Burg*' sung by the congregation; but, tiring of the long sermon, he left the church and went to visit the veteran sculptor Dannecker, of whose Ariadne he was so great an admirer. He found him a man of seventy-eight years, with white locks flowing over his shoulders, a mild blue eye, and a profile recalling Franklin. He tried in vain to find Uhland. From Augsburg he caught the first sight of the Tyrolean mountains, their snowy summits flushed by the setting sun. In Munich he was most delighted with the exquisite work and superb colossal figures of the bronze monument to the emperor Ludwig, in the cathedral; with the statues of the Glyptothek; with Schnorr's frescos from the Nibelungen in the Royal Palace; and with the English Garden, laid out under the direction of his countryman, Count Rumford, whose

monument therein he transferred to his sketch-book.

In the *diligence* from Munich to Salzburg he met with Grillparzer, the Viennese poet, and found him a very agreeable companion. Salzburg charmed him with its beautiful situation; but its chimes recalled too painfully those of Holland. Leaving the next day for Ischl, he had for his companion Mr. K., the intelligent, good-hearted, and eccentric Englishman who figures in Hyperion as Mr. Berkley, and who really ate his breakfast at St. Gilgen in the hydropathic fashion there described. It was a disappointment at Ischl not to find Mr. Ticknor, whom he had expected there; and, disliking the crowd and the too city-like aspect of the watering-place, he returned at once to St. Gilgen, and the *Gasthaus zur Post* with its sun-dial and the half-effaced painting of a bear-hunt on the outside. It was at this time that, coming back from a walk to the lake, he saw the funeral procession of a child passing through the arched opening under the belfry into the church-yard. And it was in this church-yard that he read, on the wall of its little chapel, the inscription which he afterward made the motto of Hyperion, and which has been the watch-word of life to so many who read it in those pages. It is a little mortuary chapel, holding a few rude wooden seats, and having an extraordinary frieze of human skulls arranged just under its ceiling. There are several funeral tablets affixed to the walls, and on one of

these — a tablet of metal, not marble — is the inscription, which in full is this, —

> Hier ruhet die Asche des Hochedelgeboren Herrn Tinzens Kayetan von Sonnenburg. Er verstarb den 24ten November 1809 in seinen 37sten Lebensjahre. Herr, lass ihm in Frieden ruhen und verleihe ihm einstens eine fröhliche Auferstehung.

✠

> Blicke nicht trauernd in die Vergangenheit, sie kommt nicht wieder; nütze weise die Gegenwart, sie ist dein; der düstern Zukunft geh ohne Furcht mit männlichen Sinne entgegen.[1]

On the sixth of July, having bidden farewell to the eccentric Englishman and to St. Gilgen, "one of the few spots to which I say farewell with regret," at Salzburg he took the *Eilwagen* and drove through the magnificent passes of Unken and Waidering to Innsbruck. Many things in this Tyrol journey had reminded him of New England, — the pines and fir-trees, the wooden houses, fences, and bridges, the fields of Indian corn.

It will be remembered that he was on his way to Milan. At Innsbruck he had concluded a bargain with an Italian vetturino to take him to

[1] Here repose the ashes of the high-noble-born Lord Tinzens Kayetan von Sonnenburg. He died the 24th of November, 1809, in the 37th year of his life. LORD, let him rest in peace, and grant to him at last a joyful resurrection.

Look not mournfully into the Past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the Present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Botzen on his way into Italy. But a trifle may often change one's plans, and sometimes with important results. At the police office they refused for some reason to *viser* his passport for Italy. In vain he remonstrated; they would only sign it for Switzerland, and to Switzerland he must go. So, after looking at the fine bronze statues that guard the tomb of Maximilian in the Kapuciner Church,[1] and sketching an outline of that of Alfred, he set out in the afternoon by post for Bregenz, along the banks of the Inn. Night came on with a storm; thunder bells were ringing, peasants kneeling and praying by the roadside, and he woke at midnight to see that they were passing a church-yard with a lamp burning before an image of the Madonna. His companions were some Prussian officers. Crossing Lake Constance he visited the Schaffhausen Falls in company with Herr Ruhl, the court architect of Hesse Cassel, and enjoyed, with the help of his German guide-book, that "powerful water-mass of the Rhine which dashes, with thunder-like, three-miles-distant-audible, rushing, and mighty dust-rain, over a seventy-five-to-eighty-feet-high rock-wall downward." From Zurich his way led over the Righi to Arth and the Tell scenes, on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne; then up the Reussthal to Andermatt. There he parted with his pleasant companion and took his way alone on foot over the Furca pass. On the afternoon

[1] Spoken of, long after, in his lines on the death of Bayard Taylor.

of the 16th of July, he was looking back from the steep Maienwand to see the Rhone glacier "lying like a glove with its palm downward, and the fingers crooked and close, — a gauntlet of ice which centuries ago Winter threw down in defiance to the Sun."

The rest of this journey we are able to read in his own words.

Journal.

Monday, July 18. Left the Grimsel Hospice at six in the morning and reached Handeck at eight. At Handeck is the finest water-fall I have seen in Switzerland. The river Aar pitches down a precipice of nearly two hundred feet into a narrow and fearful abyss, and at right angles with it comes the Aerlenbach, a beautiful mountain-brook; half-way down, the double water-fall mingles into one. It is far more beautiful than the fall at Schaffhausen, though not so abundant in water. Reached the pleasant village of Meyringen at two o'clock, having walked a distance of twenty-four miles over stones and hot sand, and most of the way down steep hills. Meyringen lies on the banks of the Aar, in the Haslithal, with water-falls tumbling from the hills on each side of it. Of these the Reichenbach is the most picturesque. It is a sheet of foam. It looks not unlike the spire of a Gothic church inverted, with its numerous crockets and little spires. After lunching, I took a *char-à-banc*, a vehicle which somewhat resembles a pulpit on wheels, continued my journey to Brienz, and crossed the lake to the falls of the Giessbach. I have seen so many water-falls to-day that my brain grows dizzy at the thought. And yet, a water-fall in a green quiet landscape is my great delight; and when I see these streams revelling in their freedom,

and sliding down the mountain-side, leaping and shouting, all life and gladness, I envy them their play and wish I could be their playmate. We continued our sail along the lake to the village of Bönigen, where we passed the night at an inn on the shores of the lake.

19th. Drove up the Lauterbrunnen Thal. . . . Turned back and went up the valley of Lütschinen to Grindelwald, where we cooled ourselves by the great glacier, upon whose top stood pyramids and blocks of ice like tombstones in a cemetery. From Bönigen to Interlaken, where we passed the night.

20th. Drove over to Neuhaus in the morning to take the steamboat for Thun. The Lake of Thun is more beautiful, I think, than that of Brienz, and the town of Thun has one of the loveliest situations imaginable. At the Hotel Bellevue I met Mr. Appleton, of Boston, going with his family to Interlaken. How unlucky I am in not having met them there! I had but a few moments' conversation with him and was off for Berne, this curious old city. Oh, what a solitary, lonely being I am! Why do I travel? Every hour my heart aches.

21st. Left Berne for Lausanne. Avenches and Payerne are pretty towns in the Pays de Vaud, a French canton. You have here little to remind you that you are in Switzerland; only occasionally a farm-house with overhanging eyebrows says, "I am Swiss." The language is a French patois. The approach to the Lake of Geneva by this road is beautiful. Half-way down the hill stands the city of Lausanne, not on the lake, but overlooking it, with terraces and gardens. No. 11, at the Falcon, is my dwelling-place for the night.

22d. This is an excellent hotel, and No. 11 a nice little room. I have just returned from a walk through the town. I have seen no town in Switzerland which pleases me half so much. In order to see things expeditiously I was

obliged to take a *cicerone*, — an arrangement which gives me no pleasure. It always reminds me of Horace's "black care" sitting on the horseman's crouper; which will pass for a classical allusion, in a journal where no other is to be found. . . . From Gibbon's house I passed to the public promenade; then through cross streets to the university, on whose porch I saw a list of prizes for various literary performances. The highest offered was eighty francs for the best poem on the Youth of Jeanne d'Arc. The other prizes were for Criticism on the New Testament, Mathematics, History, etc., from forty to sixty francs. Close by the university, on a terrace looking down upon the roofs of the town, stands the cathedral. There are tombs, with marble figures lying upon them, whose features have been hardly less effaced by time than the mouldering forms in the vaults beneath. Here also are monuments of many Englishmen; among others, a marble urn and pedestal in memory of the wife of Stratford Canning. Tears started to my eyes when I read the inscription. . . . A Gothic cathedral is always a work of wonder and delight. The Gothic style is to me the most beautiful.

Took the steamer for Vevay. I was disappointed in the shores of the lake as seen from the boat. There are too few trees, and the hills around look sterile, though the landscape is sprinkled with villages, and the slopes are covered with vineyards. At Vevay jumped into a cabriolet and drove to Chillon, passing through Clarens. There is a little tavern on the shore whose sign is the "Bosquet de Julie," and opposite rise the cliffs of Meillerie. The château of Chillon is not so picturesque in reality as in the engravings. An old soldier stood sentinel on the drawbridge, with a pipe in his mouth instead of a musket on his shoulder. He presented arms, however, by taking the pipe from his mouth as we passed, and consigned us to an elderly woman who made her appearance with a great key

in her hand. The terror of the description we read is overcharged. Chillon is the most delightful prison I was ever in. The principal dungeon is a large vault with handsome columns and a high-arched roof. The shimmer of the sunshine glances in at the grated windows, and the murmur of the lake has a pleasant sound.

23d. Having passed the night at Vevay, I took the steamboat this morning for Geneva. On the whole, I have had a dull day, and have been not a little disappointed in Lake Leman. Stopped at the Hotel des Bergues.

24th. I have been early this morning with my French companions to visit Voltaire's residence at Ferney. As I have neither love nor veneration for this arch-scoffer, the visit has not afforded me much gratification. . . . At ten o'clock my Frenchmen started for Lyons, leaving me once more alone. I went to several hotels to see if by any accident I might meet with some friend or even acquaintance. Vain hope! I returned disappointed and low-spirited, threw myself on the bed and gave way to my melancholy reflections. Every friend seems to keep out of my path; and the world seems so lonely!

25th. To Chamouni. Took the *diligence* as far as Sallenches. It was a dark, rainy day, and the cliffs were festooned with mist. The summer has been hot and dry, and the grain was over-ripe and the grass brown and curled, so that the valley was covered with a tawny coat dappled with yellow spots, like the hide of a panther. From Sallenches in a *char-à-banc* to Chamouni. We jolted along through rain and darkness and alighted at ten o'clock at the Hotel de l'Union. We had seen little of the road, but had heard torrents roar, and plunged through mountain-brooks.

26th. As soon as I got up this morning I ran to the window. The heavy vapors were rolling away, and I saw the summit of Mont Blanc for a moment, and the crested

heads of the other great apostles of nature, whose sermons are avalanches and whose voice is that of one crying in the wilderness. On the right and left mighty glaciers descended into the valley, huge monsters with bristling crests. They are motionless to the eye, yet they move slowly downward. They are like the dragons of Northern romance which came down from the mountains and depopulated whole villages; for at the base of the Glacier du Bois is a little hamlet from which the inhabitants were about taking their flight, so near had the icy dragon approached. Immediately after breakfast went to the source of the Aveiron, which flows out of the glacier. My companion was an Englishman, with red whiskers, checked coat, hob-nailed shoes, and white kid gloves. The Aveiron comes pouring from an arch of ice, but the view is much embellished in the engravings. We crossed the valley and ascended to the Croix de la Flegère. It was here that I was most moved by the magnificence of Swiss scenery. The clouds that were hovering about on huge shadowy wings added to the magnificence. Before me lay the whole panorama of the Alps, — pine forests standing dark and solemn at their base, and half-way up a veil of mist from which the snowy summits looked forth, and above which rose here and there a sharp needle of rock which seemed floating in the air. The Mer de Glace wound up through the mountain valley like a great highway. Above all, towered the dome-like summit of Mont Blanc. And ever and anon from the shroud of mist came the solemn sound of an avalanche, and a continual roar as of wind through a forest of pines filled the air. It was the Arve and Aveiron rushing from their icy fountains. And then the mists began to pass away, and it seemed as if the whole firmament were rolling together. And I recalled that sublime passage of the Apocalypse, "I saw a great white throne and Him that sat thereon,

before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away and found no place."

Geneva, July 28. Received a call from Mr. Thomas Motley, of Boston, who is here with his family. I have passed a very pleasant day with them. A beautiful evening; with a full moon shining over the silver cone of Mont Blanc, which looks more like a thin vapor than a mountain "rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun." The shadows of the tall trees on the little island in front of the hotel lie black and motionless in the waters of the lake; the air is soft and warm.

30th. Started with Mr. and Mrs. Motley in the *diligence* for Berne. We rode all night, and at nine o'clock on Sunday morning saw face to face the white bears which stand like sentinels on the western gate of Berne.

31st. Immediately after breakfast we took a carriage for Thun. Leaving our luggage on board the little steamer which was to start at two for Interlaken, we strolled along the road on the edge of the lake. I was delighted to see this lovely scene once more. On reaching Interlaken we found the Appletons still stationary, as if there were a charm about the place. But the hotels are all full. Mr. Motley finds a corner at Müller's; I am secluded in a convent, or what was once a convent. It was just twilight when I came over from the hotel to my cell in the cloister. An arch-way led us into a court-yard, from which round towers[1] rose above the convent's roof, with conical spires, looking like great tapers with extinguishers upon them. Green grass grows in the yard, and there is a pleasant air of seclusion about the place. My "cell" is large, and the long narrow windows look into a garden; and beyond are the mountains of the Lauterbrunnen Thal. Sleep in a great bed in a corner, with blue-checked curtains. I hope

[1] So they may have looked in the twilight; but they are really square and octagon.

for an adventure; and Mr. Motley says that if he were a younger man I should certainly see an apparition.

August 1. Passed the night in quiet sleep. No shaven crown, no cowled monk or veiled nun, appeared to me even in dream. The sun is shining brightly on the trees and vines of the garden, and far, far beyond, rises the Jungfrau with a veil of snow; and the Silberhorn, which is the Virgin's bosom, is pure and spotless. I like my dormitory very much. It is wainscoted, though not with oak; is on the lower floor; has a sofa, a chest of drawers, and a huge stove of painted tiles in the corner. Sundry pictures adorn the walls; Swiss scenes, interiors of cottages, the Wrestlers, and *Steinstosser*.

I left this room with regret, to take up my abode at the *Pension* of one Christen Hofstetter, where the Appletons are. After breakfast we went off in a body to stroll in the woods as far as the ruins of an old castle, which some of the ladies sketched, while the rest of us sat under the trees. And thus the time slipped pleasantly away till dinner, which is here served up at three. After dinner we took a drive of an hour or two to the Lake of Brienz, and to the top of a hill commanding a view. After the drive, a walk on the banks of the Aar; and after the walk, a concert of Tyrolese.

2d. A cold and cloudy day. No excursion made. The ladies writing letters and finishing sketches. Read Uhland and Count Auersperg, till dinner. Since I have joined these two families from America the time passes pleasantly. I now for the first time enjoy Switzerland.

3d. Left Interlaken for Thun in the steamer at eleven. Passed the rest of the day at Thun, a large party of us, the Appletons and the Motleys. We shall be some days together, a week or more probably.

4th. A day of true and quiet enjoyment, travelling from Thun to Entelbuch on our way to Lucerne. The

time glided too swiftly away. We read the 'Genevieve' of Coleridge, and the 'Christabel,' and many scraps of song, and little German ballads of Uhland, simple and strange. At noon we stopped at Langnau, and walked into the fields, and sat down by a stream of pure water that turned a mill; and a little girl came out of the mill and brought us cherries; and the shadow of the trees was pleasant, and my soul was filled with peace and gladness.

5th. Lucerne. Hotel du Cygne. Balcony overlooking the beautiful lake of the Four Forest Cantons. Stone Lion; see guide-book.

6th. Left Lucerne in a boat with four oars, and had a beautiful row up the lake, returning to Brunnen for the night. The day was cloudy and sad. But this lake is so beautiful! I think it the most picturesque of all the Swiss lakes. At Brunnen there is no watchman, but a watchwoman, who chants the hour with an invocation to the Virgin Mary. I got up at midnight, and went out upon the balcony. It was perfectly quiet, save the sound of the water as it heaved up on the beach now and then, not in ripples but with a heavy beating, like the pulsation of some living thing. The stars were looking through the clouds, and in the mirror of the lake I could see the reflection of the great mountains opposite.

7th. The whole party, with the exception of myself, ascended the Righi in the afternoon. I walked down to Arth and passed the night there with William Appleton, a very interesting young man of the party, slowly sinking with consumption. He is a most gentle spirit, resigned and uncomplaining, as one who has already commenced "his conversation in heaven."

8th. Reached Zurich at night-fall. The young ladies found their brother Tom waiting at the door, with a slouched hat and a merry heart.

9th. There is not much in Zurich to detain us, but it is pleasant here. In the evening we took a walk, and then a boat on the lake. Then we went home and I translated Uhland's ballad, 'The Castle by the Sea,' with the assistance of ——, who was scribe on the occasion.

10th. Another hot day. Boating again; and a glorious bath out in the deep part of the lake; so that when we jumped out of the boat we went down, down, down "into those depths so calm and cool." T. is a mighty swimmer, and my element is cold water.

11th. Prepared to leave Zurich. At the Hotel du Corbeau they brought us in a most exorbitant bill, whereupon I made the following beautiful lines: —

Beware of the Raven at Zurich,
'T is a bird of omen ill;
A noisy and an unclean bird,
With a very, very long bill.

Started for Schaffhausen, and stopped at Bülach to dine. A pretty, rural little spot, with a garden behind the hotel, and a grass-plot beneath beautiful linden-trees. Poor William is very feeble. We were fearful he would not reach Schaffhausen. But he rallied in the afternoon, and was so anxious to go on that we started again, and are now at the Golden Falken. As we came along toward evening, we got out of our carriage and walked a mile or two. The scene was perfectly quiet; a breathless stillness as if all Nature were at prayer; and, as —— said, the trees looked as if they were standing up in their pews to sing. The waters of the Rhine were of a most lovely green. Nothing in the colors of human art could equal their beauty.

12th. William is very much exhausted. It seems impossible that he should live many days. He is himself conscious of this, and is making his little gifts to friends

with a calmness which is beautiful. How heavenly it is to die thus!

While we were at dinner this afternoon, who should come into our parlor but Mr. Ticknor! He has just arrived with his family from Constance. His winter in Germany has given him a most portly look.

13th. After dinner strolled through the town. The quaint style of building pleases me. Some of the houses are painted with strange figures. Some have three-sided windows projecting over the street, looking like crystals clinging to the wall. At night, when the lamps are lighted within, they resemble great lanterns.

After going to bed, I read two sermons of Mr. Dewey.[1] He is a poet of fine imagination and great beauty of language. Some of his appeals are truly thrilling.

14th. Read sermons to William, who is very feeble.[2] At midnight there was a storm, with ghost-like sheeted lightning.

17th. Received a letter just before dinner which rendered it absolutely necessary for me to start for Heidelberg without delay. Engaged a carriage at once, and at six in the evening took leave, and started on my way through the Black Forest. The landscape during the evening's drive was solitary; long undulating hills, over whose summits runs the road, and here and there patches of forest. After dark I walked along in advance of the carriage. But I was not in luck. No free-booter would relieve me of my few remaining napoleons. But no doubt the tavern-keepers will. The night at Blomberg; which to the best of my recollection consists of one house and one barn.

[1] Rev. Orville Dewey, a distinguished preacher of the Unitarian Church.

[2] He died a few days after, and was buried in the church-yard at Schaffhausen.

20th. Reached Heidelberg at noon, having been absent two months. A sad and lonely journey I have had, and am glad, glad that it is over. But in a few days the toil of travelling begins again.

25th. This afternoon the Frau Schnaffnerin invited us to a tea-party at the Stiftsmühle. We stayed in the open air, under the trees on the banks of the Neckar, till late in the evening. The lights and the merry party had a fine effect. The moon lighted us home. After leaving the ladies, I walked with Ritchie and Goodwin to the castle, and from the terrace of the garden heard the clock on the Giant's Tower strike twelve, and then the clocks of the town below us take up the story and tell it to the echo of the Heiligenberg.

26th. Took leave of friends and acquaintances. One nasty little professor in a dirty *schlafrock* took the pipe out of his mouth and kissed me on the lips. I had a great mind to shake him by the ears.

27th. Said farewell to Heidelberg and started with Mrs. Bryant and her family for Baden-Baden, in a carriage and pair.

29th. Rain again, which gave us a gloomy day from Baden to Strasbourg. Whiled away the time with whist; for the sky all tears, and the landscape with drenched garments, had no charms for us poor people, whose spirits were sufficiently sad, and whose voices had a muffled and mournful sound.

30th. Passed the morning at the cathedral, — the great wonder of Strasbourg. It surpasses my power of description. In truth, when I gaze on a grand Gothic edifice like this my feelings are too dreamy and indistinct to be described. They are like the building itself, so intricate, so curious, so grotesque withal, that words cannot embody them. Music perhaps might. The two round windows or *rosettes* are exquisitely beautiful.

September 3. Passed through Epernay at daybreak. About nine in the evening we went thundering through the narrow streets of Paris; now in a glare of light from a thousand shop windows, and now in almost utter darkness, as we plunged into some muddy lane with hardly a solitary lamp. At ten o'clock we alighted at Meurice's Hotel, weary and wayworn.

4th. Took a carriage to St. Germain-en-Laye, to see the *Fête des Loges.* The day was pleasant, with shifting clouds and sunshine. They told me I was in good spirits. It was the surface only, stirred by the passing breeze and catching the sunshine of the moment. I have often observed, amid a chorus of a hundred voices and the sound of a hundred instruments, — amid all this whirlwind of the vexed air, — that I could distinguish the melancholy vibration of a single string, touched by a finger. It had a mournful, sobbing sound. Thus, amid the splendor of a festival, — the rushing crowd and song and sounds of gladness and a thousand mingling emotions, — distinctly audible to the mind's ear are the pulsations of some melancholy chord of the heart touched by the finger of memory. And it has a mournful, sobbing sound.

5th. Strolled on the Boulevards. What a throng! what a confusion of sounds! How marvellous it is to me, — the great and good providence of God, that holds in its hand all this varied world. Goethe makes one of his heroes say that whenever he lay down in the grass, and with his ear close to the ground listened to the continuous hum of the innumerable little world in the stubble, he comprehended better the omnipresence of the Deity, who made and preserved them all. With me, the feeling is stronger in the crowds of a great city. Pause a moment and reflect, as you pass through a narrow lane in the suburbs of a metropolis; listen to the continuous hum of this "little world in the stubble;" make yourself

feel, if you can, that the beings around you are not the insects of a day, but human beings, each with his history, insignificant to us, to him all-important, — each with a heart whose fibres are woven into the great web of human sympathies, and none so small that when he dies some of the mysterious meshes are not broken, — follow out this train of thought and then say with me, "Field and forest and stream, the earth and the air and the countless myriads of living things that dwell therein preach the gospel of God's providence; but more than all does man, the human creature, in his crowded cities and his manifold powers and wants and passions and deeds preach the same gospel. He is the great evangelist of his Creator's wisdom, power, and goodness. And yet how often is he unconscious of his mission or reluctant to fulfil it, — though to the studious mind he preaches still the one great doctrine."

7th. I hardly know what I have been doing to-day, — walking about on the Boulevards, which is as amusing as a play; and "breathing the pavement" of the streets, which is as fatiguing as a tread-mill; though the latter I have not tried yet.

9th. Called upon Madame Potet, at whose house I lived when I first came to Paris, in 1826. Everything unchanged. The evening at the Grand Opera, to see the Huguenots, by Meyerbeer. Tedious enough, though the music was at times grand. Came away quite tired with sitting squeezed into a little box, bent up like the letter Z.

11th. How the great living cataract goes thundering through the streets in one unbroken roar! A thousand currents meet and mingle. And beneath the sparkling surface there is ever a muddy undertow, which works up from the bottom and seams the purer waters with its darker hue.

17th. Mr. —— came soon after breakfast. He seems to have not the slightest curiosity to see Paris, now that he is here. We walked together on the Boulevards this morning; but I am sure he saw nothing, for he was deep in an argument on predestination and the depravity of human nature, — points of doctrine to which he clings with great pertinacity. "Death and the judgment to come" make this Felix to tremble. I told him that in general I was pretty quiet and calm in regard to these matters, and troubled only when at times a horrible doubt cut into the cool, still surface of my soul, as the heel of a skate cuts into smooth ice.

20th. At the *table d'hôte* to-day we had a frog pie. Little J. asked if they were really frogs, and if "they only pulled the stems off and put them right in, whole." C. said a good thing this evening, speaking of the changes she should find in the families she knew, when she returned home. "A new generation will have sprung up, like a second set of teeth."

22d. It amuses me to observe how my present judgments differ in many instances from my past. It is so with Père-la-Chaise, which formerly awakened so much enthusiasm in me. The only monument which has given me any pleasure to-day is the Gothic chapel under which sleep Abelard and Héloïse. It is the most beautiful church-yard monument I ever saw.

23d. A dismal, rainy day. Sorrow seeks out such days as this. . . . He spoke well who said that graves are the foot-prints of angels.

25th. Read aloud W. J. Fox's Sermon on Human Brotherhood; the introduction of which is like a magnificent triumphal arch, — leading to a hospital. Drove to the Bois de Boulogne to revisit scenes once so familiar. I found my favorite haunts much changed. The little village of Auteuil, however, seems to have undergone no

vicissitude during the last nine years. The *maison de santé* is still inhabited by those in search of health. The garden behind the house, in which I spent so many listless hours, looks green and beautiful. I almost wished, for the moment, to take up my abode once more in a place where nine years ago I passed some happy weeks, — no, not happy; I was not happy then, I was too young and feverish, — never satisfied with the present, and reaching out my hands to grasp the future, as a child tries to grasp a star.

Hâvre, October 8. This was our day for sailing. But the ship is not ready, and the wind is right in our teeth. So we must idle our time away in this muddy place, where everything looked so strange and new to me ten years ago, as I first set foot on this side of the ocean, and where now all seems so stale and familiar.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROFESSOR IN HARVARD COLLEGE.

1836–1837.

In December of 1836 Mr. Longfellow established himself in Cambridge, and entered upon the duties of his professorship by preparing his first course of lectures. He took rooms in the house of Dr. Stearns, on Kirkland Street, — then called Professors' Row; where Cornelius Conway Felton, Professor of Greek in the College, — "heartiest of Greek Professors," Mr. Dickens afterwards called him, — was already established. Their acquaintance, begun two years before, soon ripened into a warm friendship, which continued through life. Charles Sumner was then lecturing in the Law School at Cambridge, and with him sprang up an equally close and life-long intimacy. An ardent lover of books, he had not yet dreamed of a political career. George Stillman Hillard, his law partner, and Henry R. Cleveland, then living at Jamaica Plain, — both men of literary pursuits, — completed the friendly circle. These five young men, of like tastes, and of nearly the

same age, formed themselves into what they came to call "The Five of Clubs." Somewhat later on, when they began to speak well of each others' books in the Reviews, the newspapers gave them the name of "the Mutual Admiration Society."[1]

Harvard College had just celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of its founding. Josiah Quincy was its energetic and honored president. Among the older professors, Edward Tyrrel Channing made the young men his debtors by clipping the wings of their rhetoric and training them to write sound English; and Charles Beck had brought from Germany his Latin scholarship, his Horatian metres, his ideas of a university, and his love of liberty. Among the younger professors, besides Felton, were Francis Bowen, Benjamin Peirce, and Joseph Lovering. In the College Chapel, on Sundays, the elder Henry Ware gave his Divinity lectures in the morning, while the afternoon services were shared between the devout younger Ware and the scholarly John Gorham Palfrey, then Dean of the Theological Faculty and editor of the North American Review. Andrews Norton had retired from his professorship to the lettered ease and studies of Shady Hill. Jared Sparks was living in Cambridge, editing the writings of Washington and Franklin, and not yet

[1] Perhaps it was over Mr. Felton's review of 'Evangeline' in the North American, that some reader at the Athenæum wrote in pencil, "Insured in the Mutual." After Mr. Cleveland's early death, Dr. S. G. Howe, the philanthropist, became one of the club.

appointed Professor of History in the College. Judge Joseph Story and Simon Greenleaf, whose friendship Mr. Longfellow inherited from his father, were professors in the Law School. In Cambridgeport, then separated by open fields from "Old Cambridge," Washington Allston, the painter, had his house and studio.

Cambridge was still a village; and the dwellers in its remoter quarters, when they went to Harvard Square, always called it "going to the village." The Common had not long before been enclosed. The First Parish Church, in all the freshness of its quasi-Gothic, had but lately taken its post as "sentinel" at the end of the burying-ground, opposite to the lowly "nun" of Christ Church.[1] The great elms were still in the Square, untouched by the arboricidal instincts of the "authorities," and spreading their ample shelter for the omnibus-drivers and their waiting horses. The omnibus, called the "hourly," from its times of going, was the only public means of communication with Boston, and if infrequent, was accommodating; since, on command, it called for, and left, its passengers at their houses. The fare was a quarter of a dollar. So the students generally combined economy with exercise, and walked in and out of "town," as Boston was, and is, called.

[1] Like sentinel and nun they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard and one to weep
The dead who lie between.
— *O. W. Holmes.*

In Cambridge society Mr. Longfellow soon became a favorite, for his sunny presence, his amiable disposition, his native refinement, his cultivated tastes, and the poetic cast of his mind. As a new comer into a staid and sober community he was not exempt from some social criticism, particularly in the matter of dress, he having a fondness for colors in coats, waistcoats, and neck-ties. To such comment he may have had reference when he wrote to Sumner, then in Europe, "If you have any tendency to 'curl your hair and wear gloves' like Edgar in Lear, do it before your return." And the same thing may have been in his mind when in Hyperion he made the Baron say to Paul Flemming, "The ladies already begin to call you Wilhelm Meister, and they say that your gloves are a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man." His friend Ward writes him somewhat later: "I have for you an Endymion waistcoat better suited to your style than mine;" and even good Mrs. Craigie thought that he had somewhat too gay a look. These were very trivial matters of the outside. His genuine good qualities of mind and heart won him friends everywhere. He went a good deal into Boston society. In the elder Otis and Prescott he found acquaintances of his father. His predecessor and friend, Mr. George Ticknor, after his return from Europe dispensed in Park Street a lettered hospitality. With the younger Prescott, who was a member of the Examining Committee in his department, he soon

formed a delightful acquaintance; and he renewed that which he had made with Mr. Charles Amory at Göttingen. In the circle of these and other families, he was a welcome guest, at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room.

Of his early residence in Cambridge his correspondence shall now speak more in detail.

To his Father.

CAMBRIDGE, December 7, 1836.

My time is very much taken up with furnishing my rooms, and in making and receiving calls. This is the reason why I have not written before. I have not yet entered upon my college duties; nor shall I this term. What these duties will be seems quite uncertain, though I think I shall have nothing to do but lecture. I have already begun my preparations for a course on German Literature, which I hope to deliver next summer.

On Thanksgiving Day I dined with Judge Prescott in Boston. You know him, — a very cordial old gentleman. His son is one of our Examining Committee in the Modern Languages, and a man of letters.

Professors Hedge and Popkin I have had a glimpse of. I fancy it must make them feel rather old to see the son of one of their pupils here as professor, — placed before them as a kind of living mile-stone, or finger-post, pointing both ways on the road of life.

To Mrs. Anna Greene.

January 9, 1837.[1]

. . . I regret very much that it will not be in my power to accept your invitation for the present. I enter upon my

[1] From now on, the letters will be understood to be written from Cambridge unless otherwise noted.

duties here this week; and have so much to attend to that an absence of even a few days would be attended with no little inconvenience. I will come and see you, however, as soon as I can find time. . . . I have done nothing and written nothing for a long, long time; and for a long time to come I shall be occupied in preparing lectures.

While steamboats and locomotives traverse field and flood with the speed of light, there are, alas! none on the great streams of thought and the vast fields of learning. Almost single-handed must we breast the stream, and over stocks and stones travel on — on foot. So that the labor of weeks is sometimes necessary for the production of a lecture, which can be delivered in the short space of an hour.

To George W. Greene (in Rome).

February 1, 1837.

Two nights ago, as I returned from an evening visit, your letter looked down upon me from the mantel-piece with a most friendly, albeit outlandish, aspect, — its face being tattooed with postmarks black and red. I sat down and read it through, solemn and glad by turns, as the string was touched. It seemed to me like a voice of Eld, — like the voice of the northern god Mimer, who sits by the wave of the Destiny of the Past, and utters traditions. But of the past, enough. Let me tell you of the present. I have taken up my abode in Cambridge. My chambers are very pleasant, with great trees in front, whose branches almost touch my windows; so that I have a nest not unlike the birds, being high up in the third story. Right under me, in the second, lives and laughs Cornelius, whose surname is Felton. . . . My life here is very quiet and agreeable. Like the clown in Shakespeare, I have "no enemy but winter and rough

weather." I wish never a worse one. To Boston I go frequently, and generally on foot. It is a pleasant walk, and one has an object in view. I am now occupied in preparing a course of lectures on German Literature, to be delivered next summer. I do not write them out, but make notes and translations. I think this the best way, decidedly. In this course something of the Danish and Swedish (the new feathers in my cap) is to be mingled. From all this you will gather that my occupations are of the most delightful kind. All would be well with me, were it not for the excited state of my nervous system, which grows no quieter, although I have entirely discontinued smoking.

This letter will reach you in Rome, whither you will have gone to assume the consular dignity. . . . My friend, learn to enjoy the present, — that little space of time between the great past and the still greater future. Rome must be delightful to you. We were there together in the days of our youth. Walk with me again, in the spirit, through the Forum; and visit La Riccia in the summer time, and all the old familiar scenes.

And now rises up before me a picture of heaven upon earth, which I met with a few days ago in Jean Paul Richter, the most magnificent of the German prose writers. Listen to his words! "A look into a pure, loving eye; a word without falseness to a bride without falseness; and then a soft-breathing breast in which there is nothing but Paradise, a sermon, and an evening prayer."[1]

The next letter has a special interest from its being the beginning of a cordial friendship with one whose name will often illuminate these pages.

[1] Quintus Fixlein, Eighth Letter-box.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Salem, March 7, 1837.

Dear Sir, — The agent of the American Stationers' Company will send you a copy of a book entitled Twice Told Tales, of which, as a classmate, I venture to request your acceptance. We were not, it is true, so well acquainted at college that I can plead an absolute right to inflict my twice-told tediousness upon you; but I have often regretted that we were not better known to each other, and have been glad of your success in literature and in more important matters. I know not whether you are aware that I have made a great many idle attempts in the way of Magazine and Annual scribbling. The present volumes contain such articles as seemed best worth offering to the public a second time; and I should like to flatter myself that they would repay you some part of the pleasure which I have derived from your own Outre-Mer.

Your obedient servant,

Nath. Hawthorne.

To his Father.

March 22, 1837.

. . . There is such a social spirit here and in Boston, that I seldom see a book by candle-light. Indeed, I pass half of my evenings, at least, in society, — it being almost impossible to avoid it. All that I have done in the way of study is to prepare lectures for the summer. I have also written an article for the April number of the North American, — a review of a book called The Great Metropolis. So, you perceive, I take things very easily. People here are too agreeable to let a man kill himself with study.

I see Dr. Palfrey frequently, Mr. Sparks every day; and play whist with Mr. Norton as often as once a week.

My most intimate friend is Felton, the best fellow in the world — or one of the best. He is full of talent and good sound sense, and as simple as a child; moreover, very learned, and a good critic, save being a little inclined to exaggerated praise. The review of Ion in the next North American is by him. There is also a review of Bulwer by Willard Phillips; but I will give you a complete list on the next page. In the July number I shall have two articles: one on the Legend of Frithiof, a Swedish poem; the other on a book entitled Twice Told Tales, — a beautiful work by a classmate of mine, N. Hawthorne, of Salem.

My friend Slidell is here, — or rather in Charlestown. He sails soon as first lieutenant in the Independence.

To his Father.

May 12, 1837.

Since my return to Cambridge I have been pretty busily employed. I have a class in German, and shall soon commence my lectures. I give you a sketch of my course: —

1. Introduction. History of the French Language.
2. The other Languages of the South of Europe.
3. History of the Northern, or Gothic, Languages.
4. Anglo-Saxon Literature.
5 and 6. Swedish Literature.
7. Sketch of German Literature.
8, 9, 10. Life and Writings of Goethe.
11 and 12. Life and Writings of Jean Paul Richter.

Some of these are written lectures; others will be delivered from notes. If I feel well during the summer and am in good spirits, I may extend the course. People seem to feel some curiosity about the lectures, and consequently I am eager to commence, relying mainly for success on the interesting topics I shall be able to bring forward. Having in my own mind an idea, and a pretty fixed one,

of what lectures should be, and having undertaken nothing but what I feel myself competent to do without effort, I have no great anxiety as to the result. I lecture to the Senior class and to those members of the Law and Divinity Schools who choose to attend.

Cambridge is growing very green and pleasant, and your sons thrive in this climate. Two days ago I saw Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, who says he used to be your tutor. Mr. Walker's Dudleian lecture was very excellent.[1] We think, in Cambridge, that he is more powerful than Dr. Channing.

To George W. Greene.

May 21, 1837.

How fares it with you, my dear George, afar off in your Italy? Do you think of us often? Do you say, now and then, "I wish some of those good souls were with me"? We would fain believe this. But you write very seldom, and your letters are short.

In Cambridge all is peace. Spring has come, bringing buds and blossoms, and [N. P.] Willis from the South. They are all welcome. Willis is writing a tragedy; the subject is some passage in the history of the Italian Republics. He writes the piece *to order*, for Miss Clifton, who gives him a thousand dollars. I can hardly tell you how sorry I am for this. When Goethe wrote his *Götz von Berlichingen*, a Berlin bookseller was so much pleased with it (or with its success, probably) that he straightway sent the author an order for a dozen more dramas on subjects connected with the Middle Ages. This coolly ordering a

[1] Rev. James Walker, then a minister in Charlestown, afterwards Professor and President of Harvard College. The Dudleian Lecture was annually given on the ancient foundation of Paul Dudley, but has long been discontinued, from the smallness of the fund and the superannuated condition of the appointed subjects.

dozen makes the matter ridiculous. But why not order a dozen as well as one? *Non é vero?* Willis is in good spirits, and stout; Dr. Howe is likewise in good spirits, but lean. Felton is well. For my own part, I lead a somewhat studious life, and take long solitary walks through the green fields and woodlands of this fair neighborhood. Yesterday I was at Mount Auburn, and saw my own grave dug; that is, my own tomb. I assure you, I looked quietly down into it, without one feeling of dread. It is a beautiful spot.[1]

Where is Mr. Ticknor now? When you next meet, salute him from me. Tell him that the lectures of his successor commence in two days from this date.

To his Father.

May 25, 1837.

Since I last wrote you I have commenced my lectures. The first was on Tuesday last; the second, to-day, Thursday. I lecture from notes, and have succeeded very much to my own satisfaction, feeling no more embarrassment than if I were eating dinner. I am rather astonished at this, and very much pleased; for now, instead of being a source of anxiety, these lectures are a source of pleasure to me. As far as I can perceive and hear, the audience is quite as much pleased as I am; and they sit motionless and attentive for nearly an hour.

This is the only news I have to send you; except that I intend to change my lodgings. I have found two large and beautiful rooms in the Craigie House, and thither I go at the close of this term. I shall be entirely my own master, and have my meals by myself and at my own hours. So I form to myself a vision of independence which I do not now enjoy.

[1] On "Indian Ridge."

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

SALEM, June 4, 1837.

DEAR SIR, — Not to burden you with my correspondence, I have delayed a rejoinder to your very kind and cordial letter until now. It gratifies me to find that you have occasionally felt an interest in my situation; but your quotation from Jean Paul about the "lark's nest" makes me smile. You would have been much nearer the truth if you had pictured me as dwelling in an *owl's* nest, for mine is about as dismal; and, like the owl, I seldom venture abroad till after dark. . . . Since we last met, — which I remember was in Sawtelle's room, when you read a farewell poem to the relics of the class [in 1825], — ever since that time I have secluded myself from society. And yet I never meant any such thing, nor dreamed what sort of life I was going to lead. . . . You tell me that you have met with troubles, and changes. I know not what they may have been; but I can assure you that trouble is the next best thing to enjoyment, and that there is no fate in the world so horrible as to have no share in either its joys or its sorrows. . . .

You give me more credit than I deserve in supposing that I have led a studious life. I have, indeed, turned over a good many books; but in so desultory a way, that it cannot be called study, nor has it left me the fruits of study. As to my literary efforts, I do not think much of them; neither is it worth while to be ashamed of them. They would have been better, I trust, if written under more favorable circumstances. I have had no external excitement, — no consciousness that the public would like what I wrote; nor much hope, nor a very passionate desire, that they should do so. Nevertheless, having nothing else to be ambitious of, I have felt considerably interested in literature; and if my writings had made any decided impres-

sion I should probably have been stimulated to greater exertions. But there has been no warmth of approbation, so that I have always written with benumbed fingers. I have another great difficulty, in the lack of materials; for I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to concoct my stories of; and it is not easy to give a life-like semblance to such shadowy stuff. Sometimes, through a peep-hole I have caught a glimpse of the real world; and the two or three articles in which I have portrayed such glimpses, please me better than the others.

The copy of my Tales was sent through Mr. Owen, the bookseller in Cambridge. I am glad to find that you had read and liked some of the stories. To be sure, you could not well help flattering me a little; but I value your praise too highly not to have faith in its sincerity. . . .

Yours sincerely,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

SALEM, June 19, 1837.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — I have to-day received and read with huge delight your review of Twice Told Tales [in the North American]. I frankly aver that I was not without hopes that you would do this kind office for the book; though I could not have anticipated how very kindly it would be done. Whether or no the public will agree to the praise which you bestow on me, there are at least five persons who think you the most sagacious critic on earth; viz., my mother and two sisters, my old maiden aunt, and finally, — the sturdiest believer of the whole five, — my own self. If I doubt the sincerity and correctness of any of my critics, it shall be of those who censure me. Hard would be the lot of the poor scribbler if he may not have this privilege. I intend to set out on my travels early

next week; and as I must come first to Boston I will, if possible, ride out to Cambridge; for I am anxious to hold a talk.

Very sincerely yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

In the summer vacation Mr. Longfellow made a little journey to the mountains, in company with his friend, Mr. Hillard, who was to give an Oration at Dartmouth College. Mr. Rufus Choate and Dr. S. G. Howe were of the party, and a young college friend.

To his Father.

HANOVER, N. H., July 25, 1837.

We have safely reached this place on our way to the White Mountains: and here we remain for two days. This afternoon Mr. Hillard delivers his Oration; and to-morrow is Commencement, with *thirty-five* orations. If we survive this, we shall start in the evening for Littleton, by way of Haverhill; thence go to Franconia; and then through the Notch to Portland.

Last evening I was at Dr. Mussey's, — where there was music and lemonade. I dine with him to-day, though on his assurance that at Commencement time they live not on bread alone.[1]

Hanover stands on the broad level summit of a hill, — surrounded by a valley, like the fosse of a citadel; and beyond this are pleasant green hills, forming an amphitheatre to the north, east, and west, and opening southward upon the plains. In this direction lies Enfield, with its three Shaker villages, on the border of a beautiful lake;

[1] Dr. Mussey was Professor in Dartmouth College, and a vegetarian.

the most beautiful scene we have beheld on our journey thus far.

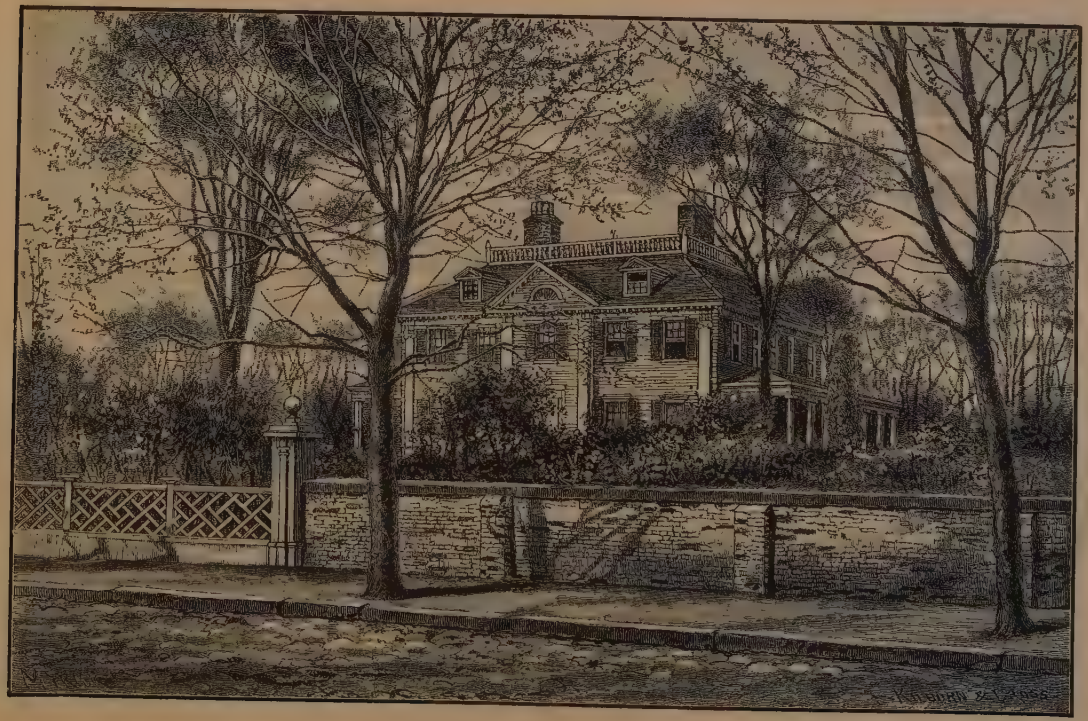
26th. Hillard's Oration yesterday afternoon was brilliant and very highly finished. It has gained him great applause, and in truth does him infinite credit. Of the thirty-five orations I heard *twenty*-five this forenoon. A greater part of the afternoon I have passed on the balcony of the hotel, looking at the great crowd assembled around the carts of the pedlers, who are selling their wares at auction. This evening I take tea with President Lord. Last evening I was at Mr. Olcott's. He was a member of the Hartford Convention. Do you remember him? A quiet, pleasant man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CRAIGIE HOUSE.

1837.

All visitors to Cambridge are familiar with the spacious old-fashioned house, painted in yellow and white, which stands far back from Brattle Street on the right, as one goes from Harvard Square to Mount Auburn. A gateway in the oddly patterned fence opens through a lilac hedge into the long walk, at the end of which, up low flights of steps, the house stands on its grassy terraces. Its ample front of two stories extends, including the broad verandahs, to a width of more than eighty feet. There are large clumps of lilac bushes upon the greensward, and on the left an aged and lofty elm-tree throws its shadows upon the house, and sighs for its companion, killed many years ago by canker-worms and too vigorous pruning. An Italian balustrade along the first terrace is a late addition; but the roof is crowned with a similar railing, of the old days. Between the tall white pilasters which mark the width of the hall-way, the front door still retains the brass



CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

knocker which announced many a visitor to the ancient hospitalities, and which even now occasionally answers to the hand of a stranger, or the small boy who does not see the modern bell-knob, and whose wonder is duly roused by the cumbrous old lock, with its key that might almost have belonged to a Bastile. In the white-wainscoted hall is a handsome staircase, with broad, low steps, and variously twisted balusters. On the left opens the drawing-room, which, with its deep window-seats, its arched recesses, its marble mantel surmounted by a broad panel set in an architectural frame, remains a fine specimen of a "colonial" interior. Opposite to this is a similar room, of much simpler, but still substantial, style, — in all the later years the poet's study. Beyond is a spacious apartment now used as a library, whose windows command the garden and grounds. Above are the chambers, whose broad fireplaces are framed in old-fashioned Dutch tiles.

The history of this house is also familiar. Built by the wealthy Colonel John Vassall, in the last century, — the accepted date is 1759, — in the midst of his large inherited estate of between one and two hundred acres, it was left by him on the eve of the Revolution, when, taking, or keeping, the side of the king, he went to England, and erased from his family coat of arms the motto, "Always for my country, often for my king" (*Semper pro republica, sæpe pro rege*). Then it was confiscated to the State. When, after the

battle of Bunker Hill, the American army gathered about Boston, the Marblehead regiment was quartered under its roof. Then Washington came to Cambridge to take command, and after a short stay in the "President's house" (now known as the Wadsworth House) established his headquarters in this Vassall House, which had been meanwhile put in order for him.[1]

Here he remained nine months, till the evacuation of Boston by the British troops. And here Mrs. Washington joined him and spent the winter. If tradition be trustworthy, the drawing-room remembers the gayety of a Twelfth Night party given by her. The south-eastern room, now the study, was used, according to the testimony of one of the General's aids, as the dining-room.[2] The chamber over it was Washington's private room.

> Yes, within this very room
> Sat he in those hours of gloom,
> Weary both in heart and head, —

wrote the poet when he had made that chamber his (first) study. Yet, serious as were those days, and often weary with the weight of cares, we are

[1] In Washington's Account Book is the following entry in his own handwriting: — "July 15, 1775. Paid for cleaning the House which was provided for my Quarters, and which had been occupied by the Marblehead Regiment, £2. 10. 9."

[2] MS. letter of Colonel John Trumbull, who in 1775, when just graduated from Yale College, at the age of nineteen, was made aide-de-camp to General Washington. He was afterwards well known as a painter of persons and scenes of the Revolution.

glad to know that they were not without their enlivenment. Among the traditions of the house are two stories of "Washington's laughter." In the first, an old woman had one day been arrested in the American lines as a spy, and brought before General Putnam. He thought the matter important enough to be referred to the Commander-in-Chief, and took the woman to headquarters. Arrived at the gate, she refused to go in. Whereupon Putnam seized her, and lifting her on his back, bore her up the pathway to the door. This, Washington, looking from his window, beheld, and laughed heartily at the spectacle of "Old Put" and his burden. At another time, the second story runs, several of the generals were at the Vassall House when word was brought that the British were making a demonstration from Boston. The officers rushed for their accoutrements, and General Greene's voice was heard calling to the barber, "My wig! where is my wig?" "Behind the looking-glass, General," said Lee; and the mirror revealed that Greene's wig was already on his head. Again Washington joined in the general laugh.

After Washington's departure to follow southward the fortunes of the war, the house came into the brief possession of Mr. Tracy, of Newburyport, of whose wealth and luxury there are fabulous tales; and then of Mr. Russell, a Boston merchant. On the first of January, 1793, it was purchased, with one hundred and fifty acres of

land (including what is now the Observatory hill), by Andrew Craigie, who immediately set up a "princely establishment" with the fortune which he had made as Apothecary-general to the American Army (if such was his title). His wealth and style won the hand, if not the heart, of the beautiful Miss Shaw, of Nantucket, whose young lover had gone to seek his fortune on the seas, and came back only to find her married. Mr. Craigie, it is believed, built the western wing of the house, with its kitchen and dependencies; and being a giver of dinners, enlarged the square north-eastern room to its present spacious dimensions, and adorned it with columns, to serve as a grand dining-room. Here he entertained the merchant-princes of Boston; and once, according to tradition, a prince of diplomats, Talleyrand, with whom Mrs. Craigie, much better educated than her husband, could converse in his native French. Nor was a royal prince wanting. Tradition again avers that the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was once a guest at this table, and adds that when the Royal Duke had left Boston Mr. Craigie purchased his carriage and horses.

Mr. Craigie — having, as he said, "lost himself" in his house, its grounds, greenhouses, equipages, and hospitalities (not to mention outside speculations, such as the bridge which still bears his name) — departed this world, leaving to his widow a life interest in the estate. Left alone in the large house with a very small income,

Mrs. Craigie reserved certain rooms for herself and let the others to various occupants, among whom Jared Sparks and Edward Everett, it is remembered, brought their brides to these chambers. The writer of this remembers very well visiting Mrs. Craigie, in his early college days, to beg some autograph letters of Revolutionary personages, of which she had a store. She sat in her south-eastern parlor, in white muslin turban and gray silk gown, with the sun shining among her window-plants and singing-birds; and as often as he took his leave she said, "Be good; I want you to be good." There was an awful whisper in Cambridge circles that she read Voltaire in the original. At any rate, her copy of his works remained in the library of Craigie House.

The story of Mr. Longfellow's coming to live in the house has been often told, especially in the charming sketch by Mr. George William Curtis in Homes of American Authors. The reader may like to read the Professor's own account, as written from his dictation many years ago: —

> The first time that I was in the Craigie House was on a beautiful summer afternoon in the year 1837. I came to see Mr. McLane, a law-student, who occupied the south-eastern chamber. The window-blinds were closed, but through them came a pleasant breeze, and I could see the waters of the Charles gleaming in the meadows. McLane left Cambridge in August, and I took possession of his room, making use of it as a library or study, and having the adjoining chamber for my bed-room. At first Mrs. Craigie declined to let me have rooms. I remember

how she looked as she stood, in her white turban, with her hands crossed behind her, snapping her gray eyes. She had resolved, she said, to take no more students into the house. But her manner changed when I told her who I was. She said that she had read Outre-Mer, of which one number was lying on her side-board. She then took me all over the house and showed me every room in it, saying, as we went into each, that I could not have that one. She finally consented to my taking the rooms mentioned above, on condition that the door leading into the back entry should be locked on the outside. Young Habersham, of Savannah, a friend of Mrs. Craigie's, occupied at that time the other front chamber. He was a skilful performer on the flute. Like other piping birds, he took wing for the rice-fields of the South when the cold weather came, and I remained alone with the widow in her castle. The back part of the house was occupied, however, by her farmer. His wife supplied my meals and took care of my rooms. She was a giantess, and very pious in words; and when she brought in my breakfast frequently stopped to exhort me. The exorbitant rate at which she charged my board was rather at variance with her preaching. Her name was Miriam; and Felton called her "Miriam the profit-ess." Her husband was a meek little man.

The winter was a rather solitary one, and the house very still. I used to hear Mrs. Craigie go down to breakfast at nine or ten in the morning and go up to bed at eleven at night. During the day she seldom left her parlor, where she sat reading the newspapers and the magazines, — occasionally a volume of Voltaire. She read also the English Annuals, of which she had a large collection. Occasionally, the sound of voices announced a visitor; and she sometimes enlivened the long evenings with a half-forgotten tune upon an old piano-forte.

During the following summer the fine old elms in front of the house were attacked by canker-worms, which, after having devoured the leaves, came spinning down in myriads. Mrs. Craigie used to sit by the open windows and let them crawl over her white turban unmolested. She would have nothing done to protect the trees from these worms; she used to say, "Why, sir, they are our fellow-worms; they have as good a right to live as we have."

Mrs. Craigie was eccentric to the last. In matters of religion she was a "free-thinker." She used to say that she saw God in nature, and wanted no mediator to come between Him and her. She had a passion for flowers, and for cats, and in general for all living creatures. A day or two before her death she said to me, "You 'll never be married again; because you see how ugly an old woman looks in bed." She had a great hatred for the Jews; and when Miss Lowell said to her, "Why, Mrs. Craigie, our Saviour was a Jew!" she answered, "I can't help it, ma'am." Shortly before her death she burned a large quantity of papers which she had stowed away in an upper chamber, and among them the letters of her young lover.

Whether or not she knew of the letters hidden away in the back staircase, which many years afterwards came mysteriously dropping one by one upon the cellar-stairs below, history does not record. These proved to be letters — not of love, but of duty — from a young girl, a ward of Mr. Craigie, absent at school. Why one of the stairs should have been made into a box for holding them, it is not easy to see; probably it was originally constructed for some other purpose.

To his Father.

[Craigie House], August 23, 1837.

The new rooms are above all praise; only they *do* want painting. I have made arrangements for my breakfasts and dinners, with Miriam, the giantess, of whom Mrs. Craigie says, "Take her by and large, she is a good creature." At the sound of a bell, she is to bring me my breakfast; at the sound of the same bell, later in the day — namely, at five o'clock — my dinner.

Moreover, — and more important, — I have seen the President. The Committee accede to all my alterations and improvements in the schedule of duties, save one, which is in relation to the number of oral lectures. Therefore my duties are: 1. One oral lecture per week, the year through. 2. Superintendence of studies and instructors, by being present at least once a month at the recitation of every student in each language. 3. In the summer term two lectures per week on Belles-Lettres or Literary History, in addition to the oral lectures as above. This is the only point they insist upon; and they say if I find I have too much to do, I may deliver in summer only *one* written lecture instead of two per week. Thus everything is settled to my entire satisfaction; and I shall commence the term in great spirits, and lecture on the Faust of Goethe.

To his Father.

October 29, 1837.

My lectures make something of a parade on paper, and require of course some attention, though they are all unwritten, save the summer course, which I think I shall this year write out. The arrangement with the Committee requires me to lecture but once a week. I throw in another, to show that I am not reluctant to work, and

likewise for my own good; namely, to make me read attentively, give me practice, and keep me from growing indolent. It is, however, astonishing how little I accomplish during a week. And then this *four-in-hand* of outlandish animals [the foreign instructors], all pulling the wrong way, except one, — this gives me more trouble than anything else. I have more anxiety about their doing well than about my own. I think I should be more satisfied if I did the work all myself. Nevertheless, I take things very easily, not expecting perfection, and making the best of all things.

There is a grand display of Indians in Boston, — Black-Hawk and some dozen other bold fellows, all grease and red paint; war-clubs, bears-teeth, and buffalo-scalps in profusion; hair cut close, like a brush, and powdered with vermilion; one cheek red, one black; forehead striped with bright yellow, with a sprinkling of flour between the eyes, — this will fit almost any one of them. They are to have a *pow-wow* on the Common to-morrow. You will see it all in the papers.

To his Father.

December 10, 1837.

. . . The Little-Peddlington community of Boston is in a great toss, or has been; first about the college, and then about Dr. Channing and the abolitionists.[1] But all this you see in the papers. Boston is only a great village. The tyranny of public opinion there surpasses all belief.

I have finished my lectures for this term, and am very busy in preparing for next spring and summer. It is delightful. I have a great deal of time at my command, and make pretty good use of it.

[1] The meeting called by Dr. Channing and others after the murder of Lovejoy, at which Wendell Phillips made his first anti-slavery speech.

CHAPTER XIX.

POEMS, LETTERS, AND JOURNAL.

1838.

ESTABLISHED in these comfortable quarters, — to the two rooms mentioned already, the western front chamber was afterward added as a dining-room, — our Professor pursued with diligence his various occupations, academic, poetic, and social. At the early dinner or the evening supper one or more friends were often his companions. Felton was of course the most frequent visitor, coming at all hours of the day, with some new subject of mirth, some new book or criticism, or for friendly talk, prolonged into the night. Sumner and Hillard came often from Boston; and the former, as a bachelor, not unfrequently spent a night with his friend. At times, Allston and Palfrey were guests at the round table where "many more things were discussed than the Johannisberger and the roasted hare," or whatever was the New England substitute. And when in 1842 young Charles Dickens came over from London, there was a bright little breakfast, at which Felton's mirthfulness helped,

and Andrews Norton's gravity did not in the least hinder, the exuberant liveliness of the author of Pickwick. From New York, from time to time appeared the vivacious, warm-hearted, and multifarious Sam. Ward, saluting his friend in true German heartiness, as the Baron did Paul Flemming, "with a kiss on each cheek, and one on the mouth;" opening his budget of literary gossip from the metropolis, lending a friendly ear and enthusiastic welcome to whatever new poem might be brought out of the portfolio, and bearing off the MS. to show to Halleck, and dispose of to the Knickerbocker, or Arcturus, or the New World. For the green walls of the study looked down not only upon the professor, busy over his books and lecture-notes or his students' German or French exercises, or copying the well-ordered lists of names for his examinations and term reports: they saw the poet also, sitting by his little table between the eastern and southern windows, weaving into verse the river that flowed "so blue" through the meadows opposite, "the freighted clouds," "the elm-trees' nodding crest," or the red planet of the night. In this upper chamber were composed all of his poems from 1837 to 1845; and here, too, his Hyperion was written. The most of these were here subjected to the friendly but often exacting criticism of Felton, Sumner, and Hillard. The first poem written in this room must have been the one entitled 'Flowers,' —

Spake full well in language quaint and olden
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

It was sent, in October, 1837, to a friend, with a gift of autumnal flowers, and was published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, with the title 'Floral Astrology.' The allusion in the first verse is to Carové, who in the Story without an End, speaks of "flowerets that shine as blue stars in the green firmament of the earth." This poem has a mystical tone quite new to the poet's verse, and which suggests a German influence, appearing then for the first time in our American literature. The next poem written in this room was the 'Psalm of Life.' It was written one bright summer morning, hastily, upon the blank portions of a note of invitation, and is dated July 26, 1838. These two poems mark an epoch in the writer's life. They were widely separated from what had gone before, not only by a considerable interval of time, but by an intellectual space, by the change and deepening of thought which is spoken of in the 'Prelude,' afterwards published with them in the Voices of the Night. The slight reminiscences of Goethe and Schiller in two of the lines of the 'Psalm,' show again the German influence. Indeed, it is remembered that before its publication, Mr. Longfellow read the poem to his class at the close of a lecture on Goethe. It was published in the Knickerbocker of October, 1838, and at once attracted attention. Here was evidently a new

[*From the first draft of the Psalm of Life.*]

What the heart of a young
man said to the Psalmist.

Life that shall send
A challenge to its end
And when it comes say "welcome friend!"

I.
In mournful numbers
Tell me not in life's dreary
empty idle
dream
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what
II they seem.

Life is real
Life is earnest. Life is earnest.
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art — to dust returnest
Dust alone to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul
Not enjoyment and not sorrow.

8

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps in the sands of Time.

9

IX.

Footsteps, that perhaps, another
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

10

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait

strain in American poetry. It has perhaps grown too familiar for us to read it as it was first read. But if the ideas have become commonplace, it has been well said that it is this poem that has made them so. Those who remember its first appearance know what wonderful freshness it had. It was copied far and wide. Young men read it with delight; their hearts were stirred by it as by a bugle summons. It roused them to high resolve, and wakened them to a new sense of the meaning and worth of life. They did not stop to ask critically whether or not it passed the line which separates poetry from preaching, or whether its didactic merit was a poetic defect. It was enough that it inspired them and enlarged their lives. Thirty years later, a man high in the community for integrity and generosity came to his old professor in chemistry, and, reminding him of his having one day read this poem to his class, added, "I feel that I can never repay you for the good you did me that day in reading us the 'Psalm of Life.' I grasped its spirit instantly and made it the inspiration of my life." Mr. Sumner tells us of a classmate of his who was saved from suicide by reading this poem. And as late as the time of the recent Franco-German war, General Meredith Read relates this incident: —

In the midst of the siege of Paris, a venerable man presented himself to me, bowed with grief. He said, "I am Monsieur R., Procureur-General of the Cour de Cassation. I have just learned that my son has been

arrested by the German authorities at Versailles on an entirely unfounded charge. He is to be sent to a German fortress and may be condemned to death. I am here alone and helpless. I feel that my mind will give way if I cannot find occupation; can you tell me of some English book which I can translate into French?" I promised to do so, and he left me. Within an hour or two, however, I received a line from him saying that he had found what he required. A few days afterward he came again to see me; but now erect, his face bright with hope, his voice clear and strong. He said, "I have been translating Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and I am a new man; I feel that my mind is saved, and that faith and hope have taken the place of despair. I owe it all to Longfellow."

All this, of course, is apart from the question of the merit of the verses as *poetry*. Yet while poetry must certainly not be prosily didactic, is there any canon forbidding it to be *morally inspiring?*

An English reviewer spoke of the peculiarly "American tone" of this poem, as shown in its energy and hopefulness.

The question has sometimes been asked, Who is the "Psalmist" to whom the "heart of the young man" responds? As none of the Hebrew Psalms is remembered as containing the combated expression, it has been supposed that the word should have been the "Preacher," in reference to Ecclesiastes. But we have the author's own word, written in after years, that "the 'Psalmist' was neither David nor Solomon," but simply *the writer*

of this psalm. It was the young man's better heart, answering and refuting his own mood of despondency.[1]

The Professor's summer course in 1838 was a written one, upon the Lives of Literary Men. Considerable portions of these lectures were afterwards woven into Hyperion, and may be read there. Among them were the chapters on Jean Paul, on the Lives of Scholars, and on Literary Fame, in the first Book; the sketch of an artist's life in Rome and the picture of the Middle Ages, which in the third Book are feigned to be read from Mary Ashburton's sketch-book; and the chapter on Hoffmann and his writings in Book fourth.

The glowing style of the young Professor's lectures was a novelty in the college class-room. "Too flowery," said the more prosaic of the students, accustomed to a drier academic style. But others found in them "a feast of delicious and dainty dishes."

Beside his lectures, the Professor had the superintendence of the recitations of the different teachers in his department, who at that time were all foreigners. Bachi, the Italian, with his charming accent and the shadow upon his life, had been

[1] The critics soon drew attention to the resemblance of the verse about "muffled drums" to one in the Bishop of Chichester's poem on the death of his wife. Mr. Longfellow asserted that the Bishop's poem was certainly not in his mind when he wrote, even if he had ever read it, but the thought came with entire freshness to him. The figure is not so recondite a one but that it might easily occur to two persons, without any borrowing.

in his place for many years. So had the French-Spaniard Sales, with his old-fashioned courtesy and powdered head, whose hearty, "Haw, haw, by George!" Mr. Lowell has celebrated.[1] But many of these subordinates were of a transient, not to say erratic, character. So the Professor sometimes took the classes himself. His first class in German have not forgotten the pleasant experience of which Rev. E. E. Hale has given us this account: —

> As it happened, the regular recitation-rooms of the college were all in use, and we met him in a sort of parlor, carpeted, hung with pictures, and otherwise handsomely furnished, which was, I believe, called "the Corporation Room." We sat round a mahogany table, which was reported to be meant for the dinners of the Fellows; and the whole affair had the aspect of a friendly gathering in a private house, in which the study of German was the amusement of the occasion. He began with familiar ballads, — read them to us, and made us read them to him. Of course, we soon committed them to memory without meaning to, and I think this was probably part of his theory. At the same time we were learning the paradigms by rote. His regular duty was the oversight of four or more instructors who were teaching French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese to two or three hundred under-graduates. We never knew when he might look in on a recitation and virtually conduct it. We were delighted to have him come. We all knew he was a poet, and were proud to have him in the college, but at the same time we respected him as a man of affairs.

[1] 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago,' in Fireside Travels.

The lectures on Faust mentioned above, as well as another course upon Dante, were what were called "oral lectures." The Professor read the book into English to his class, with a running commentary and illustration. For his purpose he had bound an interleaved copy of the author; the blank pages of which he gradually filled with notes and with translations of noteworthy passages. In this way were written those passages from the *Divina Commedia* — the 'Celestial Pilot,' the 'Terrestrial Paradise,' and the 'Meeting of Dante and Beatrice,' — which were first printed in the Voices of the Night in 1839, and which, twenty-eight years afterwards, with very slight mending, made part of the completed translation.

To his Father.

February 8, 1838.

All my time, save for recreation, is taken up with lectures. I am now upon Dante, as you know, — unwritten lectures; but I have petitioned the Corporation for the use of the chapel next summer for a course of written, *public* lectures. By public I mean free to any and every one who chooses to attend, whether in college or out of college. What the gentlemen of the Corporation will think of such a plan, I know not yet, but shall know soon. In the mean time, I am preparing; and devote the whole day to it. After which — about sunset — I generally walk to town, which gives me the necessary exercise. Time passes almost too quickly.

There is a *troupe* of French opera-dancers in Boston. People hardly know what to make of them. Some look and are pleased; others behold such things with pretty

much such feelings as those with which Michal, Saul's daughter, beheld David dancing before the ark, — namely, "despise them in their heart."

Journal.

February 27, 1838. I am this day thirty-one years old. How much I have lived through this last year! It has been rich in experiences.

EVENING SHADOWS.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the soul-like voice of night
Wakes the better soul that slumbered
To a holy calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like spectres grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall, —

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The belov'd ones, the true-hearted
Come to sit with me once more.

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes she, like a shape divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With her deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

March 1. This day I meant to devote to study, calling to mind that nervous line of the great poet, —

"Pensa che questa dì mai non raggiorna." [1]

But alas! students came in. I remembered that I had letters to write; wrote them. Then a youth came with an article for the North American, which I, as a friend, must read. And finally, the one o'clock bell rang; and the golden morning and crown of the day was gone.

3d. At home all day, reading Dante. Tea at Mrs. Eliot's, and evening with Sparks and Giles at Felton's room, discussing everything.

6th. A most lovely, lovely day! Spring begins again. The air is soft, the sunshine warm and bright, the turf under foot like a saturated sponge. A happy, happy day! for I was at home and in good spirits, and could work easily and cheerfully, without straining a muscle.

7th. I have not been out of doors to-day, but have been busily translating from Hoffmann and finishing my lecture upon his life and writings. It has been snowing and raining all day. The whole world seems afloat when I look at it from my windows.

8th. This evening [Ralph Waldo] Emerson lectured on the Affections; a good lecture. He mistakes his power somewhat, and at times speaks in oracles, darkly. He is vastly more of a poet than a philosopher. He has a brilliant mind, and develops and expands an idea very beautifully, and with abundant similitudes and illustrations. Jeremiah Mason said a sharp thing, the other day, when

[1] Think that to-day will never dawn again. — *Dante.*

asked whether he could understand Mr. Emerson. His answer was, "No, *I* can't, but my daughters can." After the lecture we supped at Felton's. —— was there, much less transcendental in his manifestations than usual. However, a few green buds did peep out.

12th. Went [to Boston] to see Vandenhoff perform King Lear. As I walked out over the bridge, the rising moon shone through the misty air. The reflection of the stars in the dark water looked like sparks of fire. Stood still to hear the soft sound of the dissolving ice-cakes in the brine, — a low and musical sound, a gentle simmering like the foaming of champagne.

13th. Read Tieck on Art, — *Phantasien über die Kunst*, — a pleasant, poetical, deep-feeling, reverential book. My mornings are glorious; and so are the evenings and nights. But the afternoons, the last three hours of the sun, are inexpressibly gloomy.

14th. Dined with Charles Amory. Sparks, Prescott, and William Amory were present. We had a very pleasant time, — literary converse, sprinkled with broken banks and broken characters. After dinner played whist till nine; then to a party at Governor Everett's.

15th. Too delightful to stay in doors. So at noon I sallied forth. Took Felton to town on foot. Dined and came out in season for Emerson's lecture on "Being and Seeming." I always stop on the bridge; tide-waters are beautiful. From the ocean up into the land they go, like messengers, to ask why the tribute has not been paid. The brooks and rivers answer that there has been little harvest of snow and rain this year. Floating sea-weed and kelp is carried up into the meadows, as returning sailors bring oranges in bandanna handkerchiefs to friends in the country.

16th. Wrote part of an introductory lecture for the summer course. Toward evening sallied forth from my

owl's nest. Met the President [Quincy] wrapt in thought and blue camlet. He told me of Dr. Bowditch's death.[1]

17th. Prepared my lecture for Monday. Then went to town. Took S. G. to see piano-fortes. Think of buying, so that my fingers may serve as lightning-rods, and draw off from my brain and heart the superfluous electricity. Had half a mind to bargain for a second-hand affair at Parker's; but the keys rattled a little, and put me in mind of an old woman with loose teeth. This conceit ended the matter; I concluded not to try it.

In the street met Bridge and Hawthorne, my classmates. Bridge stands and looks plumb down upon the top of my head. He has got the place of Purser in the navy. Promised to dine with them to-morrow. Walked out [to Cambridge]. Stopped at the Port to see Washington Allston. Took tea with him and smoked. He does himself wrong by living in such solitude.

18th. Tremendous snow-storm. Shut up all day. Through the gusts of the mighty north wind and the snow, the church bells seemed to cry for help. Winter has come back for his umbrella. Begone, old man, and wag not thy hoary beard at me!

19th. Snow melted, almost quite gone. Walked to town to dine and came out in the hourly. Evening at Faculty-meeting.[2] Then a party at Mrs. Eliot's, where I played whist all the while the others danced. I like whist set to music.

20th. Pleasant, with vapors in the air. A little bird singing, querulous, forlorn. This is the second I have heard this year. Poor thing! poor pioneer and backwoodsman! what do you think of those patches of

[1] Nathaniel Bowditch, the astronomer, translator of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*.

[2] The College Faculty met every Monday evening in University Hall.

snow, — those milk-stains and flecks on the brown meadow-grass?

Sparks always makes me laugh when he describes ——. He told me of seeing him (at a party) in the attitude of the Discus-player, with a plate of ice-cream in his hand; and how he hopped about, like a hen with her head cut off, in pursuit of B.

21st. Closed my lectures on Dante's Purgatory by an analysis of the whole. I breathe more freely, now that the appointed task is done. I play the part of an unstrung bow for a while; let the mind lie a while in the rain and sunshine of heaven unvexed by laborious ploughshare.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Salem, March 21, 1838.

My dear Longfellow, — I was sorry that you did not come to dinner on Sunday, for I wanted to have a talk with you about that book of Fairy Tales which you spoke of. I think it a good idea, and am well inclined to do my part toward the execution of it. . . . Not but what I am terribly harassed with magazine scribbling, and moreover, have had overtures from two different quarters to perpetrate children's histories and other such iniquities. But it seems to me that your book will be more creditable, and perhaps quite as profitable. Possibly we may make a great hit, and entirely revolutionize the whole system of juvenile literature. Ought there not to be a slender thread of story running through the book as a connecting medium for the other stories? If so, you must prepare it. . . . You shall be editor, and I will figure merely as a contributor; for as the conception and system of the work will be yours, I really should not think it honest to take an equal share of the fame which is to accrue. Seriously, I think a very pleasant and peculiar kind of reputation

may be acquired in this way. We will twine for ourselves a wreath of tender shoots and dewy buds instead of such withered and dusty leaves as other people crown themselves with. . . . Think about it and write me, and let us get our baby-house ready by October.[1]

Your friend, in much of a hurry,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

23d. Wrote sketch of Homer for my introductory lecture.[2] Then went to town with S. Eliot and Guild, two of my young favorites. Walked out at evening. Found Sparks and Prescott on the bridge. Prescott brimful of his book; glorious in young fame. He is a striking example of what perseverance and concentration of one's powers will accomplish.

25th. *Salem.* Called on Hawthorne in his Hubert Street house, in the outskirts. Dined with Mr. Salton-

[1] Apparently, Mr. Longfellow thought, on reflection, that there were difficulties in the way of such a partnership-book. For not long after, Hawthorne wrote to him: —

"You see I have abundance of literary labor in prospect, and this makes it more tolerable that you refuse to let me blow a blast upon the 'Wonder Horn.' Assuredly you have a right to make all the music on your own instrument; but I should serve you right were I to set up an opposition, — for instance, with a cornstalk fiddle or a pumpkin-vine trumpet. Really, I do mean to turn my attention to writing for children, either on my own hook or in the series of works projected by the Board of Education, to which I have been requested to contribute. . . . I shall remove to Boston in the course of a fortnight [to take the office of Inspector in the custom-house, offered him by Mr. Bancroft]; and, most sincerely, I do not have any pleasanter anticipation than that of frequently meeting you."

It needs not be said how charmingly Hawthorne carried out his purpose of writing children's stories. Mr. Longfellow wrote none, except one for his own children, which was never printed; indeed, never completed.

[2] See Hyperion, Book iii. chap. 5.

stall; a pleasant family circle. After dinner found Hawthorne at the Coffee House. Passed the afternoon with him, discussing literary matters. A man of genius and a fine imagination.

26th. Reached Cambridge at seven. Went to Faculty meeting. The President told me that the Corporation would not allow me the use of the [college] chapel for public lectures in the summer. They do not approve my plan. So it ends. Human life is made up mostly of a series of little disappointments and little pleasures. The great wonder-flowers bloom but once in a lifetime; as marriage and death. The evening at Mrs. Eliot's, where there was a child's party. Beautiful little girls, — graceful, hopeful; awkward boys in their gosling age, green and gawky.

28th. Hear Emerson's lecture on Holiness, which he defines to be "the breath of the Soul of the world." This lecture is a great bugbear to many pious, feeble souls. Not exactly comprehending it (and who does?) they seem to be sitting in the shadow of some awful atheism or other.

April 19. All night long a fearful ague, which still continues. Hawthorne's idea of gnomes digging with pickaxes in hollow teeth is a good one.

20th. Letter from Charles Sumner dated on my birthday. Must be answered straightway. But I am very busy at work on Anglo-Saxon poetry, — on Beowulf the Scylfing, — making translations, and criticising.

To Charles Sumner (in Europe).

April 20, 1838.

Your warm-hearted letter, written on my birthday, did not reach me till yesterday. You knew, all the time, that you were touching me on my weak side when you chose

that date. I confess I was pleased you should remember it. (We did not remember it here; it was not celebrated!) I now indulge the pleasing fancy that at times, as you walk metropolitan streets, — London or Paris, — you do ever and anon remember that the wondrous objects you behold have at a former day had their reflected image in my eye as now in yours, exciting in me thoughts akin to those that rise in you. This shall be a bond of union between us, as you go from city to city, begging your bread and butter in unknown tongues.

Having let off this sentimental sky-rocket or blue-light, I proceed to inform you that your friend —— is engaged. Henry Cleveland has got back from his bridal tour, but I have not seen him. They say he is very happy. Felton is to be married next July, at the beginning of the summer vacation. I am lonely. When you come back, with your great soul brimful of wondrous impressions of that world to which "the streets of the sea" lead, my soul will rejoice at your coming and go out to meet you. They who have read in the same book understand each other better. You will reassure me of the reality of many things which are growing unreal in my imagination. Is it not glorious to see what a great and convenient world we live in! And to go sailing aloft over it all, looking down into the strange nests man has made for himself and called cities! Therefore, while you may, soar! revel in the sunshine and be glad. And, finally, if you have, like Edgar in Lear, a fancy "to curl your hair and wear gloves," — do it now, and not when you come back!

Hillard I have not seen for a week. I go seldom to town. I am making myself very busy now, so as to have a vacation when you return. We will then dig up the Five of Clubs, which, since you went your ways, has been buried, — covered over with a *spade!* We have no recreations, now, not one. All hard work and dull boys! This very

pen I write you with, thus late in the night, has been hard at work all day for the Dean, — an article on Anglo-Saxon literature, which I am condemned to write, and which you will be condemned to read, friendship forcing you thereunto. . . . Of your friends here I have to say only that they are well, — all well, I believe. I strut about among them with your letter in my pocket, and am welcome. I say to them, "I have just received a letter from Sumner." And they say, "Ah, have you? how is he? what is he doing? Paris? London? date?" and so forth. . . . To the Ticknors my kindest regards. Tell them everybody stands tiptoe here to see who shall have the first glimpse of them as they rise over the verge of the Atlantic, home-bound. . . . There! I wish this sheet were larger, — how I would bore you. But I forbear. I scorn to take advantage of your position. I will not write a double letter!

24th. Read Anglo-Saxon matters till noon. Then walked to town to dine with my friend Amory. After dinner called on Prescott. He had been thrown from his horse this morning, and was a good deal hurt.

28th. Finished article on Anglo-Saxon literature. A long breath after that! Now for something new. Passed the evening with Felton. A long talk, like the olden time; one of the pleasantest evenings I have had for a long time. Talking of matters which lie near one's soul, and how to bear one's self doughtily in life's battle, and make the best of things.

29th. Sunny and bright. The chapel in the afternoon so hot that it was a martyrdom. As I leaned against the bars in Felton's pew, and felt the hot air coming up from below, as if from live coals, I could think of nought but St. Lawrence and his gridiron.

To his Father.

April 30, 1838.

You must not blame me that I have not written you sooner. Since my return I have been very busy, as I foretold you I should be, working with a cheerful alacrity, in good health and good spirits. The article on Anglo-Saxon literature [for the North American] was finished last week. It is long and elaborate, and I think will interest and amuse you. A heavy, learned article would have sunk the whole affair. I have therefore tried to write a pleasant and agreeable paper. You shall judge how well I have succeeded. Well for me was it that I was prepared for the task by previous study of some years ago, or I could not have accomplished it. I take the liberty to think well of my essay, because it cost me no little labor; and I do not mean to disparage my own handiwork by false modesty.

To-morrow is Exhibition Day. Wednesday, the day after, I begin my lectures on Literature and Literary Life. I have been writing busily all this evening at the second, and in the course of the week shall have them in advance, and the whole will go merrily.

The historian Prescott was thrown from his horse two days ago, and came down upon the paved sidewalk of Winter Street all bent up like a Hindoo god. Miraculously preserved, with only a strained muscle or so.

May 1. How pleasant it is to write this date, — to say May, and think of flowers! It is a glorious spring morning, and Exhibition Day [in the college]; and eke the Ladies' Fair. Peace be with them! I am tired of hearing great themes discussed by boys. And as to a Fair, — why — why!

2d. First lecture on Literature and Literary Life. Miserable room, to begin with [No. 3 University Hall]. Windows behind me and behind my audience, so that I could not see them nor they me. I had as lief lecture through a key-hole.

3d. It is raining, raining with a soft and pleasant sound. I cannot read, I cannot write, — but dream only. The visits of many pleasant thoughts, the coming and going of strange and foreign fantasies, have left my mind ajar, and it swings to and fro in the wind of various opinions. I have been looking at the old Northern Sagas, and thinking of a series of ballads or a romantic poem on the deeds of the first bold viking who crossed to this western world, with storm-spirits and devil-machinery under water. New England ballads I have long thought of. This seems to be an introduction. I will dream more of this.

4th. Went to town to dine with Pitt Fessenden.[1] Passed the remainder of the day with him, and went to the play in the evening. An old English comedy, with all its caricature, — farce on a large scale. In the English comedy the Somersetshire peasant is peculiar. Into his mouth are put all the wise saws and moral precepts. He is not like the *gracioso* in the Spanish comedy, but answers to that character.

6th. Went to see Fessenden again. Afternoon with Bridge and Hawthorne. Tea at Hillard's. Mr. Hedge[2] there, and Miss Peabody. Walked home alone, under a most beautiful moon.

8th. A gloomy kind of a day. I am prodigiously low-spirited, and in no humor for writing; though to-

[1] William Pitt Fessenden, his townsman and fellow-collegian, afterward Member of Congress and Secretary of the Treasury.

[2] Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge, then of Bangor; afterward Professor of German Literature in Harvard College.

morrow's lecture is not yet finished, and what I have written seems worthless. I am in doubt whether to deliver it or pass on to Dante, which I have ready.

At sunset walked to town. Felt revived. Determined not to finish writing my lecture, but to close extempore.

11th. Forenoon, hearing the German classes. I get much interested whenever I go, and must go oftener. At noon walked to town. Met Prescott hobbling along the street, and went home to dine with him. Had a very delightful symposium. Looked over his fine library. Then walked down Beacon Street to Cambridge, under one of the most glorious twilights ever sent from heaven to earth.

17th. A hot, summer-like day, which I passed upon a sofa, reading Dante's *Inferno*. In the evening met the Nortons at Mrs. E.'s. Whist, of course. —— came in and scowled and growled. He does not play whist. At night the whole air full of fragrance from the fresh cherry-blossoms.

18th. Raining, and the birds shrieking! The storm will thresh all the blossoms from the trees. Where do the birds hide themselves in such storms? At what firesides do they dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great sun, to-morrow, — not before; they must sit in wet clothes till then.

19th. Went to town to dine, with Felton. Had a quiet *recherché* dinner at the Albion. Afterwards walked in the Mall in the cool of the evening. Met —— with a pretty young friend in black. Why don't all ladies wear black, like the Spanish? Passed the evening with Hillard and Felton at Allston's.

20th. How glorious these spring mornings are! I sit by an open window and inhale the pure morning air and feel how delightful it is to live! Peach, pear, and cherry trees are all in blossom together in the garden.

From Dr. N. H. Julius.

HAMBURG, May 28, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have just received your kind letter. . . . To fulfil your wishes I order this moment my booksellers to procure for you a copy of Hoffmann's *Serapionsbrüder*. I shall send it to London to Mr. Ticknor, who will forward it to you. Since you left, a story very similar to the most phantastical and poetical works ever published in our language has made its appearance. It is *Gockel, Hinkel, und Gockelein*, by Clemens Brentano. On the whole I think it the most remarkable German poetical publication during the last twenty years.

My next letter to Mittermaier will fulfil your commands. My work on the Moral State of America, in two volumes, is just printing. I wish you may not be displeased with it. You complain of the want of Spanish books. Still, you would not find in the whole Union as many valuable works from Castile as in the libraries of Messrs. Ticknor and Prescott. My late friend De Faber, editor of the *Floresta des Rimas Antiguas*, in three volumes, and of the *Teatro Antiguo Español*, has left his whole collection of Spanish poetry to the Library of this city. It contains seventeen hundred volumes, collected during thirty years in times so troublesome that old heirlooms changed their masters.

It is very cheering to us to learn that you have lectured on *Faust*. You are in possession, I suppose, of all that has lately appeared in Germany on the subject. Are you acquainted with Mr. Marsh, in Burlington, Vermont? He is the most eminent Scandinavian scholar I have met with in America. This day I had a long, interesting letter from Mrs. Robinson [Talvi] who will pass some time in Dresden.

Very truly yours, JULIUS.

You know of course the Collection of *Eugenio de Ochoa*, in five volumes, now printing at Paris.

To his Father.

June 2, 1838.

Two days ago I had a proposition from the [Boston] Society of Useful Knowledge to deliver several lectures before them next winter. They offer me thirty dollars each. I am not sure that I shall not accept. I have almost given up the Portland plan. It does not promise much; and I fear would look like sponging, in these hard times.

Nothing can well surpass the beauty of Cambridge at this season. Every tree is heavy with blossoms, and the whole air laden with perfume. My residence here in the old Craigie House is a paradise; and occasionally I drive over to Brookline, where I have many friends from Boston, ruralizing. This, with the college engagements, makes a very pleasant life to lead. Only the winter is rather solitary; and we are to remedy that now, by a long vacation. We are henceforth to have only two terms and two vacations a year: the first vacation from middle of July to first of September, as now; the second, from middle of January to the beginning of March. In addition to this, the voluntary [elective] system is to be introduced into the classical department, after the Freshman year; and one step farther taken towards the *beau ideal* of a university. As to my own department, I know of no changes proposed.

June 7. The morning wholly consumed by callers. Read a part of Goethe's *Wahlverwandtschaften*, and wrote upon lecture on his character and works.

10th. Prodigiously hot. Lay upon the sofa, reading Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, — a very simple, singular, and beautiful poem.

22d. A thunderstorm is now sailing up majestically from the southwest with almost unbroken volleys of thunder. The wind seems to be storming a cloud-redoubt in gallant style, and marches onward with dust, and green banners of the trees waving, and rattle of musketry, and occasional heavy cannonading, and an explosion like the blowing up of a powder-wagon. In the midst of this a funeral has just gone by; — a dismal looking hearse with a convoy of six coaches, one carryall, and three chaises of the most antique pattern.

28th. At home, writing letters, and preparing to start for New York to-morrow. Read Balzac's *Femme Supérieure*, — a book of a good deal of wit, and sketches of character ably drawn.

July 26. No journalizing of late. I have been flitting to and fro; and tarrying for a while at Nahant, beside the sublime sea. Felton is married and happy, and lives in his own hired house. I sit at an open window this bright morning, and am also happy, though alone.

Wrote a 'Psalm of Life,' which I suppose will soon go into the Knickerbocker, or some other magazine.[1] Read a paper on Voltaire by Carlyle; truth, but not the whole truth. How far tolerance should go may yet be a question.

31st. Had a quiet dinner with Hillard at his house. In the evening, left in the steamer for Portland, through the fair harbor of Boston, amid the soft glories of a summer sunset.

August 1. *Portland.* At sunrise caught a glimpse of the fair city of my birth, rising beautifully in terraces

[1] He afterwards wrote, "I kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to show it to any one, it being a voice from my inmost heart at a time when I was rallying from depression."

above the sea, — the calm, solemn sea, that I have seen so often, and that Jean Paul longed to see once before he died. A glorious scene, with market boats rowing city-ward, rocks, promontories, light-houses, forts, and wooded islands. We saw the city first over the land, and a rude man at my elbow said, "That 'ere hill takes off the heft of the city."

2d. Weary and sleepy. In Beethoven Hall opposite, discordant musicians are practising loudly with drums and trumpet *obligato;* and in the rear, a circus, — the band playing "Zip Coon," and "Clar de Kitchen."

3d. Time passes rather idly; without study; reading now and then, and writing letters. We dine at one o'clock; then sit out-doors under the damson-trees, that form a bower. Therein is a bench, — part of a pew from the Old [First Parish] Church of yore. How many dull sermons that dull wood has heard! How many weary heads have rested upon the high, straight back! This bench and its fellows heard the wondrous eloquence of Parson Smith, when he "continued an hour and a half in prayer," and in his sermon "was all in a blaze." And now it stands under the plum-trees, and we sit upon it and smoke pipes after dinner. To such uses may church pews come at last!

5th. A hot Sunday, such as we used to have when I was a boy; only no fish at breakfast. Instead thereof, a letter from Charles Sumner, in the epistolary style general. Oh, give *details* of thy life, dear friend! and not generalities, which nowise satisfy.

The oft-repeated prayer, "we want rain," is answered. It is raining now, late at night; raining gently, — a most Christian rain. Calm and holy quiet is around, and thoughts of the departed, the ministering angels who so soon unfolded their immortal wings. How well they lived and died, — the holy ones!

To George W. Greene (in Rome).

PORTLAND, August 6, 1838.

Five or six days ago I received your very welcome letter, as I was leaving Cambridge for this city. It delighted me with its warm sympathies, and vexed me with its brevity. You must write me more in detail; and remember that a sheet of paper will hold a vast deal, if you only fill it full. The next time you write tell me what you had for breakfast, and who visits you; what Americans you see, and what you think of them; and what interesting Italians you know, and what new poet is putting his head above water. Make me also move in the living present about you. Where do you live; what kind of a house have you? Oh, I should ask you fifty thousand questions, if you were beside me. Only imagine these and answer them.

Your article on 'Romance in Italy' [in the North American] is the best thing I have seen of yours. And, in general, let me say, you have made a great stride forward in point of style. You are simple, forcible, and clear as noonday. Felton agrees with me. So don't be nervous, and quarrel with the American literary public, which is as good as anybody's literary public, — though the booksellers won't bite at Mr. ——.

You desire a newspaper. You shall have one soon. Mr. Cogswell, Sam. Ward, Mr. Sparks, and myself think of starting a new one in New York. The plan, however, is not yet ripe, and may come to nought [as it did]; particularly, as Cogswell will doubtless go to Europe again, on the following most agreeable footing. Old Mr. Astor has given the city of New York three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a public library; and Cogswell has the management of the matter, I believe, and will

doubtless be librarian and go forth to buy books. This may break up the plan.

Felton is married and safely boxed up in Cambridge, never probably to go abroad and smell the mortality of ruins in the Old World; which I, from my heart, regret. It would do him so much good. He is, however, perfectly happy, — just like a child with both hands full of flowers. He lives in a pretty, new-built house, about as large as a fly-cage.

My friend Charles Sumner will be with you in the spring. You will not fail to make much of him, as nature has done before you; for he stands six feet two in his stockings, — a *colossus* holding his burning heart in his hand, to light up the sea of life. I am in earnest. He is a very lovely character, as you will find, — full of talent; with a most keen enjoyment of life; simple, energetic, hearty, good; with a great deal of poetry and no nonsense about him. You will take infinite delight in his society, and in walking old Rome with him. And, moreover, he will tell you all things which I cannot write; and answer questions, which letters will not.

I live in a great house which looks like an Italian villa; have two large rooms opening into each other. They were once General Washington's chambers. I breakfast at seven on tea and toast, and dine at five or six, generally in Boston. In the evening I walk on the Common with Hillard, or alone; then go back to Cambridge on foot. If not very late, I sit an hour with Felton or Sparks. For nearly two years I have not studied at night, save now and then. Most of the time am alone; smoke a good deal; wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frock-coat, a black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society. The last year have written a great deal, enough to make volumes. Have not read much. Have a number of literary plans and

projects, some of which will ripen before long and be made known to you. I do not like this sedentary life. I want action. I want to travel. Am too excited, too tumultuous inwardly. And my health suffers from all this. My intimate friends are Felton, and Hillard, Mr. Sumner's partner in the law, a brilliant youth, and Cleveland, a scholar living at ease in Brookline. *Vide* Sumner's reports!

You see by the date of this that I am now in Portland. It is vacation. I go to Brunswick to-morrow. I have not been there since my return [from Europe].

8th. Professor Cleaveland[1] came from Brunswick, all in brown, with a white hat. Looks younger and fresher and happier than ever. Only the silver hairs streak his head with the twilight of old age.

13th. Returned from Brunswick, where I have been since Thursday last, — considering the time past, and seeing how in the village there all things move on "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow." Found a Frenchman waiting my return. He looks like a bird, and wants the vacant place in Cambridge. I fear he cannot have it.

14th. Cogswell[2] is here, and is truly a God-send. He is not yet appointed Librarian of *Astoria*. Passed the evening with him at C. S. Daveis's.

17th. The great event of this day has been a hard trot on the Judge's horse, — a tremendous animal, that shook my heart into my mouth at every step. Inhuman beast! In future I shall be more chary of my promises to ride with ladies.

19th. Dr. Nichols preached two striking sermons, with material enough in them for a dozen small clergymen.

[1] Parker Cleaveland, of Bowdoin College; one of the earliest writers on Mineralogy in America.

[2] Joseph Green Cogswell was the first Librarian of the Astor Library in New York.

20th. Gone, and left no trace. I grow weary of doing nothing, and grow impatient. How horrible it must be to rust, as in prison!

21st. Walked with Cogswell and discussed the proposed paper. Evening at Mrs. Wingate's. Large, well-lighted rooms, and beautiful girls enough.

September 2. *Cambridge.* Once more the ever welcome and ever glorious autumn. On the trees are no longer leaves only, but brown fruits. On the bushes no longer blossoms, but clusters of red berries. And the wind has a rough manliness in its voice, — not the tone of a lover, but of a husband.

To his Father.

September 2, 1838.

The Commencement week is over, and things begin to assume their wonted course. The new order of things begins to-morrow. My German is here, but I have not yet selected a Frenchman. I shall therefore take the French class, for the present, under my own charge.

The Phi Beta oration was by Mr. Stetson, a clergyman of Medford, and was very good. He is somewhat of a Transcendentalist, and a friend of Emerson. By the way, Mr. Emerson's sermon before the Theological class, which created such a sensation, has been published. I will send you a copy. A critique upon it, by Mr. Norton, has appeared in the Daily Advertiser, with answer and rejoinder. You will see this controversy in your paper. This is the newest matter on foot, and the most talked about.

Mr. Tellkampf proposes to pass the winter in Boston, and deliver a course of lectures on the various schools of German philosophy. I think the plan very good, as at the present moment the minds of the reading, lecture-going people in this quarter are much excited on the subject. Mons. Picard also proposes to lecture in Boston, in

the French language. I have encouraged him so to do. There are so many who would understand him, or would like to have it thought they could.

3d. College arrangements. Difficult setting the great wheels in motion, and the little wheels within wheels.

8th. Moped and groped about, unwell. Dejected, — no sunshine in the soul. Cannot bring my mind to work. Prepared introductory lecture on Faust for Monday.

9th. The choir at church to-day absolutely howled, instead of singing; all harsh and out of tune. Important! but who likes to sit in those narrow pews with his knees crooked, and then have every nerve in him quiver in agony?

10th. Perhaps the worst thing in a college life is this having your mind constantly a playmate for boys, — constantly adapting itself to them, instead of stretching out and grappling with *men's* minds.

11th.

Was heute nicht geschieht ist morgen nicht gethan,

says Goethe, —

What to-day is not a-doing
Is to-morrow still undone.

12th. Lecturing is all well enough, and in my history is an evident advance upon the past. But now one of my French teachers is gone; and this dragooning of school-boys in lessons is like going backward. I do not like it, yet it makes the weeks whirl by at an incredible rate.

13th. Looked over my notes and papers for Hyperion.[1] Long for leisure to begin once more.

[1] This is the first mention of it in the Journal.

Sparks passed the evening with me. We discussed the professorship of History which has been offered him. We all hope he will accept.

14th. First lecture on Lope's *Estrella de Sevilla.* If I can only interest the youngsters in this, and make them see the beauties more than the defects! At sunset drove with Rölker to Mr. Cushing's, where was a musical party. We strolled through the gardens till dark. Then music, then supper, with great store of fruits.

15th. A glorious morning; bright, and not too warm. Drove with Mrs. Eliot to Milton Hill, to see the Follens.[1] Found them buried in trees, in complete solitude and seclusion. The broad-fronted German is writing a book on the soul.

Milton Hill commands a grand prospect, over villages, fields, forests, and the city, to the great sea itself, stretching blue and vapory beyond.

27th. Wrote a chapter in Hyperion. But I am so interrupted that my mind does not get into full play. Patience! there must be drawbacks in everything.

28th. Fridays, I lecture on the Spanish drama: at present, *La Estrella de Sevilla,* with comparisons between it and Fanny Kemble's play, The Star of Seville.

October 1. Oh, what glorious, glorious moonlight nights! I never beheld in Italy aught more passing fair. The river in the meadow in front of my house spreads out into a silver lake, and the black shadows lie upon the grass like engravings in a book. Autumn has written his rubric on the illuminated leaves. The wind turns them over and chants, like a friar.

[1] Dr. Charles Follen, a German exile for liberty, had been Professor of German Literature in Harvard College, and was afterward a clergyman. He perished in the burning of the steamboat Lexington on Long Island Sound, in 1840.

3d. Passed the evening at Dr. Beck's with Rölker, singing German songs. We then had whist and a supper. The songs ring in my ears still: —

"Es ist mir alles eins
Ob ich Geld habe oder keins!"

and the sweet song beginning —

"Wenn ich durch die Strassen ziehe
Recht wie Bursch im Saus und Braus."

4th. Worked a little, though with many interruptions, at Hyperion. Beautiful is now the harvest moon, set like a ruby in the horizon's ring.

5th. It is an old saying that men laugh in many ways, but cry in only one. This is an excellent hint for an author to bear in mind.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

SALEM, October 12, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR, — It is a dreadfully long time since we have collogued together. I have been rambling about since the middle of July till within a week or two past, and have had such a pleasant time as seldom happens to a man of my age and experience. Meantime how comes on the Boy's Wonder-Horn? Have you blown your blast; or will it turn out a broken-winded concern? I have not any breath to spare just at present, yet I think it a pity that the echoes should not be awakened far and wide by such an admirable instrument. I suppose it would require only a short time to complete the volume, if we were to set about it in good earnest.

From Boston to Salem (as from the sublime to the ridiculous) it is but a step now-a-days. Suppose you come down shortly? Or I would meet you in Boston any pleasant day next week. Have you given up your plan of

lecturing here? If you say the word, I will set in motion all the machinery over which I have any control. . . . And I will puff, puff, puff, in the newspapers, till you shall blush as red as any rose.

Truly your friend,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

13th. Dined at Mr. Abbott Lawrence's. A grand dinner, with exquisite wines. John Quincy Adams, Governor Everett, Sparks, Palfrey, Ticknor, and others of note were present. But nobody got upon his hobby, and the spirit rather flagged. Why could not some of the "big bugs" have shown his wings? What is the use of freezing together?

17th. Face swollen with tooth-ache; look like King Henry VIII. A working day in college. Have I been wise to give up three whole days [in the week] to college classes? I think I have; for thus I make my presence felt here, and have no idle time to mope and grieve.

18th. Wrote a chapter in Hyperion. Thus slowly goes on the work. Well or ill, I must work right on, and wait for no happier moments. This is a glorious autumn day. The coat of arms of the dying year hangs on the forest wall, — as the coat of arms on the walls of a nobleman's house in England, when he dies.

22d. Neglected record of a mind neglected,
Unto what "lets and stops" art thou subjected!
The day with all its toils and occupations,
The night with its reflections and sensations,
The future, and the present, and the past, —
All I remember, feel, and hope at last,
All shapes of joy and sorrow, as they pass, —
Find but a dusty image in this glass.

To George W. Greene (in Rome).

October 22, 1838.

An hour or two ago I had the pleasure — the great and infrequent pleasure — of receiving a letter from you, who have the heart to answer my long letters by little short things which rather deserve the name of billets. Write closer. *Serrez vos rangs.* Crowd the words. Don't write as if you lived next door. And now open your heart and hold it open by the four corners while I pour into it "all thoughts, all passions, all delights" which fill my own. . . .

I labor and work right on with what heart and courage I may. I do a great deal in college, and devote my hours to literature, and "by the vision splendid am on my way attended." As soon as I can bring my mind to bear upon a single point with any effect, I mean to write something that you shall hear of in distant Italy, — if in no other way, by a letter from me!

This morning, as I was sitting at breakfast, a gentleman on horseback sent up word that I should come down to him. It was Prescott, author of Ferdinand and Isabella. He is an early riser and rides about the country. There on his horse sat the *great author.* He is one of the best fellows in the world, and much my friend; handsome, gay, and forty; a great diner-out; gentle, companionable, and modest; quite astonished to find himself so famous.

I shall see Hawthorne to-morrow. He lives in Salem, and we are to meet and sup together to-morrow evening at the Tremont House. Your health shall be remembered. He is a strange owl; a very peculiar individual, with a dash of originality about him very pleasant to behold. How I wish you could be with us! *Ach,* my beloved friend, when I one day sit with you in Italy again,

with nothing on the snow-white table-cloth save bread still whiter, and fruit, and that most delicate wine, — in "beakers full of the warm South" will we pledge the happy present time, and those sorrows and disappointments which are our schoolmasters. And it shall be an overflow of heart under the light of evening lamps, which have so long beheld my countenance sorrowful and sad that they know not how it looks when gay. . . . Sumner is the nearest and warmest thing I can send you. When you have him you will think you have me, he can tell you so much of me.

There is not much stirring in the literary world. A huge satire in octavo, with great parade of Greek and Latin erudition in the notes, has just appeared; and all this to annihilate two New York editors, — Colonel Stone and Mr. King. The Vision of Rubeta is the title. A new American novelist has arisen; his name is Professor Ingraham. He is author of The Pirate of the Gulf, — dedicated to me, but without permission, — and The Sieges. He is tremendous — really tremendous. I think he may say that he writes the worst novels ever written by anybody. But they sell; he gets twelve hundred dollars apiece. Kennedy, author of Swallow Barn, and Horse-shoe Robinson, has a new novel in press. Willis has bought a farm on the Susquehanna, and writes plays for Miss Clifton, and letters for the New York Mirror, and the text to Views of American Scenery. We do not correspond, though he is very pleasant when we meet. In this quarter of the world, *lecturing* is the fashion. Mr. Combe, the Scotch phrenologist, is in Boston, well attended; and English Mr. Buckingham, the traveller, lecturing on Egypt. He gets three hundred dollars for each lecture. Also Mr. Emerson, a clergyman, with New Views of Life, Death, and Immortality; author of *Nature*, and friend of Carlyle. He is one of the finest lecturers I ever heard, with

magnificent passages of true prose-poetry. But it is all *dreamery*, after all.

You ask about my library. It improves slowly. I have not much money to spend upon it, or I should delight to send you a *carte blanche* for Italian books. Have you seen Rossetti's work, *Sullo Spirito Antipapale?* Probably not. Such a book would make the earth quake in Italy. It is written in a grand, smashing style; but is full of strange notions. I think it improves an Italian amazingly to breathe the air of England or America. If a blast or two of the North had breathed through the soul of Pellico and aired his sentimentality, he would never have written that soft, sweet book. There would have been some thunder, and not all tears.

Enough for to-night. Now I shall go to bed; for I am suffering dismally, and have been for a fortnight past, with a swollen jaw.

23d. This is a glorious autumnal morning, like the winter mornings which used to shine into our parlor in the Piazza Madama. If you can pick up that magnificent great plan of Rome by —— I wish you would buy it for me. One of them hangs in a friend's entry here. I never go into the house without stopping to look at it. I should like also the *Poeti Lirici Italiani*, which Goodwin brought home, — a bound copy. I never buy books unbound now-a-days. I am too poor. The binding costs more than the books, I find. I give you this advice gratis, about binding. The rest of the letter is to M.

My dear M., though I never write to you, I think of you often. The little bronze chapel with the *cerino*, which in days long past you gave my wife as a souvenir, stands always on my table and reminds me of the happy days now gone forever. The time has come to me, which sooner or later comes to every one, to suffer and be silent;

and so shall it be. I trust that in Rome you are very happy. I remember what a Roman lady once said to me, as we sat together at evening among the ruins of Cæsar's palace and saw the sun set, with the Coliseum before us, — "How can any one live out of Rome? I should wish once a year to behold this scene; else I should die." Does not that sound *Roman*tic? I thought it very fine at the time. I always liked the city, as Greene knows, and hope one day to see it again. But when? alas, when? Pray how do you employ your time? It was always a wonder to me what ladies do with their time. I hope G. keeps in good spirits. If ever his impatient spirit makes him restless and unhappy, tell him from me that it is folly to vex himself about the future. Live in the present. I find no other way of keeping my nerves quiet than this, — namely, to do with all my might whatever I have to do, without thinking of the future, in which most people live. Don't blame me for preaching, nor for writing you so short a note. It is only a *forget-me-not.*

23d. Worked at Hyperion again. Wrote chapter six of Book IV., — a touch at philosophical *dreamery.* But I have so many interruptions! No matter, — onward! If it be but one chapter a week it would complete the book within a year. That's too long.

24th. After lessons, toward evening, went to Boston to meet Hawthorne at supper, but he had just gone back to Salem. He could not have received my letter. Passed therefore a dull evening all alone, reading Nicholas Nickleby and the newspapers. My 'Psalm of Life' seems to take effect here and there. This is a great pleasure, to see the working of it upon other minds.

25th. At breakfast with the editor of the Democratic Review; a delicate, refined-looking personage. I cannot believe he is at heart a *radical.*

26th. First lecture on Calderon. After all, I pray a benediction on *drudgery.* It occupies my thoughts and takes the fever out of my blood and keeps me from moping too much. But the time speeds away almost too fast. I cannot say to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art so fair;" but I say, "Drive not too fast, O Time!"

27th. I said to myself this morning, as I rose and saw "the imprisoning rain," To-day at least I have leisure, and will give it to my Romance. But, as has often happened to me on such occasions, I passed the morning in listless inactivity, and my mind said, "To-day is holiday and I will not work; get you another slave."

The Five of Clubs dined at Felton's. We stayed till ten. A pleasant time, without any prodigality of wit. Wrote a long letter to Sumner.

28th. *Sunday.* Henry Ware preached a good sermon on the character of Christ, which is wonderful, even if looked upon as a mere human character. Wherever touched, sweet and refreshing waters flow therefrom, — words that encourage, deeds that cheer and make us hopeful, trustful.

29th. After Faculty-meeting, went to work on Hyperion, and wrote half of chapter eight, Book II.; namely, the last night at Heidelberg Castle.

30th. After breakfast wrote the remainder of chapter eight; then drove with Felton to Pine Bank to dine with Cleveland. A pleasant dinner; got home late and was so sleepy I could hardly keep my eyes open. Nevertheless, ran over my Faust lecture. Talked with Felton and Cleveland about setting up a newspaper in Boston, devoted to literature and general intelligence.

31st. The newspaper prints itself upon my imagination. I have already published several numbers, and have a large subscription list. Ha, cheating Fancy! I know your old tricks, and this time you shall not catch me.[1]

November 5. I feel better these college work-days, when I can let my electricity off among my pupils, and, like Eugene Aram, with a great sorrow at my heart, "sit among the urchins in the school." Activity, — constant, ceaseless activity, — this is what I need. . . . A rainy day, and now a rainy night, — for a chapter in Hyperion! Let me see what I can do at a dash! Come out of thy drawer, thou thin, marbled portfolio. Open thy lips, and speak of Heidelberg and the Baron!

And out of this flourish came nothing but revision of my work, and meditation. And as I sat and meditated deep into the night, I resolved to suppress one entire book; namely, St. Clair's Day-Book.[2]

6th. The work of changing and remodelling began, and prospered well enough. Thus passed the morning. At noon went into town to dine with ——. Oh, I was dull enough!

8th. A rainy day. Passed the greater part of it at work upon Hyperion, retouching and writing. Wrote a new chapter one to Book III.; namely, the short chapter on Spring.

10th. Company till noon. Felton, and a Pole, — young, gallant, and poor. He wishes to get French classes. What a fate! After they had gone, sat down to Hyperion. Went without my dinner and wrote till dark; the Baron and Heidelberg; and the arrangement of the last chapter of Book I. The first volume is now ready for the press.

[1] This project was never carried out.

[2] His hero was at first named *Hyperion*, afterward *St. Clair*, finally *Paul Flemming*.

12th. Election day, and no lectures. Went down to vote from sacred sense of duty. Tea at Professor Greenleaf's. Then Faculty-meeting. Then supper at my rooms, — Felton, Peirce, and Rölker. Sat till midnight.

13th. Have not accomplished much to-day. Dreamed over Hyperion, the second volume, and arranged the outline in my mind. Open with a description of summer, forming chapter one. In the evening thought over my last lecture on Faust, for to-morrow.

December 6. A beautiful holy morning within me. I was softly excited, I knew not why; and wrote with peace in my heart and not without tears in my eyes, 'The Reaper and the Flowers, a Psalm of Death.' I have had an idea of this kind in my mind for a long time, without finding any expression for it in words. This morning it seemed to crystallize at once, without any effort of my own. It would seem as if thoughts, like children, have their periods of gestation, and then are born whether we will or not.

7th. In the afternoon, copied 'The Reaper' for the Knickerbocker, having in the morning received a letter from Clark.[1] Added two stanzas. Dissatisfied with them and struck them out; leaving the piece as it came from my mind yesterday in a gush.

9th. *Sunday.* I have a mighty cold, and think I will stay at home, for there is a tremendous wind blowing; and through the bare trees it sounds like the wind at sea. Read the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; a work full of excellent life-maxims, though the views of life are too vapory. He tries to reconcile us to death by making life worthless.

10th. "Young Faculty-meeting" at Peirce's.[2] A pleasant time. Stayed till after midnight, with pleasant

[1] Lewis Gaylord Clark was editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine.

[2] Apparently, a social meeting of the younger professors.

discourse. These meetings are cheerful, and make one glad in the sober round of village life.

11th. Made my first appearance at a party this season. It was at Mrs. S. Appleton's. A very bright, beautiful affair.

12th. Could not work this morning. Wrote a page in Hyperion and could go no further. Walked to town and dined with Charles Amory, my usual resource.

18th. Contrived to write a short chapter in Hyperion; chapter eight, Book IV. Hope to get into train again soon, and go on gallantly as before. So much for breaks.

19th. Examinations [in college], and so no classes for me this morning. Sat in my chamber, cold and cheerless. The fire would not burn; and I could not write. Thought seemed to freeze in my inkstand. I must change my heroine's name. Now let me try, — the evening having come and the tall candles being lighted.

CHAPTER XX.

HYPERION, AND VOICES OF THE NIGHT. — LETTERS AND JOURNAL.

1839.

THE year 1839 was marked by the publication of Hyperion, the writing of which, — begun, as we have seen, in the autumn of 1838, — had occupied the winter's leisure.[1] With its fair paper and open pages, it was a handsomer book than usually appeared from the American press at that time. But its contents were more novel than its appearance. In vigor of thought and depth of feeling, in richness, sometimes exuberance, of style, it was an advance upon Outre-Mer. If that had slight traces of Irving's influence, this had reflections of German readings. And it introduced German literature to American readers, as Irving had made familiar to them old English customs. In Outre-Mer we had the fresh, joyous aspect of foreign nature and life, as seen by the impressible spirit

[1] Hyperion : a Romance. By the author of "Outre-Mer." New York : published by Samuel Colman, 8 Astor House, 1839. It was in two volumes, of 213 and 226 pages, in board covers of a pale olive color ; printed at the University Press, Cambridge.

of a happy and poetic youth. In Hyperion are the records of deeper experiences; nature looked at with more serious eye, — the thoughts and feelings and studies of youth still, but a riper and more deeply romantic youth. The love-story, which forms but a small part of the book, attracted in some quarters the largest interest. It came to be understood that the heroine was painted from life; the portrait was that of the lady who afterwards became his wife. He had met her, as we have seen, in Switzerland, had travelled with her for a fortnight there, and had renewed the acquaintance when the family returned to Boston in 1837. The portrait, the feelings recorded in the story are undoubtedly true. The incidents are imaginary. Into this romance the author put the glow, the fervor, the fever of his heart. He wove into it some pages of his own travels, modified, and some passages of literary criticism, as has been said, from his lectures. This Romance has a perennial charm for those who read it in their youth, and to whom it seemed the revelation of a new world. Many a phrase and passage remain fixed in their memories. More than one of them, in afterwards visiting Europe, has taken pains to follow the very steps of Paul Flemming; has sought out the very inns where he dined or slept, the Star at Salzig, the White Horse at Bingen; has turned aside to rest a Sunday at St. Gilgen, and read with his own eyes the inscription on the tablet above the dead which had become

a motto for his own life; has lingered with an inexplicable feeling, that seemed as if the memory of a previous existence, under the walnut-trees of Interlaken or the lindens that crown the Rent Tower of Heidelberg Castle, — looking "at all things as they are, but through a kind of glory," the glory with which poetry and romance indue a place even beyond history.

Hyperion was published in the summer. Late in the autumn Mr. Longfellow gave to the public his first volume of original poems, the Voices of the Night.[1] To his recent poems, collected from various magazines and papers, he added a selection of five of his early poems, — all that he wished to acknowledge of those contributed in his college days to the Literary Gazette. These he followed with the translations of French and German poems which had appeared in Outre-Mer and Hyperion, including the Manrique monody. He prefixed a Prelude, in which he shadowed the change of feeling and thought between the earlier and later poems,[2] and a 'Hymn to the Night,' justifying the title of the book; and added an *Envoi* referring to the three divisions of the book, — the Voices, the Earlier Poems, and the Translations.

[1] Voices of the Night. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Cambridge: published by John Owen, 1839. It was a 16mo of 144 pages, in light olive colored boards. Large paper copies were printed of the third edition in 1840.

[2] Dr. O. W. Holmes afterward spoke of the charming and subtle metrical effect produced by the omission of a syllable from the beginning of the fifth line of each stanza in this Prelude.

tablet in the chapel wall opposite. this singular inscription;

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is time. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him, as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; Death was no longer there.

To his Father.

January 3, 1839.

I write only to wish you all a happy New Year, and to say that I am well and very busy. The Bostonians have renewed the old-fashioned Assemblies. The first was held on the last night of the year. Your friend Wm. Sullivan is head-manager. He figured in a white cravat, and a *chapeau-bras* with a black silk cockade. Daniel Webster shone conspicuous in tights, and Mrs. —— in the diamonds of her predecessor. Old people danced who had not danced for years beyond the memory of man; and some looked like the stone figures in the French drama, which got up from the tombs one night in an old cathedral and danced the Old Year out — of countenance. The ball, however, was beautiful, and went off well. It makes some excitement in town; and those who cannot get in try to laugh at it, and call it the Boston Almack's.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Salem, January 12, 1839.

My dear Longfellow, — I was nowise to blame for going down the steps of the Tremont almost at the moment that you were coming up, inasmuch as I did not receive your letter appointing the rendezvous till I reached Salem that evening. Those little devils in your hollow teeth had made you oblivious, and caused you to carry the epistle in your pocket at least a week before putting it in the post-office. But never mind; for, please God, we will meet in future often enough to make up for lost time. It has pleased Mr. Bancroft (knowing that what little ability I have is altogether adapted to *active* life) to offer me the post of Inspector in the Boston custom-house; and I am going to accept it with as much confidence in my suitableness for it as Sancho Panza had in his gubernatorial qualifications. I have no reason to

doubt my capacity to fulfil the duties, for I don't know what they are. . . . They tell me that a considerable portion of my time will be unoccupied, the which I mean to employ in sketches of my new experiences, under some such titles as follow: 'Passages in the Life of a Custom-house Officer,' 'Scenes in Dock,' 'Nibblings of a Wharf-Rat,' 'Trials of a Tide-waiter,' 'Romance of the Revenue Service;' together with an ethical work, in two volumes, on the subject of Duties, — the first volume to treat of moral and religious duties, and the second of duties imposed by the revenue laws, which I already begin to consider as much the most important class! . . .

I received a letter the other day from Bridge, dated at Rome. I wish some one of the vessels which are to be put under my command would mutiny, and run away with the worshipful Inspector to the Mediterranean. Well, I have a presentiment that I shall be there some day.

I shall remove to Boston in the course of a fortnight, and, most sincerely, I do not know that I have any pleasanter anticipation than that of frequently meeting you. I saw Mr. Sparks some time since, and he said that you were thinking of a literary paper. Why not? Your name would go a great way toward insuring its success; and it is intolerable that there should not be a single belles-lettres journal in New England. Whatever aid a custom-house officer could afford should always be forthcoming. By the way, The Inspector would be as good a title for a paper as The Spectator.

Yours truly,

NATHL. HAWTHORNE.

To his Father.

NEW YORK, January 26, 1839.

I have got thus far on my way to Washington, and shall remain here three days longer. My New York

friends are so very attentive that I find it impossible to get away so soon as I expected. Last evening I was at a supper-party at Mr. Stevens's. Dr. Wainwright, Prof. McVickar, and Mr. Gallatin[1] were there. Gallatin is the funniest old gentleman I have seen for many a day; very antique in his dress, with a great nose and a brown wig. He is seventy-eight years old, and has not yet got rid of his French accent.

This evening I go to General Tallmadge's, and afterwards to Chief Justice Jones's; and dine there to-morrow; and have already engagements for Monday and Tuesday. You see I am very busy.

To his Father.

WASHINGTON, February 9, 1839.

I have been already a week in this city, and have seen and heard a great deal. The Commodore[2] and his family are all well, and make me as comfortable and as much at home as possible. In the Senate I have heard some of the best speakers, — Preston, Clay, and Benton and Calhoun. Yesterday Mr. Clay made a great speech on abolition, which I shall not report, as you will see it in the papers. It was highly interesting. Some tears were shed, a part of which came from his own eyes. His voice reminded me of Dr. Channing. I heard also John Sergeant in the Supreme Court; and Mr. Webster told me he should argue a case there on Saturday. I think I have been very fortunate.

I called to see the President [Van Buren] last evening. The Commodore introduced me and a Bostonian. We found him sitting in his elegant parlor with Mr. Silas

[1] Albert Gallatin, the Genevan, who came to America in 1780, and afterward filled many important public offices here. He died in 1849.

[2] His uncle, Commodore Alexander Scammel Wadsworth.

Wright, one of the "Kitchen Cabinet" [the President's unofficial advisers]. We talked about the weather, the comparative expense of wood and coal as fuel, and the probability that as the season advanced it would grow milder! We stayed fifteen minutes, — the Commodore beginning to show symptoms of impatience at the end of ten. We took him home, and then called upon Judge Story, who received us very kindly and sent for all the judges of the Supreme Court to come down and see us. So down they came, and sat all in a row in front of the fire. I could hardly believe my eyes when I beheld these men, — so raw and rusty! What an inferior-looking set! — and that one of these should have been put over Judge Story! Ye gods! it doth amaze me! I find it very pleasant here, and shall stay a week longer.

To his Mother.

Boston, February 27, 1839.

. . . You will see by the date that I have returned from Washington. I had a very delightful visit; never was more affectionately received and entertained than by the Commodore and his wife, and was at home with them and the neighborhood in five minutes. I was delighted with the warm welcome, and the warm weather, and passed fifteen days much to my satisfaction. We often wished we could take you from the cold northern blasts and let you breathe the southern sunshine Aunt L—— is a very lovely woman. She has bound me to her with cords of love; and moves on so gently and peacefully through this world of troubles that one cannot be with her and not feel something of the quiet influence. One has pleasant company enough in Franklin Row and the neighborhood.

And now the vacation is over, and I am going to work again after all this play.

March 6. I am weary and sick to-night. College duties called me from my bed before daylight. I hate such over-early rising. The apparition of a tall negro with a lantern in my bedroom at such a holy hour disturbs the morning vision. Breakfast at six is intolerable. The great red sun looked through the window curtain and seemed to say, "Come on, my little man, the day is ours!" I have been bewildered all day, and am now as sleepy as a child. A benediction on such early rising! It needs one. Shall I have no more glorious midnights? Shall I creep to bed at nine stuffed with daylight, like a drowsy peasant "stuffed with distressful bread"?

To Samuel Ward.

March 11, 1839.

After all, Cambridge delighteth my heart exceedingly. I have fallen upon books with a most voracious appetite; and have already devoured since my return three or four comedies of Molière, a strange work on the Millennium, twelve cantos of the Faery Queen, a Greek tragedy, the Life of Cheverus, some cantos of Dante, part of Nicholas Nickleby, portions of Fairfax's Tasso (a grand book), and a good many of Goethe's minor poems. There was once a man who took a fancy to see the quantity and quality of food he devoured in a day, and put into a milk-pan the same amount of the same things which he ate. The odd mixture — this *ambigu* — rather startled him; and I am quite startled at this heterogeneous mass which I have put into my brain-pan. What have you put into yours?

Nothing new in Boston, except an *old* painting by Allston, just brought to light and for show. A beautiful fancy-sketch; two girls, — one from Titian, the other his own *dreamerie*. They talk of getting up an exhibition of all his paintings, for his benefit. He needs it. O ye gods! how hard a fate! This old painting, which he loved and

cherished as a child of his youth, and valued at fifteen hundred dollars, he has been obliged to part with for five hundred.

Anglo-Saxon book and music for your sister Julia, as soon as I can find an opportunity.

Liegt dir Gestern klar und offen,
Wirkst du heute kräftig frei,
Kannst auch auf ein Morgen hoffen
Das nicht minder glücklich sei.[1]

— *Goethe.*

To his Father.

March 18, 1839.

I am working pretty hard in college. I have three lectures a week, and recitations without number. Three days in the week I go into my class-room between seven and eight, and come out between three and four, — with one hour's intermission. The other days are consumed in preparation, and in doing the usual small matters which every man has to do, with the usual interruptions. However, I like it very well; and *am* very well, and very happy; and have nothing in particular to annoy me. The season is opening beautifully, and everything smiles.

. . . Richard Derby's fancy-ball went off brilliantly. I did not attend; not wishing to figure in fantastic robes. I am so busy that I am obliged to give up society for the present. Besides, I am quite too comfortable here in this *château* of a Craigie House.

26th. A lovely morning. Sat at home and wrote a third Psalm of Life ['Footsteps of Angels'], which I

[1] Lies thy yesterday all clear and open,
Workest thou to-day with vigor free,
Then may'st thou look forward to a morrow
That shall surely no less happy be.

began long ago, but could never rightly close and complete till now. The beginning was written more than a year ago, and is copied under date of February 27, 1838; though, if I remember, I composed it a year earlier, even. In the afternoon I carried it to Felton and left it with him. He came up in the evening and said that he had read it to his wife, who "cried like a child." I want no more favorable criticism than this.

27th. In the evening Dr. Follen's second lecture, on Pantheism. All I remember of it is the maxim of the old Mystics, — "Sitting still is better than running; sleeping, better than waking; and death, better than all."

28th. Fast Day. Have been at work upon a paper for the North American, on the French Language in England, till my head aches. I would rather write psalms.

April 5. Confined to my chamber with a bad cold and feverish unrest. Worked at Hyperion, like a hero. The weather lovely beyond the season; summer air and open windows; only a fire to remind me that it is not yet summer.

6th. An exact counterpart of yesterday; and I at work upon my Romance, — changing and arranging and writing out various portions. Wrote the last chapter, though others remain to be written.

To his Father.

April 7, 1839.

I never knew such a spring in America. It is quite Italian; and makes one almost believe, with Mr. Amos, that the Millennium is coming. . . . The storm of war [on the North-Eastern Boundary] seems, indeed, already to have blown over; and people here think the affair will be peaceably settled. The Great Western is expected today, and we shall soon see what effect the warlike manifestations of Governor Fairfield [of Maine] have produced in England.

We have here a plague which troubles us more than war, pestilence, or famine; namely, *canker-worms*, which devour the largest trees, — I mean the leaves. The fine elms round the Craigie House were entirely stripped last year, and the worms came swinging down on long threads into all the windows. This year I am putting everything in operation to prevent their climbing. I have *Lynched* all the trees, — that is, *tarred* them; renewing it every night, and inspecting in the morning, to see that no rascally bug has escaped his impending doom. I hope next summer to be able to sit in the shade, without being covered with creeping things, and brought daily, like Martin Luther, before a Diet of Worms. Are you plagued to death with these creatures? I do not remember seeing any in Portland. In college everything is quiet and tame enough; and the students very industrious.

To his Father.

April 14, 1839.

I am learning to write with a steel pen, so as to be ready for the Millennium. This is a specimen. I don't think I shall stand very high. It saves time, but spoils my hand, and makes me red with angry impatience as I write. However, having begun, I shall persevere to the end of this letter.

We have nothing new here; and I write this only to tell you I am well, and to show you what I can do with a steel pen. If the letter tires your patience as much as it has mine, I shall think the moral influence of steel pens very bad. Perhaps the fault lies in the paper. I should write a very savage criticism with such a pen as this.

After I have delivered fifteen more lectures, at the rate of three a week, I am coming down to see you, — probably about the first of June.

Give my *sharpest* regards to all, and believe me, with the greatest hatred of cold steel in every shape, yours affectionately.

19th. Felton dined with me to-day. After dinner we were looking over Horace. We were struck with the great similarity between his morality and Goethe's. For example, in the fine ode to Thaliarchus, how much like Goethe is this: —

> Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere; et
> Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
> Appone, nec dulces amores
> Sperne, puer, neque tu choreas.[1]

21st. Quite savage with dyspepsia. Took a stroll with my friend Mrs. E., and towards evening, with Hillard. He lent me a long letter from Charles Sumner [in Europe]. What a run the youth has had!

To Samuel Ward.

April 21, 1839.

I ought to have answered your letter sooner, and thanked you for the Spanish ballads, and for your excellent Address, which I read with very great pleasure. I should have thought it a very clear and spirited description of the Long Island affair, if Park Benjamin had not stepped in with his great light of criticism and showed me I was all wrong! Are you thin-skinned? I trust not. I have one excellent remedy on all such occasions, which I commend likewise to you. I never read what is written against me. Therefore it is to me as if it had never been written, and I am saved the momentary pang

[1] What may the morrow be shun thou to question;
Whate'er the days may bring make thou the best of;
Spurn not, O boy, the sweet loves, nor the dances.
—*Odes*, i. 9.

arising from abuse. I have had one or two occasions to try this during the last year, and find it perfectly successful. I mean to try it several times this year, so that any abuser may as well spare his ink, if he intends to disturb my equanimity. Try this, when you next hear your articles have been abused. I trust I need not say that I disagree with Benjamin about the article on 'Romance,' likewise. The only fault I can find with it is that it is not long enough; and it seems to me you might have gone deeper into the discussion of literature, considered as an art. However, you have made the beginning, and "*Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet.*"

You ask me to recommend an English book. Yes, my friend, — one which I have just been reading with infinite delight, namely, Spenser's Faery Queen; and then, after it, Wieland's Oberon, to see how heaven-wide they stand apart, and how vastly superior Spenser is. I have just done this. As to classics, Cogswell is a much better guide than I am. Still, if I may venture to advise, I should say, take Horace, — for fifty reasons which you will please to imagine. He is the Latin Goethe, — or rather (Spirit of the past, forgive me!) Goethe is the German Horace. He is my favorite classic, and whenever I quote Latin, which, as you very well know, is not often, I quote him; because his phrases *stick*. What a beautiful affair, for instance, is the *Ad Thaliarchum* Ode (I. 9), which I beg you to read after dinner to Dr. Francis. It contains all Goethe's philosophy, or nearly all; and half of what we now cry up as so wonderfully said by the German, was quite as well said some two thousand years ago by Horace.

There — the church bells begin to ring. Shall I go, or stay? Do you know, I seldom stay at home from church without thinking of that pretty little poem of Goethe, where he says a truant boy was chased over field and through forest by a church-bell!

P. S. — Can you give me some autographs of the French novelists and others? Pray make me a small collection, and I will send by some friend for them. Please inquire if there is any young Parisian who would be qualified to teach French here. I want some one to take charge of the classes, — a youth of spirit and a gentleman, — such as I have in German and Italian. If you can hear of such, please let me know.

22d. Almost crazed with this infernal firebrand burning my life out; namely, dyspepsia. It makes me irritable and unhappy. I must go to work and diet like a hermit.

23d. As yesterday; but sat and wrote in Hyperion after breakfast, till —— came in. The thread being snapped, I went to Fresh Pond, and sat an hour by the soft-plashing lakeside, and mused and sketched.

24th. I think I never translated or lectured worse than to-day, and no wonder. I have never felt such a total want of interest in everything.

From Baron von Ramm.

[The original is in German.]

Baltisport (Russia), $\frac{2}{8}$ April, 1839.

Most esteemed Friend, — A special chance gives me the opportunity by these lines to recall myself to your mind, and also to let you know into what corner of the earth you are to turn your thoughts, if for a moment you will favor me with your remembrance. . . . Some years already lie between the day when I so warmly took leave of you in never-to-be-forgotten Heidelberg and my lonely present. But the memory of that time of our friendly life together, — of the winter evenings which we passed with each other in intimate talk, and the glorious walks in spring-time through the country round Heidelberg, —

lives as fresh and warm in my soul as if we had parted only yesterday. Since then I have been again in Heidelberg, and for a longer time, and I continually thought with regret of you and our pleasant intercourse. May it have been at least sometimes the same with you, dear friend; may you not have quite forgotten me! . . . In the autumn of the same year in which you left Europe, after I had passed the summer with my sister at the Baths in Bohemia, I went alone to Paris and spent a very enjoyable winter. In May I was for some weeks in London, and the next winter I passed at Heidelberg. In the spring of 1838 I was obliged to make my long-postponed return home. It was hard for me to leave the beloved town, and I lived the last weeks entirely at the Castle, with the old gardener Winkler. Now behold me for eight months past installed upon my paternal acres as a very zealous manager of the estate. The house stands upon a high shore, and from my window I look out far over the lovely blue sea and upon every ship that passes to the Bay of Finland. This is my only entertainment, for I live in the greatest solitude. So I have ample leisure to think of the past and of old dear friends. If you knew how much interested I should be in all that concerns you, you would not need that I should entreat you to write me. Do take to heart my wish. Every year ships sail from Boston to Petersburg, and they generally stop at Baltisport.

And so farewell, my very dear friend, my companion of brighter days. Think with sympathy of your heartily devoted

J. von Ramm.

May 22. [After some weeks of illness.] I have not yet got out. Was in bed nearly all day, quite worn and exhausted. How many and various reflections I have made as I have been lying on my back. Read first volume

of Huet's Autobiography. He was Bishop of Avranches: and his interesting Life is full of sketches of the *savans* of the seventeenth century.

23d. I am amusing myself with Miss Austen's novels. She has great power and discrimination in delineating common-place people; and her writings are a capital picture of real life, with all the little wheels and machinery laid bare like a patent clock. But she explains and fills out too much. Those who have not power to fill up gaps and bridge over chasms as they read, must therefore take particular delight in such minuteness of detail. It is a kind of Bowditch's Laplace in the romantic astronomy. But readers of lively imagination naturally prefer the original with its unexplained steps, which they so readily supply.

24th. Felton comes and reads me his [translation of] Menzel's History of German Literature. A vigorous, live book, and most faithfully done into English. Told him of my plan of a heroic poem on the Discovery of America by the Northmen, in which the Round Tower at Newport and the Skeleton in Armor have a part to play. The more I think of it, the more I like it. [No epic came of this; only a lyric.]

To Samuel Ward.

May 30, 1839.

I should have written you sooner, but have been very unwell, confined to my chamber for a fortnight, and to my bed for several days. I have not been really *well* for a year past. I think I have overworked myself a little. This *pulling by the head* (as oxen do in some countries) is not conducive to health, I am persuaded.

How are *you?* What is the news with you? When does Morton of Morton Hope[1] make its appearance? Do

[1] A novel, — the first book of John Lothrop Motley, afterward so well known by his histories.

you know, I have this design: if I can get the sheets of the book, to write a notice for the July North American, provided the book is to appear *before* July, and provided, likewise, I can praise it heartily and warmly; . . . because I have no idea of doing such a thing unless I can praise it with a relish. Then I will most gladly; for it would be a grateful welcome to a young author to have *early* laudation. I am on very friendly terms with the author, and like him, and wish to do all I can to give him a fair start in the field.

June 4. Took steamboat last night and came back [from Portland]. Early breakfast in Boston; then to the Atheneum gallery. Fine collection; but as to "original Raphaels," that is quite out of my belief.

5th. Stepped back again into college labor and a rain-storm. A dripping, steaming fore-summer. Legions of canker-worms crawling all over creation.

6th. Sat down to prepare my lecture. Weary again already. When I am away I feel revived, but as soon as I see again these four green walls [of the study] and the printed pages, my spirit faints.

8th. Put into the printers' hands the first chapter of Hyperion. So now I am fairly embarked. Drove to Pine Bank to dine with Cleveland. He is panting to undertake some great historical work. Prescott's example will fire many and cause many "great works" to be written. I proposed to him the history of the Jews in the Middle Ages, which seemed to strike his fancy, and is really a grand subject.

10th. I think it exquisite to read good novels in bed with wax lights in silver candlesticks, — Disraeli's Vivian Grey, for example.

11th. Got the first proof sheet of Hyperion. It will look well.

12th. Hear that Schlesinger, the great pianist in New York, is dead. I shall hear him no more. *No more!* How those words sound like the roaring wind through melancholy pines! He was an exquisite musician; and from the ivory keys pressed overflowing harmonies, "like water from a sponge."

14th. Last night I slept but one hour and a half, from ten to half past eleven. Got up soon after four and went out for a bath. The bath house not open. There never was a more dismal wretch than I, as I stood on the Brighton bridge looking at the black current underneath. Cold, showery sunshine, and wet wind blowing.

To his Father.

June 16, 1839.

I have begun to print Hyperion, and have three men at work upon it, setting type. I hope to have it out in about a month; and shall, unless Colman delays. As to the *money* part of the business, he is to pay me three hundred and seventy-five dollars, by his notes, on the day of publication; said notes payable in three and six months. . . . At all events, I get the book very handsomely printed, and widely circulated; and this is a great point. As to its success, I am very sanguine. I look upon the work of my hands with a very complacent smile; and it will take a great deal of persuasion to convince me that the book is not good. This is my candid opinion.

Tarring the trees did not succeed with the canker-worms. On the ten magnificent elms which stand in front of my window, not one leaf is to be seen. All is as bare as in winter. We shall try again in autumn. They are talking seriously here of forming a Society for the Suppression of Canker-Worms, and making a regular crusade against them.

July 2. Printing Hyperion. I am nearly through the first volume, — at times remodelling, and introducing such new chapters as strike my fancy.

To Samuel Ward.

July 13, 1839.

It will not be in my power to leave Cambridge for a week or ten days. I cannot move an inch till Hyperion is out of press. We are now half through the second volume. I must bring you a copy with me. You will like it, because you will understand it with the heart as well as with the brain. I hope others will, likewise; for if the book does not succeed, will not the author — as an author — be *dished?*

Please tell Mr. Cogswell that his last Number [of the N. Y. Review] is excellent. Motley has said in it the best thing on Faust (so far as it goes) that I have ever heard or read. The French Revolution paper I like also exceedingly; even the placing Carlyle above Thiers as an historic scene-painter. Who wrote the interesting paper on Claudius? Capital! only no poetry, — none of those peculiar, racy, Charles-Lamb-like little pieces, and those quaint fancies; as, for example, in the 'Happy Peasant,' when he says, speaking of hay and harvests: —

> Oh, he who never hath seen this,
> He cannot understand;
> One takes God in the very act
> With blessings in his hand.

On Monday I shall be much less agreeably employed than in sailing down the Sound with you; namely, in my college examinations, which fall upon that day. So I must of necessity disappoint you.

To George W. Greene (in Rome).

July 23, 1839.

Three pages of fault-finding you call a letter. I don't. Find fault to your heart's content; but be more concentrated. There you are in Rome, with all the world marching and countermarching before you, and you have no more to say than if you were in East Greenwich. And when I want particulars about yourself, you laugh in my face, and then fill a whole page with broken columns, moonlight, and the Coliseum; as if I were a female cousin, and kept an album. This is not fair; I am regularly savage about it. Now having disgorged this crude mass, let us pass to more important matters. Is not Sumner a glorious youth? — with a halo round his head, as it were. His presence is beneficent, and we shall all await his return with fluttering impatience. A warm-hearted, manly fellow, and an ardent friend. I know you must have enjoyed his society.

I have written a Romance during this past year. The *feelings* of the book are true; the *events* of the story mostly fictitious. The heroine, of course, bears a resemblance to the lady, without being an exact portrait. There is no betrayal of confidence, *no real scene* described. *Hyperion* is the name of the book, not of the hero. It merely indicates that here is the life of one who in his feelings and purposes is a "son of Heaven and Earth," and who though obscured by clouds yet "moves on high." Further than this the name has nothing to do with the book, and in fact is mentioned only once in the course of it. I expect to be mightily abused. People will say that I am the hero of my own romance, and compare myself to the sun, to Hyperion Apollo. This is not so. I wish only to embody certain feelings which are mine, not to magnify myself. I do not care for abuse, if it is real, manly, hearty abuse.

All that I fear is the *laudatur et alget*, the damnation of faint praise; *that* I hope to avoid, this time.

. . . And now for American literature. Hillhouse is publishing a new edition of his poems. Prescott is writing a History of the Conquest of Mexico. —— has published a poem (?) — most rabid trash, trash with a tin pail tied to its tail. Yet Willis says, "If God ever made a poet, it is ——." Willis's *A l'Abri* is a collection of letters written from his country-seat on the Susquehanna, and published in the Mirror as 'Letters from under a Bridge;' very racy and beautiful. Hillard has in the press a new and beautiful edition of Spenser, with preface and notes by himself. Felton is busily at work upon a translation of Menzel's German Literature. He is doing it finely. New York is becoming more and more literary. It is also becoming a little less bigoted; Mr. Brooks, *ci-devant* Unitarian clergyman in Hingham, has been elected Professor of Botany in the New York University. Cooper, the novelist, is up to his arm-pits in law-suits, — libel cases against the editors of newspapers for abusing him. Decidedly a disagreeable individual! Bulwerism is dying out; Marryatism, ditto. Dickens reigns supreme as the popular writer. Bancroft has written a violent article against Goethe in the Christian Examiner. Washington Irving is writing away in the Knickerbocker, — old remnants, odds and ends about Sleepy Hollow and Granada. What a pity! A Miss Fuller has published a translation of "flunky" Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe. Dr. Bird, a new novel.

To his Father.

July 27, 1839.

In a couple of hours I shall be on my way to New York. It requires some nerve to move southward in such hot weather. I had much rather take the Portland

steamer. But I must attend to my affairs with Colman, for fear he should fail; and I must get a French instructor for next year.

The book [Hyperion] is finished. I expect some copies from the binder to-day. It is a very handsome book. I hope you will like it, and think it better than Outre-Mer, as I do.

I do not know how long I shall be gone. I have an invitation from my friend Sam. Ward in the city; another from Redhook on the Hudson; and a third from Washington Irving at Sleepy Hollow. I think it doubtful, however, whether I go farther than the city. I shall do pretty much as the spirit prompts at the moment.

I hope to come back in better trim than I go. I am a martyr to toothache; and for three months have not been free from it a day. It makes me feverish and uncomfortable.

To his Father.

New York, August 2, 1839.

Instead of going out this morning, I will sit down quietly and write you a letter. I am enjoying myself highly in this red-hot city; being very cool and quiet in the home of my friend Ward. We are keeping Bachelors' Hall, — the family having gone to Newport, and Mr. Cogswell, my friend Sam., and myself being the only persons left in this great palace of a dwelling. During the heat of the day, I sit at home in the cool, large rooms; and stroll out in the evening. So you need not fear cholera, nor yellow fever, whatever the papers may say.

How do you like Hyperion? My friends here are very extravagant in their praises; and if the public coincides with their judgment I shall be quite famous. It will be published next week.

By the way, I had yesterday the offer of a Professorship in the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa. I declined and recommended S——. Good climate, and two thousand dollars a year.

To his Father.

September 1, 1839.

Since my return I have received the following vote of the Corporation: "That it is *not* expedient to increase the number of instructors in Modern Languages, and that the Smith Professor ought to continue to give all instruction required in the French language."

Now the Smith Professor does not wish, nor intend, to do any such thing, if he can help it. At all events, if I stay I shall hit upon some way of shortening the time devoted to instruction in languages; or the labor will finish me before winter. . . . No doubt, if I could bring myself to give up all my time to the college, and not pursue any other study, I could get along very comfortably. But the idea of standing still, or of going backward, is not to be entertained by such an ardent temper as mine.

To his Father.

September —, 1839.

Hyperion attracts great attention; and excites very strong and opposite feelings. Some praise, and others condemn in no measured terms; and the book sells with a rapidity far beyond my expectations. I hear that a new edition will soon be called for; which, if so, will be a triumph, considering the nature of the book. People seem to be much puzzled about it, and some are quite angry because they cannot see through it as easily as their *a b c*. But I have the approbation of those whose approbation I most desire; and, of course, do not much care how others abuse. What delights me is that it calls forth very *strong*

and decided opinions. I am free for once from the *laudatur et alget*. I have organized my classes and the term begins under very favorable circumstances.

September 10. A glorious autumnal morning. I have, too, leisure to enjoy it. I could live very happily here if I could chain myself down to college duties and be nothing but a professor. I should then have work enough and recreation enough. But I am too restless for this. What should I be at fifty? A fat mill-horse, grinding round with blinkers on. But now, with my Meleager's firebrand, shall I reach fifty?

11th. I have taken to the Greek poets again, and mean to devote one hour every morning to them. Began to-day with Anacreon. What exquisite language! Why did I ever forget my Greek?

12th. I mean to publish a volume of poems, under the title of Voices of the Night. As old Michel Drayton says, —

> I will; yea, and I may!
> Who shall oppose my way?
> For what is he alone
> That of himself can say,
> He 's heire of Helicon?

13th. For a few days past I have been dipping at leisure moments into Egerton Brydges' Autobiography. An interesting book, showing how a man of real talent and love of literature may live a long life with a longing desire to do something great, and then "die and make no sign."

14th. Golden autumnal mornings! Bright shines the dewy sun; fresh and bracing is the air; crickets chirp in the grass; and *caw, caw,* sings the solitary distant crow. I will finish a letter to Charles [Sumner] and then go into town.

16th. Exhausted with labors in college. This will not do. It is too much for one's daily bread, when one can live on so little. I must learn to give up superfluous things and devote myself wholly to literature.

17th. Wrote an autumnal chant ['Midnight Mass for the Dying Year'], and did no more. Have great literary plans in my brain. First, I shall publish a collection of poems. Then, —

History of English Poetry.

Studies in the Manner of Claude Lorraine; a series of sketches.

Count Cagliostro; a novel.

The Saga of Hakon Jarl; a poem.[1]

18th. Another letter from New York, urging me to lecture there, and offering me two hundred dollars for three lectures. Shall I go?

19th. Completed the poem of 'The Beleaguered City.'[2] Sent the 'Autumnal Chant' to the Knickerbocker. At evening bathed in the river, — a magnificent bath, the sunset seeming to mingle with the water.

To his Father.

September 21, 1839.

My work here grows quite intolerable, and unless they make some change, I will leave them, — with or without

[1] None of these plans ever came to fruit, except the volume of poems.

[2] During his visit to his friend Ward, in New York, in August, strolling into the library one day after breakfast, he took carelessly from the shelf a volume of Scott's Border Minstrelsy, and opened at one of the notes, containing the tradition about the city of Prague upon which this poem is founded: "Similar to this was the *Nacht Lager*, or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague, but which disappeared upon the recitation of [certain] magical words." — *Introduction to the Tale of Tamlane.*

In the same note occurs the legend of the Luck of Edenhall.

anything to do. I will not consent to have my life crushed out of me so. I had rather live a while on bread and water. I feel, all the time, that I am doing wrong to stay here under such circumstances; though I know this is not *prudent*.

This week I have written two more psalms. One of them you will have in the next Knickerbocker; and the other, I know not when. Moreover, I am going to put to press a volume of poems without delay, — all my last pieces, and a selection from the earlier ones, together with translations.

October 1. Some one has made a savage onslaught upon Hyperion in the Boston Mercantile Journal. What care I? Not one straw. He has pulled so hard that he has snapped the bow-string. He seems to be very angry. What an unhappy disposition he must have, to be so much annoyed!

3d. A glorious day. Could not stay at home, but went alone to Fresh Pond. What a lovely lake it is, with the forest hanging round it, — like a mirror with a garland of oak-leaves! Took a boat and floated away, rocked in dreams.

4th. With what coarse contrast these constantly-recurring three days (*les Trois Jours*[1]) come crushing in! Poetic dreams shaded by French irregular verbs! I wish I were a free man!

5th. Wrote a new Psalm of Life. It is 'The Village Blacksmith.' Then went to town.

8th. Another golden autumnal morning. Translated Anacreon's 'Grasshopper,' — an exquisite ode. A dream-day.

[1] "*Les Trois Jours*" was a phrase applied to Parisian revolutions.

10th. Walked to town and passed the evening with Hawthorne in his attic. He is a grand fellow, and is destined to shine as "a bright particular star" in our literary heavens.

November 27. [Read in] Sir James Mackintosh's Life. Very interesting. What a life of projects, as he himself said. Reading and resolving passed his life away. Here is the moral, then, as the chorus chants it in the second part of Faust: —

> Säume nicht dich zu erdreisten,
> Wenn die Menge zaudernd schweift:
> Alles kann der Edle leisten
> Der versteht und rash ergreift.[1]

Read Byron's 'Prophecy of Dante,' which I think very ordinary, save the grand passage on Ariosto and Tasso in the third Canto. Then dined on bread and rice. Meditating what I shall write next. Shall it be two volumes more of Hyperion? or a drama on Cotton Mather? —

(Here a knock at the door, and a voice saying, "Are visitors admitted?" and then enter M. A. and Mr. Mackintosh.[2] He looks like the portrait of his father God speed you! A pleasant call, and now I am alone again.)

Cotton Mather? or a drama on the old poetic legend of *Der Armer Heinrich?*[3] The tale is exquisite. I have a heroine as sweet as Imogen, could I but paint her so. I think I must try this. But first, a lecture on Jean Paul.

In the afternoon read Massinger's Virgin Martyr. I have not read it before since I left Brunswick. The

[1] Hesitate not to dare, when the crowd wavers delaying: all can the noble man accomplish, who understands and swiftly grasps (the opportunity). — *Act* 1.

[2] Mr. Robert J. Mackintosh, the son of Sir James. He married the elder Miss Appleton, and was at one time Governor of St. Kitt's.

[3] This he afterwards made the theme of the Golden Legend.

beauty of the versification is in parts striking; and the thoughts likewise. This evening I have been reading extracts from Jean Paul, in order to make a few translations for my lecture.

30th. Dined at Mr. Ticknor's with Mackintosh, Kean [the actor], Prescott, Appleton, father and son, and one or two others. T. G. A. is a fellow of infinite jest. Kean, pleasant and modest.

To his Father.

December 5, 1839.

It is so long since I wrote you last that it seems as if I never did write you. Of late I have had many business letters to write, and have found my time taken up more than usual by company. Do you remember Dr. ——, the German, who visited me last summer in Portland, — no, the summer before, — and smoked under the trees after dinner? — the same who was banished from Göttingen, because, as he said, the "king of Hanover wanted him to swallow his *oats*" (oaths) and he would not. He is now here on a visit. I never see him that he does not allude to the cigar and coffee after dinner, under the trees. It took him captive entirely. It was, he says, *so German!*

Have you seen the last Knickerbocker? They are raising a slight breeze in it against the "*wind Euroclydon*" [in the 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year']. But I am right, notwithstanding. It means a storm-wind — or a north-easter, coming over the sea; and is no more confined to the Mediterranean than rude Boreas. Look into Robinson's Lexicon and you will find the whole explained.

The Voices of the Night will be out in a few days. It will succeed finely, I have no doubt. Having got this off my hands, I shall now get my lectures ready for New York. They come on in January.

The Corporation have finally settled my case, by putting it on the old footing. I can now have a French instructor, when I see fit, which will be sometime in the course of the year.

How are you all? Well, I hope. The wind Euroclydon is blowing tremendously, announcing winter.

December 6. We stayed into the small hours of this morning at Dr. Beck's, and had a merry time of it, with delicious hock. Telkampf tells stories; one of them quite fresh. A fellow lodging in the house of a Jew buys of him all the *flies* in the house, with permission to kill them as he pleases, for his amusement. He then coolly takes out his pistol and begins to shoot at them wherever they alight, — on windows, looking-glasses, no matter where; bang! bang! till finally the Jew is glad to buy him off.

7th. Wrote letters. Dined on rice. Then walked to town with Felton. Took tea with Mrs. E., then went to Mr. Ticknor's. Saw the folio edition of Stapfer's Faust with engravings; large, coarse, and very expressive. I like them better than Retzsch's. Ticknor thinks them worthless.

8th. Read Faust and compared several translations. All the poetic ones are heartily poor [1839]. Hayward's prose one is incomparably the best. Read one of Stagnelius's Dramatic Sketches.

12th. A drenching rain. Read Jean Paul. Drowsy, dull, *desoeuvré*, not having a book in press, and having given up smoking. It cleared up and I went to town. Bought a handsome edition of Minot's Poems,[1] — I believe

[1] Poems on Events in the Reign of Edward III., written in 1352 by Laurence Minot. London. 1795.

the only edition of an English bard before Chaucer and Gower, though of the fourteenth century. This evening, have been reading his ten lyrics on the Battles of Edward III. A melodious versifier for his age, certainly, but not gifted with the higher endowments of the poet. Now for a modern poet, a German, Count Auersperg [Anastasius Grün].

14th. Highly commendatory notice of Poems [Voices of the Night] in the Mercantile Journal and Morning Post, papers which abused Hyperion.

17th. News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place; among others the schooner Hesperus. Also the Sea-flower on Black Rock. I must write a ballad upon this; also two others, — 'The Skeleton in Armor,' and 'Sir Humphrey Gilbert.'

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Boston, December 26, 1839.

Dear Longfellow, — . . . I read your poems over and over, and over again, and continue to read them at all my leisure hours; and they grow upon me at every re-perusal. Nothing equal to some of them was ever written in this world, — this western world, I mean; and it would not hurt my conscience much to include the other hemisphere. I have not yet begun the review of the Poems and Hyperion. My heart and brain are troubled and fevered now with ten thousand other matters; but soon I will set about it. God send you many a worthier reviewer.

Your friend,

Nath. Hawthorne.

To his Father.

December 29, 1839.

. . . I am very much grieved to see that you are so low-spirited. Believe me, what you attribute to your complaint — forgetfulness of names, and of spelling — happens to me and everybody else almost every day. I can seldom remember a date; and am sometimes so much in doubt as to my own age that I have to begin at 1807 and count up. Christmas day I dined with Mr. W. Appleton. Your friend and classmate, Richard Sullivan, was present. He said it always made him feel very old to see me, and made very particular inquiries after you. I mentioned to him these tricks of memory. He said it was precisely so with him. You see, the disorder is common; and I recollect perfectly well, when in Spain, that if any one asked Washington Irving a date, he would turn to his brother and say, "When was that, Peter?" and Peter always replied: "Well, Washington, I don't exactly recollect." . . .

You do not know how grandly my Voices has succeeded. The publisher tells me he has only forty copies left on hand out of nine hundred printed, and it is hardly a fortnight since the publication. In addition to which, I get a good deal of praise, and constant applications to write for periodicals, at my own price. But of these offers I am rather shy just now. Colman writes me that he shall pay all his debts in the course of fifteen months, having put his property into the hands of trustees for that purpose. We shall see. My lectures in New York are on the 24th, 27th, and 28th of January.

30th. I wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poems. After which I sat till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write

the 'Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus;' which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines but by stanzas.

31st. Shake hands, old friend; I have learned much from thee; and sung thy spring in prose and thy autumn in song. And now farewell!

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new tenant to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust."

1839.

CHAPTER XXI.

LETTERS AND JOURNAL.

1840.

From Washington Allston.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, January 1, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR, — I beg you to accept my thanks for your Voices of the Night. It was my wish to have acknowledged the receipt of it sooner; but in truth I could not sooner command the poetic mood (which I hold to be no less essential to the reader than the writer), in order to do justice to your book. I know not how it is with others, but there are days when some prosaic demon seems to stand at every avenue of my mind. At such times I dare not approach Poetry, lest she "write me down blockhead."

The desirable mood, however, has at length come upon me, when I could open your volume without fear of injustice either to writer or reader; and my forbearance has been rewarded by no common pleasure. Among the recent poems I was most touched by the 'Prelude,' and the 'Footsteps of Angels.' They breathe the true spirit of poesy. Nor was I less pleased with the freshness of some of the earlier pieces. The 'Sunrise on the Hills' is beautifully *painted*. Among the translations, I was especially taken with the Ode of Don Jorge Manrique. It

is an exquisite poem, and reads so like an original I cannot help thinking that, like Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein, — which Scott preferred to Schiller's original, — it owes not a little to some subtile infusion from the translator's own mind. Be that as it may, it is so masterly that I cannot help wishing for more translations of a like spirit.

I remain, dear Sir, with sincere regard,

Yours, WA. ALLSTON.

To George W. Greene (in Rome).

January 2, 1840.

It is now half-past nine at night. I have just been taking a solitary supper of sardines, and wishing myself where they came from. . . .

I wrote immediately to New York about your letters from Rome; but not to the Knickerbocker, because it has been in trouble, and not able to pay anybody. I wrote to Sargent. After some delay I got an answer showing that nobody pays now-a-days: "The fact is that all our publishers, whether of books or periodicals, are desperately poor at present. Money is not to be had." And this is very true; you have no idea of the state of things. My publisher (Colman) has just failed. Most publishers will not look at a book. Yet don't despair. Clark writes me that the Knickerbocker, — that is, the business part of it, — will be in new hands. He has not paid me for three years. Poor fellow, he has had a hard time, and been almost desperate, I fear.

Since my last letter, I have published another book, — a volume of poems, with the title, Voices of the Night. It contains the 'Psalms,' 'Manrique,' and some of the earlier poems. Its success has been signal. It has not been out three weeks, and the publisher has not more

than fifty copies left, out of nine hundred. But see what ill luck with Hyperion: the publisher fails; half the edition (that is, twelve hundred copies) is seized by creditors and locked up; and the book has been out of the market for four months. No matter, I had the glorious satisfaction of writing it. . . . I called it *Hyperion*, because it *moves on high*, among clouds and stars, and expresses the various aspirations of the soul of man. It is all modelled on this idea, style and all. It contains my cherished thoughts for three years. Pardon my saying so much. In offset, I will send you the "horrible dispraise" I spoke of, though the papers that uttered it have since nearly come round, and have even praised some parts of it. How victorious is silence!

I have written to Park Benjamin to send you his new paper, the New World, — a monstrous sheet, full of all that is going on here; by far the best paper I see.

Now for a few items. We are eagerly looking for Sumner, in the course of a month or two. Ticknor lives quite secluded, and goes little into society. I had a *gaudiolum* here last evening, — Hillard, Hawthorne, Felton; no more. I go to New York in a fortnight to lecture on Dante. The Lowell Lectures (the first free lectures in this country) commenced last week [in Boston]. Governor Everett gave the Introductory. A theological controversy is going on between Norton and Ripley, a young divine of the new school, who maintains that Spinoza was no atheist.

I have broken ground in a new field; namely, ballads; beginning with the 'Wreck of the Schooner Hesperus,' on the reef of Norman's Woe, in the great storm of a fortnight ago. I shall send it to some newspaper. I think I shall write more. The *national ballad* is a virgin soil here in New England; and there are great materials. Besides, I have a great notion of working upon the *people's*

feelings. I am going to have it printed on a sheet, with a coarse picture on it. I desire a new sensation and a new set of critics. Nat. Hawthorne is tickled with the idea. Felton laughs and says, "I would n't." [1] . . . I understand there is a spicy article against me in the Boston Quarterly. I shall get it as soon as I can; for, strange as you may think it, these things give me no pain.

I am glad you are at work on something. Keep your secret. I have great faith in not saying much about a thing until you can say, "I have done it." It is often with authors as with money-diggers; if a word is spoken, the treasure sinks. Only be sure you are not on the wrong track.

January 2, 1840. Read Dante. Looked over some lectures. Copied 'Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus.' See in the papers sundry notices of the Voices of the Night; all favorable. Bought a *lettern*. Here it stands, with the illustrated Molière open upon it. But how different from an old church lettern, curiously carved and inlaid with brass, — quaint, oaken, old.

3d. Dined with ——. He seems to be much my friend, and I like him, — all save his confounded positive way about everything.

4th. Hawthorne came to pass the evening. We had a long conversation on literature. He means to write a child's book. I told him of my ballad, and that I meant to have it printed on a sheet with a picture on top, like other ballads. He is delighted with the idea; and says he will distribute them to every skipper of every craft he boards in his custom-house duties, so as to hear their criticisms. Hillard and Felton came late, and we had a pleasant supper.

[1] It was not done.

From Park Benjamin.

New York, January 7, 1840.

My dear Longfellow, — Your ballad, 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' is grand. Enclosed are twenty-five dollars, the sum you mentioned for it, paid by the proprietors of the New World, in which glorious paper it will resplendently coruscate on Saturday next. Of all American journals the New World is alone worthy to contain it!

Your good and beautiful letter about Allston's poems appears in the Signal to-day. You will also see it in the New World. Do you wish to do a favor to a brother poet? Richard H. Dana is in town, and about to commence a course of literary lectures at the Stuyvesant Institute. Write me something in praise of his fine powers and his reputation in New England. Hillard told Sargent that he should send me a notice of Voices of the Night. When are you coming to New York? You ought to remain here long enough to repeat your lectures on your own account.

9th. Read five cantos in Dante's *Inferno*. I am struck with the prevailing desire of *fame* everywhere heard. Above the wailings of the damned spirits, the groaning branches of the accursed forest, the hollow roar of the falling Phlegethon, the shrieks, curses, and howlings of despair, — resounds the "silver-snarling" blast of "the trumpet that speaks of fame." This was the longing in the soul of Dante, finding its expression everywhere. "See that thou speakest of us to the people," cry the souls in agony. "Their fame — *fama di loro;*" "leaving behind them horrible dispraise;" "that fame of yours — *vostra nominanza;*" these and the like are phrases constantly recurring, like the theme of an opera, with thousand-fold

variations. I know of no book so fearfully expressive of human passions as this.

10th. Read four cantos of the *Inferno*. Then went to town on business. Evening at Professor Channing's; and afterwards at Felton's till midnight.

11th. Dined with Cleveland. Then went back to Hillard's office. He read me a lampoon on myself from the Evening Journal, — a parody on one of my translations from the German.

12th. Read ten cantos of the *Inferno;* then went to dine with Felton. This evening have been reading Camoens, — the fine episodes of Inez de Castro, and Adamastor.

13th. My Examinations [of college classes] in divers tongues. The scholars did well. Prescott, Frothingham, and Stackpole [of the Examining Committee] were present. Prescott seems to doubt whether I can imitate successfully the Old English ballad.

From John Neal.

PORTLAND, January 13, 1840.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — Until last evening I have had no time, since I received your poems, even to cut the leaves. But I have now read them; and as I did so with a feeling which you, as a poet just beginning to draw from the *core*, will understand, I choose to say as much without a moment's delay.

One fault I have to complain of (the others I like!). In your disposition to avoid monotony, you roughen a line occasionally, after a fashion that frets me. . . . I say this just to prove my impartiality. Not being blinded altogether to such things only proves that I must have a better eye for the beauties. So I have. Some of the later poems are admirable. The earlier ones I don't like. And why? Partly because they cannot be found fault with,

and partly because they are just of a piece with all the respectable poetry of their day. Your last are of a newer and much deeper spirit; sanctified and sanctifying. Persevere! God bless you!

Your friend,

J. Neal.

14th. A dismal kind of day. Finished the *Inferno* after breakfast. Wrote a letter. Then —— came in and bored me till three o'clock, — three mortal hours! besides keeping me from my dinner.

16th. Bitter cold. Heard rumors of the loss of the Lexington, a steamer between New York and Providence. Burned at night with a hundred and fifty passengers on board. Among them Dr. Follen, who has just closed his lectures before the Mercantile Library in New York. Horrible negligence, — a deck-load of cotton!

To his Father.

New York, January 19, 1840.[1]

Happening to find on the table here this half-sheet of paper, and pen and ink convenient, in the private parlor of the Astor House, I sit down to send you word of my safe arrival in the city. I left Cambridge on Monday last and arrived here this morning at one o'clock, crowded to death in a Jersey wagon from New Haven, — feet pinched with india-rubbers, and hat pock-marked with the rain, which was falling in torrents. I have just had breakfast, and the day looks bright. I am in haste to write you,

[1] He had gone to New York to give three lectures (on Dante and Jean Paul) before the Mercantile Library Association. Charles Francis Adams, Horace Mann, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Professors Silliman and Torrey, and Samuel Ward were among the other lecturers. Mr. Emerson's subject was 'The Philosophy of History.'

that you may know I am alive, having seen two days ago my name in the papers, as having been lost in the Lexington.

My first lecture is on Friday evening (to-morrow), after which I shall write you again. Mr. Charles Adams (son of John Quincy) lectures to-night. Mr. Dana is also delivering a course of lectures in town. I have no news to send you. The [steamer] British Queen is just coming up the harbor.

To his Father.

February 10, 1840.

My lectures in New York went off very well (though I was quite ill with an influenza all the time), and I had very good audiences. On the whole, a pleasant visit, saving the unpleasant weather; snowing and thawing and raining. On Saturday night — the Sound being frozen as far as Hurlgate, so as to prevent any steamer's going, — I started in the mail-stage, in a drizzling, foggy rain, the roads very bad, and everything afloat. We were on wheels; and about one o'clock the driver went off the road and pitched us into a ditch four feet deep. There were three insides besides myself, and a dozen mail-bags. Only one passenger was hurt. When the coach tipped he cried out, "We are going over!" and made a spring at the door; by which operation he got his head cut severely, and bruised himself not a little. On a post-mortem examination of the carriage I found a pile of stones within a foot of where my head came down. Had there not been snow in the ditch I should have been severely hurt. We were more than an hour in getting the coach into the road again. We reached New Haven at noon the next day; having left the wounded passenger at a tavern, in bed and in the doctor's hands. After dinner I drove on to Hartford, sitting on top of the mail-bags, which were

piled in an uncovered *pung*. The last eighteen miles it rained like fury, and I reached Hartford wet through. To-day's journey has been more lucky; and I hope to have a better one still to Portland, though it is raining again to-night.

To his Mother.

February 27, 1840.

This is *your* letter, it being to-day the 27th; and I trust you will be glad to hear of my safe arrival home. It was not so speedy as I imagined it would be. The roads were very rough, and we did not reach Boston till half-past eight in the evening.

March 1. I was interrupted in the midst of my letter by business. Indeed, I am now full of little occupations, — arrangements with the new French instructor, who has just arrived. There is a good deal of perplexity about new arrangements always. . . .

It is a bright, breezy March day. The trees and the meadows look russet, and the river blue. Everything is clothed with sunshine, and a quarter's salary due on Monday. I am consequently in very good spirits, and begin the new term under good auspices. I hope I shall be a better home-correspondent than I have been heretofore. But I do not know that I shall be able to reform my bad habits. I will try.

March 2. To-day I heard the song of the blue bird, the herald of spring. It is exquisite music to my ear. It announces the approach of Nature's great procession of grass, leaves, flowers, and waving cornfields. The spring, the spring, the ever beautiful! with its rushing waters, and floating clouds like thistle-down, and buds whose pale parting lips prophesy delight and love.

3d. Mrs. Sparks has sent me, to read, a letter from ——, in which he speaks in most enthusiastic language of the effect my poems produce upon him. I am pleased to work thus on the hearts of the young.

4th. I cannot sit at home. Spring is no time to read books. Out, out into the free air, ye book-worms; revel in the sunshine, and thank God for the spring!

Walked to town in the afternoon. In Beacon Street met the Pole, ——, with a knotted stick in his hand. He is now teaching French in New Bedford, where, he says, several ladies have "the great charm of *dotage*." He meant *dowry*.

5th. Read *Franz Sternbold's Wanderungen*, one of Tieck's novels. It treats of art and its enthusiasm. Some passages are fine; as a whole, not great. My admiration for Tieck, which was never high, is rather diminished. There is, however, a Claude Lorraine atmosphere about the book which is delightful.

6th. M. De Goy is translating Hyperion into French. He came this morning and read me the first three chapters, which are well done. It seems like seeing my own ghost.

7th. Felton dined with me. This is pleasant, — a fine suite of rooms in the old *château* here, a good servant, a table of my own to sit down at, and the face of a friend opposite. In the evening read in Moratin's Collection of old Spanish plays anterior to Lope de Vega. One of the earliest is a pretty dialogue between Love and an Old Man, by Rodrigo Cota.

To his Father.

March 8, 1840.

You know how much one finds to do at home after an absence, however short: the greeting of friends, the visits, the unanswered letters lying on the table. These I have

at last despatched, and have arranged the classes for the term. The French instructor turns out to be just what I have so long wanted; and I feel that I have a great weight taken from my shoulders (as well as from my pocket). I begin my lectures on Dante to-morrow, with the first sentence of Rasselas: "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope," etc. When I have finished Dante — say, twelve lectures or so — I take up the Spanish drama. I have one class in French, — those farthest advanced. All this occupies only two hours a day in the lecture-room. Judge if I am in good spirits. Moreover, I have made a good arrangement here with Mrs. Craigie. I take another chamber [as a dining-room], and a kitchen. One of Miss Lowell's servants remains. I thus have everything comfortable; dine in my own room, as well as breakfast; and, in fine, am the most independent man in town. I therefore promise myself a delightful summer.

We have had soft, summer-like weather since my return. The blue-birds begin to sing, and the south wind blows. But to-day is a wild, untamed Orson of a day, — cold and surly. The canker-worms have begun their journey up the trees, and to-morrow I shall *tar*. I hope to abate this nuisance.

11th. Introductory lecture [in college], — the Life of Dante.

26th. Worked away at the early Spanish drama. Hard work. I long to get down to Lope, Cervantes, and Calderon. Dined with Felton. In the evening De Goy came and read me two more chapters of his translation of Hyperion.

27th. Went splashing through the mud and melting snow to my lecture. How much depends upon animal

spirits in intellectual efforts! Sometimes one dashes on in gallant style, and language flows in rhythmic numbers. At other times one has hardly words enough to furnish forth a tolerable prose sentence. Felton dined with me. In the evening I read *El Mejor Alcalde el Rey*, a glorious play of the great Lope. It is magnificent, — full of movement and dramatic power, and with a tide of language like a mighty river. Read likewise the *Moza de Cántaro*, which belongs to the *capa y espada* school.[1] But these are stolen pleasures, — glimpses into the dramatic paradise, foretastes. To-morrow I must go back.

28th. Read the *Comedia Aquilana* of Torres Naharro. This is the fourth I have waded through, out of eight he wrote. Glad I have no more. Now for the prose comedian, Lope de Rueda; who, judging by a peep here and there, is full of fun.

A good idea! Yes, I will write a comedy, — 'The Spanish Student!'

April 2. This is Fast Day. A bright, lovely morning, — the eaves dripping with a ceaseless sound, sun bright, and birds singing. Oh! such a day makes me long for wings! I cannot read, I cannot write. I would be away! But it is too wet to walk, and I cannot ride; so here I sit and dream.

3d. There is one law-student who comes in occasionally to my class, and I always lecture better when he is there. This shows how much depends upon the audience. Went to town in the evening, and met Hillard and Cleveland at J. C.'s, at supper.

4th. Read Shakspeare's sonnets. One is exquisite, — beyond compare, almost. It is that beginning, —

> How oft when thou, my music, music playest
> Upon the blessed wood, etc.

[1] "Cloak and sword" would seem to indicate something melodramatic or mysteriously romantic.

5th. Hillard, Hawthorne, and Felton dined with me and passed the evening. Hawthorne is a taciturn youth. He never speaks except in a *tête-à-tête*, and then not much.

6th. It seems to me the world is growing amazingly dull. Books, books, books! No lively intercourse; all the world asleep. But Sumner will be back in a few days [from Europe]; and we shall be kindled, — literally set fire to.

8th. Last lecture on Dante. I hate to lecture before such small audiences as the Corporation in their wisdom prescribe to me here. I must change this.

9th. Made a holiday of this beautiful day. Walked to town. Went to see Prescott. He says his History of the Conquest of Mexico will not be finished for three or four years, though the papers have announced it for next autumn. Showed me a letter from Gayangos,[1] and another from Ford, who reviewed him in the Edinburgh and in the Quarterly.

On my way to town stopped at Allston's painting-room. It stands in the Port; an awkward-looking house on the Common, with one long window, looking north. Knocked at the green door; all silent. Went over to his house. He was still in his chamber. He keeps late hours. The parlor-window was wide open, and a smell of cigars still lingering there showed how late the evening session had been.

10th. Read the *Numantia*, a tragedy of Cervantes. A good deal of power in his description of the famine-stricken city. But the drama is not his forte, that is certain.

[1] Pascual de Gayangos, the Spanish scholar, who gave important help to Mr. Prescott in the collection of materials for his histories. The Conquest of Mexico was published in 1843.

24th. Introductory lecture on the Spanish Drama. Drove to Brookline to dine with the Guilds. The stately elms by the roadside just gilded with yellow leaf-buds. Fine view, from the hill on Mr. G.'s grounds, of the distant city and the sea.

27th. Gave up the whole day to college work. After lecture went in to various classes. Heard of Dr. Kirkland's death.[1]

May 1. A bouquet of wild flowers, which Margaret [the maid] placed on my table to-day, reminded me that it was May-day. Felton dined with me.

2d. Once more the sheltering night has come. Went to town to-day and dined *tête-à-tête* with Hillard. Then walked up and down the Common. Came back to Cambridge and went to Mr. Norton's. There I beheld what perfect happiness may exist on this earth, and felt how I stood alone in life, cut off for a while from those dearest sympathies for which I long.

3d. A balmy day. After church strolled with Mr. and Mrs. Sparks into Dr. Palfrey's garden and the pine woods near. On returning, they gave me, as a joint gift, Macray's translations from the German. They are not good. Among them is a translation of Claudius's Rhine Wine Song, — the first I ever met with. I wish it were better. In the afternoon read *La Dama Duenda* of Calderon, — a very good comedy of "cloak and sword."

6th. Began the day by reading *El Galan Fantasma* of Calderon, a kind of pendant to his *Dama Duenda*, but not so good. College duties consumed the rest of the day. Did not lecture well. A letter from Greene. He seems to work hard; is engaged, I find, on a history of Italy. I am sorry for it. The early history of Italy is a series of

[1] John Thornton Kirkland, D. D., the genial and beloved President of Harvard College from 1810 to 1829.

tavern brawls and idle quarrels of noblemen; and fights for some empty bucket or the like, between one town and another. These are dignified into *wars* by the historian. Greene had better write a history of Italian Literature.

7th. Have been to town to see Sumner.[1] He looks older, more manly, more European; but no dandyism; simple and strong, and most thoroughly un-American. I fear that his head is a little turned, and no wonder. But he is a strong man, and will see in the end that there is something better than breakfasting at ten and dining at six.[2]

8th. Dined with Sumner at Felton's. He is vastly improved by foreign travel; more ease, more *aplomb*, and no affectation.

9th. Club, at Cleveland's. Dined at four. Sumner discoursed in one continuous flow from that time till eleven, when we came away. He has seen everybody, and is full of anecdotes of the most important personages now on the stage.

12th. Sumner, Hillard, and Felton dined with me, and stayed through the evening. A delightful *gaudiolum*.

16th. In town. Sumner striding down Hancock Street in his white mackintosh. Drive to Cambridge in the 'bus. Club dinner at Felton's, and long discourse, continuing till midnight. A magnificent moonlight.

[1] On the 18th of March Mr. Sumner wrote from London: "I have just found Longfellow's Hyperion, and shall sit up all night to devour it. I have bought up all the copies of the Voices of the Night to give my friends." On the third of May he arrived in New York, and was soon at his home in Boston, receiving the cordial welcome of his old friends.

[2] Some years later, Sumner wrote: "I have always enjoyed the refinement of the best society, but I have never sat in the palaces of England without being pained by the inequality of which the inordinate luxury was the token." — *Pierce's Life of Sumner*, ii. 141.

17th. Melancholy reflections that I am doing nothing. Must rouse up and begin. Begin what? Dined with Felton and Sumner. When I came home, found that S. Ward had been here.

18th. Sam. Ward came out, and we had a long chat. After my lecture went to town to dine with him, and see him off for New York. Cogswell remains behind and makes me a visit. A cool, delicious night. The air embalmed with blossoms. The moon blazing red among the clouds, like a bale-fire on the summit of a dark hill. Sat by the open window till midnight, weaving fond, foolish dreams.

26th. [After a visit in Portland.] Once more in delightful Cambridge, with blossoms, sunshine, and singing-birds all around. And now to work again, if possible, in earnest; though Heaven knows I have little desire for work. The second edition of the Voices is out.

27th. Some books and engravings from Germany, which in reality I do not want, and ought not to have imported. When shall I be wise?

To George W. Greene (in Rome).

May 28, 1840.

I am right glad, my dear George, that Hyperion pleases you, and that you sympathize with me in such moods of feeling as those which produced this book. Here, the Poems are much more generally liked than Hyperion. With strange perversity, too, many like the earlier poems best. This is because they understand them best. For my own part, I should be very much mortified to think them so, and maintain that there is no kind of comparison between them [and the later ones]. I trust you will agree with me. The Poems have gone to a second edition; which is worth mentioning, as it does not often happen now-

a-days that a volume of poems runs through an edition so soon.

I see that —— is writing a life of Dante. I hope he does not mean to publish it. He cannot *write*. He can collect materials. But let him work on; and the Lord deliver us from evil!

Since your last letter Sumner, Cogswell, and N. P. Willis have all returned safe and sound from foreign travel. Sumner is full of life and soul and anecdote; only a little too much Anglomania about him, which will wear off. Otherwise he seems to us unchanged, save for the better. Of course they lionize him. Rather too much for my purposes, as I can never get a chance at him. To-morrow I meet him at dinner at Prescott's, with Ticknor and others. Cogswell was here a few days only; in good spirits, and vigorous as a young man. He is as delightful, in his way, as Sumner is. I wish he lived here instead of in New York; but the east winds would kill him in a week. Nat. Willis I did not see. He was in Boston but one day; and has now gone to Glen-Mary for the summer. This Glen-Mary, you know, is his country seat on the Susquehanna. He says he has made ten thousand dollars the last year by his writings. I wish I had made ten hundred. He has just published three plays in London. They are full of poetry and do him honor. Those who read the modern English plays, — for instance, those of Bulwer, Knowles, etc., — which I do not, give the preference to Willis; say his are decidedly the best; which, after all, would not be saying much, I fancy.

American literature has taken a decidedly poetic turn of late. Mr. —— has published a large volume of very weak productions. A sophomore in our college has done the same foolish thing. Congdon, nephew of Dr. Wayland, who was in college last year, has put out a thin volume, of a good deal of merit. Hillhouse has sent forth two

volumes; and Halleck one, containing 'Fanny,' and the Croker poems, once so well known in New York. Felton's translation of Menzel will be very *à propos* just now, when everybody talks about German literature and German philosophy, as if they knew something of them. It comes out in Ripley's collection [Specimens of Foreign Literature].

Now it is four o'clock, and I go to dinner. Oh, how I wish you were here to take the arm-chair on the opposite side of yonder round table, whereon await me a bottle of Italian wine, sardines in oil, and a ham; with whatsoever may come after. Alas, I must sit down alone. But I will begin by pledging you in a goblet of iced Calabria. May you live a thousand years!

There,—I have achieved that important action single-handed, and am now smoking a pipe and continuing the letter. In the volume I send you, you will find a sketch of the house I live in. The situation is delightful, having fields and trees and flowers all about it. I will now draw you a plan of the interior; and if you will do the like in your next letter, you will do me a pleasure you little dream of, but which I dream of in drawing this. . . . Don't fail to send me your bust by Crawford to adorn my dwelling with.

30th. It is now five o'clock in the morning, and I have been up an hour and returned from a walk. It is a magnificent morning, and a new sensation to be up so early. Dined in town. When I reached Cambridge found Dr. Woods, of Brunswick [President of Bowdoin College], alighting from his gig. Went with him to Allston's, where we sat telling ghost-stories till near midnight.

31st. The last day of May has come, presenting the heavens like a crystal goblet, full of sunshine iced with an east wind.

June 2. Began the review [of Felton's translation of Menzel]. Then went to town to dine with Charles Amory. In the afternoon, to Gouraud's rooms to see his daguerreotype views. Evening at Mrs. Eliot's. Sumner, Hillard, Cleveland at supper. Flings at the college, and general depreciatory tone about everything. I hate this, and am quite ready to quarrel about it. There is nothing more silly.

5th. The steam-ship Unicorn arrived yesterday from England; and to-day was a public dinner in Faneuil Hall. I made a few remarks at table,[1] to introduce a toast, which called up Mr. Friedrichsthal. Hillard spoke eloquently; Sumner would not speak.

To his Father.

June 10, 1840.

Since my last, the arrival of the steamer Unicorn has set Boston in motion for a couple of days. There was a public dinner in Faneuil Hall, at which I was present; and being called upon by the Mayor for a toast, I was obliged to make a short speech by way of introduction. In this I alluded to Mr. Friedrichsthal, an *attaché* of the Austrian embassy who was present, and gave as my toast, "The steam-ships; the pillars of fire by night and of cloud by day, which guide the wanderer through the wilderness of the sea." The connection between Mr. F. and this toast is, that the toast is a translation of a stanza from a German poet of Vienna, the city from which he comes. This, of course, called him up.

I think the most amusing part of the affair was my speaking at all at a commercial dinner. Of course I had no intention of doing so when I went. Several very

[1] "In an inaudible voice," said the reporters. The Unicorn was the first of the Cunard line of ocean steamers.

good speeches were made; the best were the Mayor's and Hillard's.

I have written a short review of Mr. Felton's translation of Menzel, which you will find in the next number of the New York Review.[1] Rakemann, the celebrated pianoforte player is here, and dines with me to-morrow. I wish you could hear his exquisite music.

15th. Sumner came to bivouac with me for a night or two, being engaged here in the Law School.

16th. Called to see Rakemann. He played to me a lovely piece by Liszt, — *Une Nuit dans les Montagnes*, — a Swiss picture. After dinner, heard him and Schmidt play Beethoven the whole evening through.

22d. A hot, oppressive day. In the morning wrote notes and letters. In the afternoon fell asleep over Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*, which does not bear me away as it does some others. This evening I have been at Felton's with Hillard; and now will sit by my window in the warm, ambrosial night.

27th. Worked at an article on the French Language in England [for the North American].

28th. Dr. Walker preached a fine, strong sermon in the morning. In the afternoon I read a work which Hillard has just translated from the French, — Guizot's Introduction to Sparks's Washington; a plain, sensible view of the great man's character, without a particle of French declamation.

[1] This paper was sent to the New York Review, then under the charge of Mr. Cogswell. But as it contained some views upon university education at variance with those expressed in an article prepared for the same number by the editor, it was given to the New World.

To his Father.

October 18, 1840.

Since I last wrote you, sundry novelties have appeared in this quarter of the world, which you may see hinted at in the papers. They are among the moral reforms of the day; and have at once something serious and something comic about them. You probably have heard of the Non-Resistance Society in Boston, who wish to follow out literally the injunctions "If a man strike you on one cheek," and "If a man take away your cloak," etc. One of the chief men of this society is Mr. Edmund Quincy, second son of our President. They have now called a convention, inviting people of all creeds and denominations to attend, and discuss the great questions, "What is the Church, the Sabbath, Religion?" Not long ago there was a similar convention held in Groton. The first resolution was, "Voted, that we are not sectarian;" whereupon discussion arose as to what constituted a sect; which discussion lasted for three days, when the convention adjourned. Not long after, came up from Cape Cod a new sect called the "Come-outers," who formed a holy alliance with the Transcendentalists.

Out of this fermentation of mind has sprung up a new plan; namely, to form a community to be called "The Practical Christians." Each individual is to subscribe two hundred dollars, and each family one thousand; a farm is to be bought near Boston, cottages to be built, and then the community goes to work. Every member is to labor three hours a day; the remainder of the time is to be at his own disposal. There is no further community of goods than this. The three hours' labor it is thought will feed, clothe, and lodge them all; and the rest of the time is to be devoted to the fine arts, music, literature, etc., etc. I hear that the Rev. George Ripley, Mr. Emerson, Miss

Fuller, and other prominent Transcendentalists are going to this Land of Promise. Likewise Mr. Alcott, the author of 'Orphic Sayings' in the Dial; though I fear he will be an unprofitable farmer, for, being a great Grahamite, he refuses to put manure on the land he now cultivates in Concord, thinking it too stimulating![1] What will be the final result of all these movements it is impossible to foresee; some good end, I trust, for they are sincere men, and have a good intent.

To his Father.

October 25, 1840.

I am glad you found anything interesting in the French article. To most people it must be very dull. It is the result of some studies I made formerly in Brunswick, and which probably at the present moment I should not have either time or inclination to make. Having the materials ready at hand, I thought it worth while to work them up. Mr. Duponceau of Philadelphia[2] has read it; and wrote to Mr. Pickering to say that he liked it, and that I had taken the true ground. My pen has not been very prolific of late; only a little poetry has trickled from it. There will be a kind of ballad on a Blacksmith in the next Knickerbocker, which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury.[3] The third edition of the Voices is now in press; and the publisher, John Owen, has so lively a faith in the continued sale of the work, that he is stereotyping it.

[1] Neither Mr. Emerson, nor Miss Fuller, nor Mr. Alcott joined the Brook Farm Community.

[2] Peter S. Duponceau, a distinguished jurist and learned in languages, — as was John Pickering of Massachusetts.

[3] This was the first Stephen Longfellow, who, one of five children, by the early death of his father was left to care for himself, and became a blacksmith. He married the daughter of Rev. Mr. Tompson, and sent his son, the second Stephen, to Harvard College, from which he came to Portland in 1745, to be schoolmaster and town clerk.

If the New York Review falls in your way I wish you would read an article headed 'Brisbane's Social Destiny of Man.' It will serve as a comment on my last letter; and show you how far the same notions have been already carried in France and England. I am thankful I am too old to have any of Brisbane's experiments tried on me. As, for example: —

"The cradles can be moved by a mechanical contrivance, so that twenty can be rocked at once." At two years old, the children are set to work. "Two children, between three and four years of age, are seated at the upper side [of an inclined table]; they pod the peas, which roll to the lower side, where three *little commencers* of the ages of twenty-five, thirty, and thirty-five months are seated, who have merely to separate the smaller from the larger peas," etc. After the peas have passed through all these little hands, they are ready for cooking, and the Lord have mercy upon the eater thereof! There is more matter of this kind, which will amuse you.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Boston, November 20, 1840.

Dear Longfellow, — I have suspended my thermometer outside of the window; and, looking at it a moment ago, I perceive that it is polar weather out of doors. Really, an excursion into the country is not to be thought of in this first fierceness of the winter. So pray do not expect me to-morrow. By occupying Grandfather's Chair for a month past I really believe I have grown into an old man prematurely, — and not very prematurely either. My youthful ardor and adventurous spirit have left me, and I love to keep my feet on the hearth, and dread many shapeless perils when I contemplate such a journey as from here to Cambridge, with the prospect of spending a

night, or perhaps two, away from my own roof. Such is always the case with aged men! . . . I am a custom-house officer still. However, my duties are merely nominal, as well as my emoluments. In fact, it is an office of honor now. Whenever you come into the city in season to find me at my room, I shall be most happy to have you take a humble dinner with me. I generally walk out at about twelve and return at three, dining in the interim.

Your friend,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

From Samuel Ward.

WALL STREET, November 25, 1840.

Why have you not put that beautiful lyric of Uhland's, *Das Glück von Edenhall*, into your own masterly verse? We all exclaimed, when I read it aloud the other night, "Oh for Longfellow to put this into English!" I agree with you (don't you with me?) that it is in poetry, and especially in smaller poems, that the Germans excel.

Have you read Goethe's *Briefwechsel mit Zelter?* What a pleasant book. But I want a copy of your 'Skeleton in Armor.' Won't you send it to me?[1]

Your affectionate S. W.

From Elihu Burritt.[2]

WORCESTER, December 1, 1840.

Your very kind invitation to take up my residence in Cambridge is to me a very interesting proposition, and I

[1] Later he acknowledges the receipt of the translation of 'The Luck of Edenhall,' and the copy of the 'Skeleton.' The latter he hands to Clark for the Knickerbocker, which is to pay $25 for it. It appeared in the number for January, 1841, printed with marginal notes, like the 'Ancient Mariner;' but these were omitted when it was printed afterwards in a volume.

[2] Known as "the learned blacksmith." In the intervals of his

wish, my dear sir, that I could tell you how gratefully I am affected by your benevolent interest in my pursuits. I have a job of work, which I hope to complete in the course of four weeks, when I shall be at liberty. There is one thing, though, — may I bring my hammer with me?

I thank you from my whole heart for your kind proffer of pecuniary assistance in the prosecution of my studies. I have always confined my "literary leisure" to those unoccupied hours of the day when no man can work. When I return at evening to my little chamber, with the consciousness of having performed a full day's labor, I sit down at my desk and commune with my little shelf of books with a relish which makes it indeed a recreation. And in the morning, after having blown out my lamp, I resume my hammer with an equal relish. My physical constitution will admit of no suspension of athletic exercise, which, in whatever situation I may be placed, I could never resist my inclination to seek in honest and honorable manual labor. Then there is another thing. I am not odd; I affect no singularity, no eccentricity. But still I am ambitious, — everybody is ambitious, — and I am particularly so to stand in the ranks of the working men of New England, and beckon them onward and upward, if I can, to the full stature of intellectual men. . . . I assure you, I am not an amateur working-man; with my own hands I earned, last year, nearly one thousand dollars. If I should take up my residence in Cambridge, I trust it would not be necessary to interrupt my usual course. I mean to visit Cambridge the first pleasant day, when I hope to tell you face to face how much and how sincerely I am Yours, etc.,

ELIHU BURRITT.

labor he mastered many languages. Many years after, he sent Mr. Longfellow a version of the 'Psalm of Life' in Sanscrit, made by himself and his pupils. He died in 1879.

To Samuel Ward.

December 1, 1840.

. . . Why can't you come here for a day or two? I want to see you very much, and have a great many things to show you in the literary way. I will read you the 'Skeleton in Armor,' which is too long to copy; and something still longer, which as yet no eye but mine has seen, and which I wish to read to you first.[1] . . . At present, my dear friend, my soul is wrapped up in poetry. The scales fell from my eyes suddenly, and I beheld before me a beautiful landscape, with figures, which I have transferred to paper almost without an effort, and with a celerity of which I did not think myself capable. Since my return from Portland I am almost afraid to look at it, for fear its colors should have faded out. And this is the reason why I do not describe the work to you more particularly. I am not sure it is worth it. You shall yourself see and judge before long.

Mr. Coxe, in the notes to his poems, speaks of the "pantheism of Cambridge." This is too gross. Why, there is in all Cambridge only one Transcendentalist, — and he a tutor! In the Theological School there is none of it; the infected class is gone. The students are now inclining to rigid *Puseyism*. You New Yorkers are altogether mistaken in your notions about Cambridge. Take my word for it, you are.

To his Father.

December 13, 1840.

I let last Sunday slip by without writing you, because I had a visit from my friend Ward, of New York, who came to pass the day and night with me.

[1] Doubtless 'The Spanish Student.'

I have been hard at work, — for the most part wrapped up in my own dreams. Have written a translation of a German ballad, and prepared for the press another original ballad, which has been lying by me some time. It is called 'The Skeleton in Armor,' and is connected with the old Round Tower at Newport. This skeleton in armor really exists. It was dug up near Fall River, where I saw it some two years ago [when returning from Newport]. I suppose it to be the remains of one of the old Northern sea-rovers, who came to this country in the tenth century. Of course I make the tradition myself; and I think I have succeeded in giving the whole a Northern air. You shall judge soon, as it will probably be in the next Knickerbocker; and it is altogether too long to copy in a letter. I hope it may be successful, though I fear that those who only glance at it will not fully comprehend it; and I must say to the benevolent reader, as Rudbeck says in the preface of his *Atlantica* (a work of only 2,500 folio pages), "If thou hast not leisure to *study it through ten times*, then do not read it once, — especially if thou wilt utter thy censure thereof." A modest request!

On Christmas-day I dine with your old friend and political comrade, Harrison Gray Otis.[1]

To his Father.

December 20, 1840.

My third edition [of the Voices] is published, and is quite superb. I shall send you a copy by first opportu-

[1] His father wrote him: "My acquaintance with Mr. Otis was principally of a political character during the last war [1812–15], when we were members of the Legislature of Massachusetts (of the Federal party), and members of the Hartford Convention, which has unjustly excited so much odium. Well knowing the pure and patriotic motives of those gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to hear from them."

nity. The fourth is now printing, — the third, a large-paper edition, being only two hundred and fifty copies. In the Brother Jonathan of last week you will find a favorable notice, written by [N. P.] Willis. The ballad of 'The Skeleton in Armor' will appear in the January number of the Knickerbocker. My friend Ward, to whom I sent it, is very enthusiastic about it; which I am not, though I am very well satisfied with it. You will be amused to see how my friend's heart and head take fire and blaze away together. He writes: —

"I could not forbear reading it to Halleck (the poet) this morning. His bright eyes glistened like diamonds, and he read it through aloud himself with delight. He thanked me warmly for the pleasure it had afforded him; said it placed you extremely high, and was superior to any of your previous efforts. It will spread like wildfire over the country, and richly reward you. Halleck remarked there was nothing like it in the language!"

In order not to be led away by this, you ought to know the glowing and sanguine temperament of my friend. You must not expect to find the poem so fine as he does. He has associations with Newport which make him invest it with a charm which it will not have in the eyes of others. I think, however, that it is striking, and in its conception, perhaps, unique, — at least in our country. It is a national ballad, as the 'Wreck of the Hesperus' is.

I have also written a much longer and more difficult poem, called 'The Spanish Student,' — a drama in five acts; on the success of which I rely with some self-complacency. But this is a great secret, and must not go beyond the immediate family circle; as I do not intend to publish it until the glow of composition has passed away, and I can look upon it coolly and critically. I will tell you more of this by and by.

I hope you will not think me self-conceited because I parade all these things before you. I remember that I am writing to my father.

From John Kenyon.

4 Harley Place, London, December 27, 1840.

My dear Sir, — It is your good fortune to have not only warm admirers, but warm friends, — those who love you, as it seems to me, quite as much for what you are as for what you have done; who, valuing your powers, yet do not think them the best part of you. So I am led to conclude. I have received from some of these two copies of your Hyperion and one of the Voices of the Night. Mr. Greene had shown me some of the verses at Rome before they were published. I was much struck with them at the time; but in these *viva voce* cases one sometimes distrusts one's admiration. But I have calmly read and re-read them here, and with no less gratification. I have lent them, too, to friends whose judgment I respect, and who feel as I do. Your Hyperion I have not yet read, for I have been absent from home till very lately. . . . It will not remain unread, however, many days, for I am in sight of leisure; and as I look among the leaves I catch snatches of verse which, after the Voices, I am sure to like. Your 'Prelude' (which, I suppose, like other prefaces, was written last, — perhaps after the 'Envoi') particularly delights me. The verses which I think Greene more particularly pointed out to me were the 'Psalm of Life.' I find them as effective by my own hearth here as by his at Rome.

You will have had enough of my writing by this time. Not as a return, but as a testimony of the pleasure I have had from yours, I beg your acceptance of two books of

mine. . . . The Rhymed Plea for Tolerance was printed anonymously. I dare say you will not agree in all I have said there, but you will agree in many things. I did not mean, when I began, to worry you so long.

I am, my dear sir, truly yours,

JOHN KENYON.

From Thomas Carlyle.

CHELSEA, LONDON, December, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR, — About two weeks ago arrived your letter. . . . From you, since the morning when we parted at the end of Leigh Hunt's Row, some fitful reports and notices have reached me; one in particular which, I remember, frightened us all, — the rumor that you were in that fatal steamer where so many perished! Happily, this was soon contradicted; and about the same time there came an indistinct message that a copy of your Poems had been left for me at Fraser, the bookseller's. It now beckons to me from one of my shelves, asking always, When wilt thou have a cheerful vacant day? . . .

Alas, my dear sir, what a wretched scrawl is this, with the worst of pens; time, composure, and all elements of social intercourse entirely denied me! It is a hideous, immeasurable treadmill, this smoky soul-confusing Babylon; I address one prayer to the heavens that I were well out of it, before it take the life from me! Happy you who sit in Cambridge, Old or New, with clear air around you, with liberty to commune with your own thoughts, not compulsion to commune with the infinite hubbub of Cockney thoughts and no-thoughts, which — *mag der Teufel holen!* But, patience! we must have patience, and shuffle the cards.

Adieu, dear sir, and Good be with you ever.

Yours most truly,

T. CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XXII.

LETTERS.

1841.

To his Father.

January 3, 1841.

I MET yesterday, in a book-store in Boston, your old friend Dr. Channing. He inquired very particularly after you; said you used to be intimate in former times; that he had not seen you for many years; but he hoped to see you next summer, as he intended to make the tour of the White Mountains and return by the way of Portland.[1] He appears to be very well. He wears a blue camlet wrapper, silver-bowed spectacles, a shawl round his neck, and an enormous hat, coming down over his eyes.

In Boston, the year ended with an assembly, — not political, but fashionable. As I never dance, my duty on such occasions is to console those who — not wishing, or not being asked, to dance — perform that respectable part

[1] "With Dr. Channing," wrote his father, in reply, "my friendship was of the most sincere and intimate kind, as a college classmate. I shall always remember it with the greatest pleasure. I do not know of any occurrence which would afford me more gratification than to meet my old friend again. And I most sincerely hope that I shall enjoy that pleasure next summer." Mr. Longfellow's own infirm health prevented him for many years from going from home even as far as Boston.

of feminine duty in a ball-room known under the name of "sustaining the walls" (wall-flowers, — the only kind of flowers I cultivate). It was a very pleasant evening; and we stayed till the morning of the New Year, when the company, wishing each other a happy future, gradually separated.

Last night I went to hear 'The Song of the Bell' performed at the Odeon, — words by Schiller, translated by Mr. S. A. Eliot; music by Romberg. The singers will not compare with the Portland singers, — not one of them; but the instrumental performers are much superior.

To his Father.

January 10, 1841.

I have got through the labor of the term. I had my examinations on Friday last; they were very satisfactory to the committee. The department is in a flourishing condition, and the number of students in it greater than ever before.

To-morrow I go to work again on my drama, to retouch some of the scenes and get the whole copied out fairly. I have great confidence in its success. But I do not mean to publish it before the summer.

I have not the slightest idea what I shall write next, and am much more curious to know than anybody else can be.

I hope the New Year begins as pleasantly with you as it does with me. I feel very happy, and very well contented with the present state of things.

From Samuel Ward.

Wall Street, January 12, 1841.

You have heard that in 1750 or thereabouts a vessel, owned in Newport, and which had been out on a long

voyage, was seen standing into the harbor with all sails set. To the amazement of those who boarded her, they found the fire kindled in the cook's galley, the tea-kettle boiling, a cat and dog alive about the deck, — and not a soul of crew or captain was seen or ever heard of from that day. It struck me, a few moments ago, that such a mystery, so well authenticated as this is, would afford admirable material for your poetical loom.

Or, in the Magnalia Christi, by Cotton Mather, which you will undoubtedly find in the college library, there is an account of a vessel, belonging to New Haven, which had been lost sight of for many months. So deeply did the uncertainty as to her fate prey upon the inhabitants that prayers were offered up in church on Sunday that the Almighty would at all events reveal what had been the fate of the vessel and her crew. The following morning the long-missed ship was seen standing into the harbor. At a certain point it seemed to the multitude whom the glad news had brought to the wharves, to be suddenly taken aback; her foremast broke, down went the main and mizzen masts, and the hull heeled over and sank. The stirring description in old Mather's chronicle will rouse you amazingly. If you cannot lay hand upon it in Cambridge, I will have it copied for you here, so that you may poetically delineate so *schauervoll* a spectacle. It will suit the present bent of your genius, — the preacher in his pulpit, the excited earnestness of the congregation, the phantom bark appearing and enacting the dreadful shipwreck.[1]

Your affectionate

S. W.

[1] The story from the Magnalia Mr. Longfellow versified in 'The Phantom Ship.' The other incident may have been the theme of "another 'Phantom Ship,'" which he speaks of having written and burned.

From Samuel Ward.

WALL STREET, January 14, 1841.

De Goy called yesterday, speaking in terms of warmest commendation of the alterations you have made in 'The Spanish Student.'

G——'s[1] third-born made its appearance on Sunday night. The doctor took the child in his arms and asked for something to wrap it up in. G—— drew near; "Is it a boy?" he inquired, and being answered yes, "Then," said he, exultingly, "he shall be named Immanuel Kant." "Yes, my dear sir," replied the doctor, "that will do very well by and by, but it won't serve to cover him now." So the poor father's old military coat was got out and the babe wrapped therein. What a strange scene; what a picture Jean Paul or Carlyle would have made of it!

I enter into your wishes to have *Preciosa* played, and will see thereabout. I regret deeply that the exquisitely dramatic scene of the dance before the Archbishop should be excluded.[2] It must be printed. I was vastly amused to hear that Sumner and Felton were against Halleck and myself in the matter of the 'Skeleton in Armor.' It was strange. I rejoice that Allston should have enjoyed the "regalias," and would have given a sum to have assisted at your delightful dinner.

Always your affectionate

HYPOLITO.

To his Father.

NEW YORK, February 3, 1841.

I have got back thus far homeward. My friend Sumner is with me, and next week I shall be in Portland. We

[1] A learned but impecunious German *protégé* of Mr. Ward.

[2] 'The Spanish Student' was never brought upon the stage.

have been as far as Philadelphia, where we passed a week, and saw many agreeable people; among them, Judge Hopkinson, Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. Binney, Mr. Biddle, and many more. We were received with the utmost cordiality and kindness; dined and breakfasted and supped, and seldom went to less than three parties in an evening. All this is very agreeable for a while; but a week satiated me, and I have come back to this place in hope of being a little more quiet. But, alas! fallacious hope! I have already received six invitations to dinner, and I know not how many to parties and concerts. In fine, for the sake of change, I have turned my habits of life upside down, and do nothing but run to and fro from morning till night and from night till morning. It grows very tiresome, and the effect is to make me cling more closely to Cambridge and the life of a student.

In Philadelphia it was so mild as to require no fire. Old Mr. John Vaughan was very ill. At his door a bulletin of his health was placed every morning, and those who called left their names on a list. It is not probable that he will recover.

To his Father.

March 21, 1841.

We have such a celestial day that I am enjoying it by the open window. The blue river runs in front, and the wind roars loud in the trees, and it is all spring-like. We deserve this for the purgatory of snow, mud, and rain we have just passed through. My friend Sumner is passing the Sunday with me, and lies stretched in all his majestic length upon the sofa, reading Poliziano, the Italian poet. It is delicious to get one's window open again, and breathe freely as in summer. But I think spring a most restless season. I cannot possibly sit still. Change of place seems almost indispensable; yet, being chained,

I can only move in thought. This term I have an easier time than usual in college, and am occupied on three days only, four hours each. I have no lectures, which relieves me much; and the recitation of classes is a thing very easily managed and needing no preparation. So that I have a great deal of time to myself, and do not find it disagreeable. . . .

And so the days wear away in doing the self-same things over and over again. Only occasionally a stranger, — as last evening at the President's, Professor Silliman [the elder], who is now lecturing in Boston. A distinguished man he certainly is, and his lectures are so crowded that he is obliged to repeat the course.

In literature there is nothing new, save Mr. Emerson's Essays, which have just appeared; full of sublime prose-poetry, magnificent absurdities, and simple truths. It is a striking book; but as it is impossible to see any connection in the ideas, I do not think it would please you much, and I shall not send it.

To his Father.

April 2, 1841.

Mrs. Craigie in all probability will not live long. She will have neither doctor nor nurse, and has nobody to attend upon her but her cook, who is lame. She says her system is not adapted to medicine. She is determined to die as she has lived, pretty much in her own way, without regard to the opinions of others.[1] She is very calm and untroubled.

I have not written anything lately save the translation of a German ballad, 'The Luck of Edenhall,' published in the Boston Notion.

[1] Poor lady! Her disease proved, after death, to have been a cancer in the breast.

To his Father.

April 4, 1841.

I agree with you in thinking it very important to have a good school in Portland. When I look back upon the years I wasted within those gloomy brick walls, I feel ready to cry about it. It was too bad; but the milk is spilt, and there is no remedy but to milk the cow over again.

I have the pleasure of informing you that the fifth edition of the Voices will go to press as soon as paper can be made or bought suitable for the purpose. I am very agreeably surprised at the success of this work.

Has the Eclectic Review, published in New York, ever reached you in Portland? I am going to publish in it a Syllabus of the History of German Literature during the Middle Ages, — an account of all the works, what editions have been published, and where extracts may be found of such as have not been published. It is a kind of guide-book for the student in German literature, and I hope may prove useful. As soon as it appears I will send you a copy. The North American for April is out. I have nothing in it but a brief notice of a Spanish grammar.

To Edgar A. Poe.

May 19, 1841.

Your favor of the 3d inst., with the two numbers of the Magazine, reached me only a day or two ago.

I am much obliged to you for your kind expressions of regard, and to Mr. Graham for his very generous offer, of which I should gladly avail myself under other circumstances. But I am so much occupied at present that I could not do it with any satisfaction either to you or to myself. I must therefore respectfully decline his proposition.

You are mistaken in supposing that you are not "favorably known to me." On the contrary, all that I have read from your pen has inspired me with a high idea of your power; and I think you are destined to stand among the first romance-writers of the country, if such be your aim.

To his Father.

May 31, 1841.

For the last week this house has been a scene of confusion and desolation, such as I hope never to see again. The sale of Mrs. Craigie's furniture began on Tuesday and continued two days; and the delivery after the sale, and clearing the house, continued till Saturday. But at length all is quiet again. Mr. Worcester [1] takes the house for one year, and I keep my rooms. I should dislike to move. Had it come to that, I should have gone into College; an arrangement which, on the whole, I should not be very well satisfied with.

Everything goes on here in its usual monotonous train. As the spring opens, I keep out in the air as much as possible; and have taken to riding on horseback for exercise and recreation. I like it very well, though I have to run for luck as to horses, which is not so agreeable.

In literature, nothing new. I hear that Hyperion has been republished in London, though I have not received a copy of it.

To Samuel Ward.

[With a copy of 'The Two Locks of Hair.']

Thursday night, 10.30, June 24, 1841.

Sitting sad and sorrowful, the other morning, I felt the mood come over me of turning into English those sweet

[1] Joseph E. Worcester, author of the English Dictionary.

lines of Pfizer which, when you asked me to do it, I said I could not.[1] You have now the piece entire. But I beg of you, do not give it to any one to print, as I have given it to my friend Hillard for a book of which he is editor, and which is now in press.

On Tuesday I drove over with Sumner to see your sweet sisters. They are all well, rejoicing in delicious coolness and the green of the country. We passed a couple of delightful hours with them, and have only to regret they are so far off.

To his Father.

June 27, 1841.

There is nothing in our green and flourishing Cambridge worthy of record. One quiet day succeeds another and leaves no trace. Each finds us well, and leaves us well; and so we go on. I am glad to hear by James Greenleaf that it is pretty much the same with you. We are looking, however, with anxiety towards Washington. Things seem to be going on very badly there, — as badly as under the last administration. . . . Neither of the men [appointed to foreign missions] knows anything about courts or foreign policy or foreign languages. Other bad news you will see in the papers. We fear the Whig administration will be a failure; and that instead of setting a noble example in its appointment of worthy men to places of honor and trust, the party which came in professedly as a reform party will close its career with ignominy, after having perpetuated the evil courses of its adversary.

I intended, when I sat down, to write you a long letter, to atone for past delinquencies; but have been interrupted, and the clock has struck midnight.

[1] After the death of Mr. Ward's wife and her babe, he had sent Pfizer's *Junggesell* to his friend, begging him to translate it.

From Mrs. Harrison G. Otis.

July 4, 1841.

A lady, my dear sir, has requested me to offer you this little tribute, hoping that you will not deem it too small. She bought last week the Voices of the Night, and gave the volume to her little girl, after reading to her 'The Reaper and the Flowers.' The same evening the child, on repeating her prayers, said, "Mother, do you not think 'The Reaper' beautiful enough to mix with my prayer this lovely moonlight night?" — and she recited the whole poem.

As a *pendant* to this: my German maid, who reads nothing else, left her copy on the piazza, and our Newfoundland dog Tiger took it out into the fields and literally devoured it. *Il paraît que tout le monde s'en mêle.*

Yours ever,

E. Henderson Otis.

To his Father.

July 5, 1841.

You have probably seen by the papers that we have had a rebellion in college. It lasted, however, only two days. All is again quiet and orderly. There was never a more silly and boyish outbreak, nor one with less cause. Two students have been expelled, and six dismissed from college. Luckily, the term is nearly over, and vacation will soon intervene, — giving time for hot-headed youth to cool.

I began yesterday to read Washington's letters from Cambridge, as yesterday was the date of the first of them. He came to Cambridge July 2, 1775, took command of the army on the 3d, and wrote his first letter on the 4th. It will be very pleasant to read, here in Headquarters, the letters he wrote sixty-six years ago, perhaps in this very room, — certainly in this very house.

Sumner is passing a day or two with me, and I must close my letter suddenly; for I am expecting Mr. Halleck the poet and some other gentlemen to breakfast this morning.

From Samuel Ward.

WALL STREET, August 13, 1841.

MY DEAR HYPERION, — "Is not Longfellow a tall, thin man; has he not great dark, melancholy eyes, with a deep expression?" said a lady to me the other day. "No, madam, he is as rosy-cheeked as yourself; and his eyes resemble blue water-lilies." "But is not he often very unhappy; does he not sit abstracted, with his eyes fixed, musing mournfully?" "Not that I ever saw; he is generally cheerful. You must know," continued I, "that the 'Psalm of Life' was written as an exorcism against all bad spirits and blue devils. It was sung to cheer the unhappy, not to chime in with their wailings."

A busy day, and time only to sign myself

Affectionately, S. W.

To Samuel Ward.

August 24, 1841.

I *did* write you a long epistle, a few days before leaving Portland, touching on all the one hundred and ninety-nine topics of your Genesee-farmer-prince project, and sundry others. It may be a good project, but I think you would get tired of it in a year. I shall think you in earnest when you have first established your Magnetic Observatory at Milwaukee. I will discuss the matter with you to your heart's content when we next meet.

C——'s little girl (you remember her), as she lay musing in her crib, saw a "father-long-legs" crawl over her pillow, and cried out to her mother, "Oh, mamma, here's Mr. Longfellow in here!"

From a pastel by F. Alexander, 1852

Felton has returned from Niagara. He enjoyed his journey highly, making friends of whole families, — with room enough for more in his capacious heart.

I saw [Professor] Peirce a few moments ago. He was wishing that Dr. Woods "would only publish that Oration on Science. Only let him print, that is all!" "Why, Peirce, you are like a ravenous shark, swimming round a vessel and saying to the captain, '*Only* jump overboard, that's all.'"

But good-by. I am off to dine with Cleveland. Willard's gig will be at the door in a few moments.

To his Father.

September 1, 1841.

Commencement week passed off pleasantly. Mr. Hedge's oration before the Phi Beta Kappa was in the main good, and in parts brilliant, though rather deep and oracular. Mr. Ingersoll's poem was a kind of prose run mad; full of jests and puns, more amusing than dignified. I did not attend the dinner.

And now the term has begun. Nor am I sorry for it. I gave my first lecture yesterday. I never commenced a term in better health and spirits, and I think everything will go on vigorously and harmoniously.

I enjoyed my trip to Nahant very much. I found a great many of my friends and acquaintances there, and three days were soon passed. Sparks, Prescott, and Bancroft were there; Legaré, from South Carolina; the Wadsworths of Geneseo, and the Eliots and Lowells and many others.[1]

[1] Nahant, on its cool peninsula, was the precursor of the numerous summer resorts along the eastern coast of Massachusetts. Rich Bostonians built cottages on its cliffs, and its hotel was greatly resorted to. Mr. Longfellow for many years spent his summers there with his family; and finally, with his brother-in-law, Mr. T. G. Appleton, purchased and occupied the Wetmore cottage on the

The painting arrived safely; I fear I gave you a great deal of trouble about it. It now hangs in my bed-room, there being no place for it in the study.

Have you read Pitt Fessenden's speech on the Bankrupt Bill? It seems to be direct and forcible, and I think will please his constituents.

To Samuel Ward.

September 17, 1841.

I had no sooner sealed and sent my last, with "Endymion" asleep under its leaves, than who should come in but Park Benjamin himself! I told him what I had done, whereat he expressed great grief; and to console him, I promised to write you and cry "Stop that poem!" If, therefore, it is not already in the hands (*paws?*) of "Arcturus"[1] or the claws of "Old Knick," you may send it to Benjamin.

It is a long while (that is, three days) since I heard from you. I am glad to know by your last that you like Lieber better on knowing him more. He is a strong man, and one whose conversation, like some tumultuous mountain-brook, sets your wheels all in motion. . . . He it is who has made you restless. Sing, then, with old Goethe, —

"Der du von dem Himmel bist."
Thou, that from the realms of bliss
All our care and sorrow stillest, —
Him who doubly wretched is
Doubly with refreshment fillest, —
Oh! I'm weary of contending!
Why this sorrow, this unrest!
Peace, descending,
Come, oh come, into my breast![2]

southern shore. One of Mr. Appleton's well-known *mots* was the calling Nahant "cold roast Boston."

[1] "Arcturus" was a New York magazine of the period.

[2] A more exact translation will be found in Ultima Thule.

This term begins beautifully with me. My lectures come in the afternoon, so that I have all these golden autumnal mornings to myself. Believe me, I both enjoy and improve them. I have fairly cast anchor here, as in a safe harbor, drying my sails, and occasionally (as now, for instance) *dropping a line* out of the cabin windows to catch a friend. Life is sanctified by its uses!

I have two or three literary projects; foremost among which are the 'Student' and the 'Skeleton.' I have been thinking this morning which I shall bring out first. The 'Skeleton,' with the few other pieces I have on hand, will, it is true, make but a meagre volume. But what then? It is important to bring all my guns to bear now; and though they are small ones, the shot may take effect. Through the breach thus made, the 'Student' may enter the citadel in triumph. In fine, such are my thoughts this morning.

Washington Allston has a book in press; a tale, written *twenty years* ago! Scene in Italy, title and subject unknown. [Monaldi.]

From Samuel Ward.

New York, October 4, 1841.

Dear Longfellow, — It is but five minutes since I read your exquisite 'Excelsior,' and I hasten to thank you; just as one rises, the instant a divine harmony has ceased, to grasp the friendly hand that has lifted us to a calmer life, a seraphic world. It is your finest effort. Its effect is magical, electrical. I speak more hastily than Felton, and perhaps should defer my opinion until to-morrow. But I believe my judgments have not been wrong about your productions; and this one has the mingled effect of poesy and music.

I am glad, too, that it comes at this moment. I had last night a discussion with M. about you and George Sand; and these lines come to justify my conclusion. Although French romances are barren to you as the east wind, yet I am sure you feel that George Sand is a poet, and one who moves thousands, especially in her later productions. Her motto is "Excelsior." In her last romance, which I am just concluding, *Le Compagnon du Tour de France*, the hero is a journeyman *menuisier*, and the scene lies among the working class, from among whom the noblest materials are drawn with a truth, an earnestness, an indifference to the public applause or censure, which invest the narrative with an almost apostolic gravity.

Again I say, thank you for 'Excelsior.'[1]

Always affectionately yours,

SAMUEL WARD.

[1] The history of this poem may bear repetition. One day Mr. Longfellow's eye fell upon a scrap of newspaper, a part of the heading of one of the New York journals, bearing the seal of the State of New York, — a shield, with a rising sun, and the motto in heraldic Latin, "EXCELSIOR." At once there sprang up in his imagination the picture of the youth scaling the Alpine pass, bearing in his hand — surely not the broad trailing banner with which the "illustrators" have furnished him, but rather some slender pennant affixed to his *alpenstock*, sufficient to bear his chosen motto. This the poet made a symbol of the aspiration and sacrifice of a nobly ideal soul, whose words and aim are "an unknown tongue" to the multitude; and who, refusing to listen to the cautions of experience or prudence, or to the pleadings of home affections, of woman's love, or of formal religion, presses on to a higher goal. That goal he does not perfectly attain in this life, but in dying still presses on to a higher beyond. The Latinity of the motto was questioned by some of the poet's friends at the time, and afterwards by critics, who thought it should be either *excelsius* or *ad excelsiora*. He at first thought *excelsior* justified by good Latin usage, but finding that this was not really the case, he explained it more satisfactorily as part of the phrase "*Scopus meus excelsior est*" — my goal is higher. In truth, he was not responsible for the borrowed Latin; and evidently the word *excelsior* was the word the poem needed.

To Samuel Ward.

October 24, 1841.

. . . Now let me thank you for your letters, which always give me great satisfaction and consolation. I am glad you think better of the *Wasser-Cur* (Water-dog). That will be my pool of Bethesda. I shall never get well till my good angel troubles the water for me. More of this anon. But send me Graeter's book as soon as it comes out. I am curious to see it. I have faith myself, but wish to strengthen the faith of others.

How strange! While you are urging me to translate *Nattvardsbarnen* [The Children of the Lord's Supper] comes a letter from Bishop Tegnér himself, saying that of all the translations he has seen of *Frithiof*, my fragments are the only attempts "that have *fully* satisfied him." "The only fault," he says, "that I can find with your translation is, that it is not complete. I take the liberty of urging you to complete the task, that I may be able to say that *Frithiof* has been translated into at least one language." Highly complimentary is the Bishop to my humble endeavor. He is about publishing his complete works in some twenty volumes, prose and poetry, and promises me a copy, hoping I shall find something therein to translate. After this kind letter, can I do less than over-set the *Nattvardsbarnen?*

Your late visit to Cambridge was as delightful

as the sigh
Of summer winds, that breathe and die.

But you left a deeper imprint of yourself upon the minds of your friends. I am delighted to hear the words of praise that spring to the lips of Hillard and Felton, when they speak of you.

Lord Morpeth was kind enough to drive out to see me with Sumner, the evening of his arrival. He is a very

simple, cordial man, *mezzo cammin;* with a ruddy face and white hair, — a live coal with ashes on it. A very unostentatious, friendly man.

I wrote the other evening a song to the River Charles; quite successful; though, as it is local, I think it had better appear first in the volume, not in any magazine. Also last night, a funeral chant called 'God's Acre.' I would like to be *burned*, not *buried*.

P. S. This evening I have added twenty-six lines to the nine I translated for you in *Nattvardsbarnen*.

To Samuel Ward.

[With a copy of 'Blind Bartimeus.']

November 3, 1841.

I was reading this morning, just after breakfast, the tenth chapter of Mark, in Greek, the last seven verses of which contain the story of blind Bartimeus, and always seemed to me remarkable for their beauty. At once the whole scene presented itself to my mind in lively colors, — the walls of Jericho, the cold wind through the gate-way, the ragged, blind beggar, his shrill cry, the tumultuous crowd, the serene Christ, the miracle; and these things took the form I have given them above, where, perforce, I have retained the striking Greek expressions of entreaty, comfort, and healing; though I am well aware that Greek was not spoken at Jericho. The poem is for your private eye. It must see the light first in the volume, which is going bravely on. I think I shall add to the title 'supposed to be written by a monk of the Middle Ages,' as it is in the legend style.

A letter from Park Benjamin to-day. He wants two poems (orders two pair of boots!), and offers twenty dollars each. If you have not disposed of 'Charles River,' send it to him. If you have, send one of the

others. I shall send him a new poem, called simply 'Fennel,' which I do not copy here on account of its length. It is as good, perhaps, as 'Excelsior.' Hawthorne, who is passing the night with me, likes it better. Thanks for the illustrations (?) of 'Excelsior.' Hawthorne laughs mightily at them; and says "the absurdity of ambition is now rendered obvious to him by seeing this figure carrying the huge log of wood up the Alps, with as much fervor as if the safety of the world depended upon it." They *are* funny.

When shall I look for you here? I am delighted to hear you are coming. But is it *my* visit, or Ticknor's? At all events, come alone; for I shall have the 'Children' to show you. The work is more than half done, and goes into the volume of Ballads and other Poems. For Skeleton in Armor is no longer an appropriate title, the volume being now more than one hundred pages.

I told Felton of your riding ten miles before breakfast. His only comment was, "Poor fellow!" You know he has the *hippophobia*. I have much, *much* more to say, but alas, where is the time?

To Samuel Ward.

November 6, 1841.

It is Saturday night, and eight by the village clock. I have just finished the translation of the 'Children of the Lord's Supper;' and with the very ink that wrote the last words of it, I commence this letter to you. That it is with the same pen, too, this chirography sufficiently makes manifest. With your permission I will mend that.

The poem is indeed very beautiful; and in parts so touching that more than once in translating it I was blinded with tears. Perhaps my weakness makes the poet strong. You shall soon judge; for, as I told you in

my last, this poem goes into the forthcoming volume; and with many, — with all of you Episcopalians, — will make the most attractive part of it. I hope the 'Monk's Hymn' ['Blind Bartimeus'] pleased your fancy. As to the other pieces now in your hands, pray give yourself no trouble about them. Turn the 'Charles River,' into Benjamin's office, and like another Peneus let it wash away the filth of the three thousand oxen! Ye gods, what a figure! He deserves it for so captiously abusing me at times.

Sumner is passing the night and Sunday with me. While I write, he has run down to Judge Story's, but will be back in a minute and send his love to you. From your short note, which reached me this afternoon, I read him the story of the lady's work-bag. He seemed to think it a lady's *ridicule*.

Speaking of *stories* (not the Judge nor the lady's) the best things for Graeter to translate from are Zschokke's Tales. What a magnificent name that is; six consonants and two vowels; reminding one of Lenore's bridal bed,

Sechs Bretter und zwei Brettchen,

(which an unfortunate wight in college the other day translated, "six chairs and two tables"). But to return to Zschokke. His tales, I think, would please; so would some parts of Hoffmann's *Serapionsbrüder;* in fine, almost anything but Tieck.

There is but a single entry, in the Journal, of this year; but it is a significant one, being the first hint of a design which was not completed till more than thirty years after.

November 8, 1841. This evening it has come into my mind to undertake a long and elaborate poem by the holy name of CHRIST; the theme of which would be the

various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle, and Modern Ages.

> And the swete smoke of the odorous incense
> whych came of the wholsome and fervent
> desyres of them that had fayth ascended
> up before God, out of the aungel's hande.
>
> — *Bale.* IMAGE, pt. i.

Of this work, the second part, the mediæval, was published in 1851, as The Golden Legend; the third part, The New England Tragedies, in 1868; the first part, which was the last written, was The Divine Tragedy, 1871. The whole, completed and united by introduction, interludes, and finale, was published with the title Christus, in 1873.

From George S. Hillard.

BOSTON, November 9, 1841.

DEARLY BELOVED HENRY, — The subject before us is to be considered cooking-stove-ically; which is to be divided into two parts; to wit, Doolittle-cooking-stove-ically and non-Doolittle-cooking-stove-ically. I duly paid my respects to the Doolittle stove yesterday; and though I have no knowledge of such articles in general, it seems to me that this one differs very little from others of its class. It is unsightly, and has no resemblance whatever to an open fireplace. But why do you want one at all?

As to the poesy. Sumner has laid open to me the difference of opinion, and I am sorry to range myself under the banner of the party opposed to you. I do not altogether like the last line of that striking poem, 'The Goblet of Life' [at first called 'Fennel']. It is too Scandinavian and Berserker-like for the elevated tone of sentiment in the preceding sentences. I should prefer your alteration. . . .

Ever yours, G. S. H.

To Samuel Ward.

November 17, 1841.

"O'Sullivan is to have the 'God's Acre'" [for the Democratic Review]. That is right; and now all will doubtless flow on harmoniously. Benjamin has probably been in some perplexity between my negotiations with him and yours, — in a misty, dubious frame of mind, like Fibel's father[1] when the bird and baby came together, and grasping one and looking at the other, he exclaimed, "*Hab' ich ihn?*" To make matters in all respects equal on each side, I here add a concluding stanza for 'God's Acre,' which I think improves the piece, and rounds it off more perfectly than before, — the thought no longer resting on the cold furrow, but on the waving harvest beyond: —

> Green gate of Paradise! let in the sun!
> Unclose thy portals, that we may behold
> Those fields Elysian, where bright rivers run,
> And waving harvests bend like seas of gold.[2]

I handed the last sheets of my new volume to the printer this morning; the proofs will soon be read and the book in your hands. I am now free to think of my next movement, which undoubtedly will be sea-ward.

. . . My present plan is to sail for England in January, pass a few weeks there, and be in Germany in March; and if the water-dog's bark is not *better* than his bite, to return in August hale and hearty.

I hope you will drop in suddenly upon me next Saturday. It would delight my weary heart exceedingly. Pray come soon. I am truly glad to learn that Sparks's lectures [in New York] are so successful. *Viva la Storia!*

[1] In Jean Paul Richter's *Leben Fibel's.*

[2] This verse was afterward omitted.

From Samuel Ward.

WALL STREET, November 24, 1841.

. . . Yours of the 20th came to hand only yesterday. I cannot consent to the suppression of the *Nattvards-barnen* ['Children of the Lord's Supper']. I accordingly write to Owen to-day to suspend the destruction of the condemned sheets.[1] . . . At least, let me have a look at them. I am a pretty good judge, and identify myself a good deal with your success. I might add lots of quotations from your letters, showing how enchanted you were with the poem, and how much interest you took in the translation, and how wrong and inconsistent it is to reject it now, in a fit of panic. I suppose you have read it to the Hater-of-horses-and-of-Jean-Paul [Felton], as you did the 'Skeleton in Armor.' I regard this as an extremely serious matter, the excluding these Children from the *supper of glory* which awaits your new volume, and the other children of your fancy which it contains.

Let me have a Thanksgiving epistle from Portland.

Ever thine affectionately,

S. W.

From Park Benjamin.

NEW YORK, December 4, 1841.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR, — I am your debtor for forty dollars. 'The Goblet of Life' and 'To the River Charles' are disposed of, for that sum, to "respectable sources." I did not take the poems for the New World, for two reasons; the first is that we have entered into costly arrangements for a correspondence in England. The second is that I do not like the poems so well as many others you have written. They are by no means so

[1] It will be remembered that Mr. Ward had sent the Swedish poem to his friend for translation.

worthy of your genius as 'Excelsior,' a magnificent piece, which I regret having parted with. . . .

I write now not only to say what foregoes, but to ask you to furnish an occasional prose article and poem for Graham's Magazine . . . of which Edgar A. Poe is one editor; by far the best of this class of periodicals. It will pay liberally and punctually.[1]

Faithfully yours,

PARK BENJAMIN.

To his Father.

December 18, 1841.

The Ballads and Other Poems will be published to-morrow. I shall send you a copy by the earliest opportunity. I hope you will like it as much as you expect. I think the last two pieces the best, — perhaps as good as anything I have written. ['Maidenhood' and 'Excelsior.']

We have had a delightful musician here, — a Miss Sloman, — a pianiste of great talent, and only seventeen years old. I wish you could hear her; for to wonderful execution she unites the greatest delicacy of touch imaginable. She and old Braham are filling Boston with music.

The time spared from these is taken up in dining Lord Morpeth, who is so much in demand that he is no more to be had. The modern German critics have proved from the Iliad that Ulysses accepted three dinner invitations on one day. I doubt whether his Lordship is up to that; though he certainly can do a good deal in that way. I gave him a small dinner on my friend Sumner's account, and had Mr. Prescott, Mr. Norton, and one or two other pleasant people. We dined from five o'clock till ten, and had a pleasant time.

[1] Mr. Longfellow sent an article on Heine, and afterward became a regular contributor of verse to the Magazine.

I find I can have the old picture entirely restored. It will make a brilliant affair.[1]

To his Father.

December 26, 1841.

My Ballads, etc., is at length published, and some copies are on the way to you. The first edition was small, — only about four hundred, and went off immediately. The second, of five hundred, came out yesterday. It is neater than the first. A large-paper edition will be in readiness soon, being already printed and in the binder's hands. I hope you will like these poems as well as the last.

I dined yesterday, Christmas-day, with Mr. Ticknor. Mr. Prescott, Frank Gray, Sumner, Norton, etc., were the other guests, — with Lord Morpeth, for whom the dinner was given. He is a very pleasant, jolly, sociable, ruddy-faced man, with gray hair, blue coat, and red waistcoat, — a laughing bachelor of forty. He is the oldest son of the Earl of Carlisle;[2] has been for many years Secretary for Ireland, and in all probability when the Whigs come into power again, will be Prime Minister. He seems to be enjoying himself in Boston, but leaves for Washington on Tuesday.

[1] This fine old picture is a full-length of a boy and girl, — the grandchildren of Sir William Pepperell, of Louisburg fame. It is believed to have been painted by Brown, a fellow-pupil of Copley. It was found, a very dilapidated canvas, at the sale of the old "Portland Museum," among a rubbish of wax-works, Indian weapons, stuffed animals, etc., was bought for a trifle, and, after being carefully restored, was hung in the drawing-room of Craigie House, which it still adorns.

[2] Himself afterward the seventh Earl. He died in 1864.

From Samuel Ward.

New York, December 29, 1841.

The dinner yesterday [to Lord Morpeth] was pleasant. Many good things were said. —— related the anecdote of Roger Sherman in Congress, in 1776, when a red-hot member arose and moved that the use of the English language be abolished. Sherman seconded the motion with the amendment "that we compel the English to learn Greek, and keep their language for ourselves." Lord Morpeth was extremely agreeable.

Apropos of 'Excelsior,' an aunt of mine professed that it reminded her of a story she once read. An aeronaut was preparing for his ascent, when a stranger presented himself and offered to accompany him. He appeared so interested, and so sure of his courage for the undertaking, that the aeronaut consented. After they had risen many thousand feet, he remarked that they were over the town of Hexenheim. "Throw out more ballast," cried the stranger, "go higher; they have sharp eyes in Hexenheim." "Where?" inquired the astonished aeronaut. "In the madhouse," replied his *compagnon-de-voyage*, and kept throwing out bag after bag, crying out, "Higher; higher!" Finally he rose and threw the aeronaut out of the car, having first inquired if he had any wives and children. "I," said the madman, "have 300 wives and 7,000 children in the stars; so bundle out, for I must get there." *Excelsior!*

Your affectionate S. W.

From William H. Prescott.

Boston, December 30, 1841.

My dear Longfellow, — I do not know that an old stager in authorship, like you, cares for anybody's opinion.

And yet I think one is never indifferent to the opinion of a friend. At all events I am too much your debtor for the beautiful poems you have just published not to express my pleasure to you. I have read most of them several times, and not with less satisfaction that I recognized now and then an old familiar face. The ballads I never saw before. The hexameters strike me as the most doubtful. Every experiment, even by the best hand, shows that our language is not nicely enough modulated for them. I don't think, either, that the original tone of thought in this piece *de longue haleine* ['The Children of the Lord's Supper'] is of so decided a poetical character as your own writing. You are too good for translation; though you certainly improve your natural vein by a slight infusion into it — I will not say imitation — of foreign and ancient models. In two or three ballads, especially the 'Skeleton' and the 'Hesperus,' you have seized the true coloring of the antique. Nothing better have I seen in this way since the 'Ancient Mariner.' The smaller pieces are graceful and touching, showing that delicate blending of sentiment and poetic imagery which art must despair to reach. I bought a copy at the same time with our noble friend, who expressed a warm admiration for your writings.

I do not believe that these remarks will seem intrusive or impertinent, from, my dear Longfellow,

Your sincere friend,

Wm. H. Prescott.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THIRD VISIT TO EUROPE.

1842.

From John Neal.

PORTLAND, January 16, 1842.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — I am greatly obliged to you for your new poems. What I think of them you will know by the next Brother Jonathan. I shall sit down directly and try to do you justice. Meanwhile, that you may not shake in your shoes, like the unhappy wretch whom the judge was trying to comfort by saying he should have justice done him, — "Please your honor," said he, "that 's just what I 'm afraid of," — let me add that I look upon the whole as a prodigious leap forward, and upon portions as quite unequalled in their way.

Yours truly,

JOHN NEAL.

To his Father.

January 30, 1842.

Many thanks for your kind letters, which I should have answered long ago. I cannot plead business as my excuse, but idleness. The weather for ten days past has been so delicious and summerlike that I have not been able to keep in-doors. I am trying, though I am sorry to

say with little success, the effect of air and exercise. To-day I have walked ten miles. I am disappointed in not getting well.

You see by the papers that Dickens has arrived. He is a glorious fellow; and the greatest possible enthusiasm exists among all classes. He has not a moment's rest, — calls innumerable, invitations innumerable, — and is engaged three deep for the remainder of his stay, in the way of dinners and parties. He is a gay, free-and-easy character; with a fine bright face, blue eyes, and long dark hair. He went with Sumner and me to hear Father Taylor[1] preach this morning; and then we took him to Copp's Hill, and to Bunker Hill. The other evening he was at the theatre; and was received with nine cheers, and forced to come forward in the box and make a bow. On Tuesday he has a public dinner, and leaves town on Saturday for Worcester, where he passes Sunday with the Governor. There, on Monday, he is to be met by a committee of young men from Springfield, who take him on to dine. At Springfield he passes into the hands of another committee, who take him to Hartford for the same purpose; and so on, through New Haven to New York. Luckily he is young, — only thirty, next month, — and has a good constitution, and likes the fun of the thing.

From Washington Allston.

January 30, 1842.

My dear Sir, — I beg you to accept my thanks for your volume of poems, which I have read with great pleasure. Your preface [on rural life in Sweden] has a simple beauty, both of thought and expression, which to me is quite touching. You have certainly bent your "inexor-

[1] The then celebrated preacher to the sailors, described in American Notes.

able" hexameters into as graceful forms as the English material will admit. They are to my ear easier than Southey's, whose English hexameters have hitherto been considered the best. The gentle and pious strain of the good Bishop [Tegnér] makes one love him. Of the smaller poems I like best your own originals. Among these I read with most pleasure 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' 'Endymion,' 'God's Acre,' 'Maidenhood,' and the 'Goblet of Life.' The two last are exceedingly beautiful.

I have been five weeks confined by illness, and am still very infirm. It is a great disappointment to me that I have not been able to see Mr. Dickens. I hope, however, to be well enough to call upon him before he leaves Boston. With sincere regard, yours,

WA. ALLSTON.

To his Father.

February 27, 1842.

. . . My friend Felton has just returned from New York. He brings me a note from Dickens, a copy of which I send you, that you may see what a cordial person he is: —

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — You are coming to England, you know. Now listen to me. When you return to London, I shall be there, please God! Write me from the continent, and tell me when to expect you. We live quietly — not uncomfortably — and among people whom I am sure you would like to know, as much as they would like to know you. Have no home but mine; see nothing in town on your way towards Germany, and let me be your London host and cicerone. Is this a bargain?

Always faithfully your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

So hearty an invitation as this I shall not hesitate to accept, if he is in London when I am there. It will render

my visit very agreeable. My lectures begin to-morrow. I have them three hours a week, on the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

To —— ——.

March 17, 1842.

I beg you to accept my thanks for your expressions of regard. I feel sincerely happy when I hear that anything I have written from my own heart finds a response in another's. I feel this to be the best reward an author can receive; as his highest privilege is to speak words of sincerity to those who in sincerity will hear them.

A good deal run down in health, Mr. Longfellow, in the spring of 1842, obtained leave of absence for six months, and went abroad to try the virtues of the "water-cure" at Marienberg, near Boppard on the Rhine. On the day before his sailing from New York there appeared in the Boston Advertiser the following verses, bearing the signature of his friend Mr. Hillard: —

TO THE SHIP VILLE DE LYON.

Navis quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.

— *Horace.*

O ship, beneath whose cleaving prow
The deep sea soon shall roar,
Were wishes winds, how soon thy keel
Would graze thy destined shore!

With eyes whose vision love makes keen
We watch thy lessening sail,
And covet, when that fades from sight,
The pinions of the gale.

. . . . . .

Firm be thy bolts, thy cable sure,
And stout thy ribs of oak;
Strong be thy canvas to resist
The storm-blast's rending stroke.
Far from thy path those perils fly
That haunt the watery world,
Till, safe upon thy haven's breast,
The weary sail be furled.

. . . . . .

Wind of the North, with hollow blast
Vex not the tranquil air;
Ye whirlwinds, sleep, with folded wing,
Within your caverned lair!
But west winds, blow from skies serene
A keel-compelling gale,
And press against the sloping mast
A silent marble sail!

Ye gales that breathe, ye founts that gush
With renovating power,
Upon that loved and laurelled head
Your gifts of healing shower!
And jocund health, that loves to climb
The breezy mountain side,
Wake with thy touch to bounding life
His pulse's languid tide!

. . . . . .

G. S. H.

From Charles Sumner.

COURT STREET [BOSTON], April 23.

DEAR HENRY, — Will this parting word reach you? I write without knowing. . . . We are all sad at your going; but I more than the rest, for I lose more than they do. It was to me a source of pleasure and strength untold to see you; and when I did not see you, to feel that you were near, with your swift sympathy and kindly words. . . . God bless you, my dear friend, from my heart of hearts! You know not the depth of my gratitude to you.

This morning Hillard's lines appear. They excite universal admiration. Judge Story, President Quincy, Greenleaf, — to say nothing of younger wits, — all admire them.

Enjoy Europe! gain your health, and with fresh happiness return to make us happy!

Ever your loving friend,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Of the summer at Marienberg the letters that follow will give the story. The pleasantest feature of it was the acquaintance made at St. Goar with Ferdinand Freiligrath, who, three years his junior, was already distinguished among the younger German poets. The warm friendship then formed was continued by correspondence through life; but after that summer they never met face to face. On his way to the Rhine, Mr. Longfellow spent a few days at Paris, and visited Antwerp and Bruges. In Paris he looked up some old friends, and made the acquaintance of Jules Janin, the

critic, whom he found living *au quatrième* in Rue Vaugirard, No. 20.

I was ushered by the servant into his library, and thence up a narrow winding staircase into a dressing-room. There sat the *feuilletoniste* of the Journal des Débats under the hands of his barber. I gave him Sam. Ward's letter, which he read through, and then said that I was welcome to his house. He has a frank, pleasing face, fine forehead and eye, and long black hair and beard. In person he is short and stout. . . . I asked him if he knew Alexandre Dumas, who is in the Hôtel de Paris, where I lodge. He had known him, but they had quarrelled. He has quarrelled with most of the authors, save Lamartine, whom he calls "good as an angel."

Dined with Janin. His drawing-room is a continuation of his library, a very pretty room overlooking the garden of the Luxembourg, furnished in the antique style, the ceiling covered with tapestry, and a picture or two on the walls. His books are elegant editions of the best authors, mainly French, in handsome bindings. Presently Janin came in, dressed in a green coat and light trousers. At dinner, we had his wife, a pretty woman, and her mother, and a silent lawyer, whose name I did not hear, not being introduced. After dinner we had whist, and I came away after a three hours' visit. Janin is a merry, nonchalant, easy person; evidently having no sympathies, yet very happy in his own little world. He dislikes the society of literary men; says that he never sees them and never wants to see them. While we were at dinner an author of dramatic pieces was shown in. Janin received him quite cavalierly, did not ask him to take a glass of wine, nor to sit down, which he did without being asked. He is to bring out a new piece to-morrow at the *Variétés*, and evidently wanted to bespeak a favorable notice.

Here are the days in Bruges, to which we owe the "Belfry" poems.

May 30. In the evening took the railway from Ghent to Bruges. Stopped at *La Fleur de Blé*, attracted by the name, and found it a good hotel. It was not yet night; and I strolled through the fine old streets and felt myself a hundred years old. The chimes seemed to be ringing incessantly; and the air of repose and antiquity was delightful. . . . O those chimes, those chimes! how deliciously they lull one to sleep! The little bells, with their clear liquid notes, like the voices of boys in a choir, and the solemn bass of the great bell tolling in, like the voice of a friar!

31st. Rose before five and climbed the high belfry which was once crowned by the gilded copper dragon now at Ghent. The carillon of forty-eight bells; the little chamber in the tower; the machinery, like a huge barrel-organ, with keys like a musical instrument for the *carilloneur;* the view from the tower; the singing of swallows with the chimes; the fresh morning air; the mist in the horizon; the red roofs far below; the canal, like a silver clasp, linking the city with the sea, — how much to remember!

Except letters, Mr. Longfellow wrote little, while at Marienberg. In his note-book appear some hints that Christus was shaping itself in his mind, — this outline, for instance: —

CHRISTUS, a dramatic poem, in three parts:

Part First. The Times of Christ. (Hope.)
Part Second. The Middle Ages. (Faith.)
Part Third. The Present. (Charity.)

The words in parenthesis are in pencil, and apparently added afterwards. 'The Belfry of Bruges' may have been begun here, as he speaks of finishing it when, a little later, he visited that place again on his way to England. Otherwise, he wrote no verse at Marienberg, except the following personal sonnet, which has never been printed: —

MEZZO CAMMIN.

Boppard on the Rhine. August 25, 1842.

Half of my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled
The aspiration of my youth, to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;
Though, half-way up the hill, I see the Past
Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights, —
A city in the twilight dim and vast,
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights, —
And hear above me on the autumnal blast
The cataract of Death far thundering from the heights.

To Mrs. Andrews Norton.

Marienberg, June 8, 1842.

Here is the counterfeit presentment of Marienberg, the ancient cloister of noble nuns, whose gates I entered five days ago. I did not say on that occasion, as Thomas Aquinas did on entering the convent at Terracina, "Here let me rest in peace forevermore;" but the quiet of the place delighted me and prophesied at once a pleasant

summer. We had a three weeks' passage to Havre. Finding no steamer there for Antwerp, I took the *diligence* to Paris, and loitered there three or four days, reviving some old associations and acquaintances. Among others was the Countess de Sailly, a very interesting woman, sister of Berryer, the distinguished orator. I saw with perfect delight Rachel, the actress, in Racine's "Mithridate," and discovered that one of Racine's plays could be made interesting. The play seemed to me admirable, as well as the performance of the two principal parts. The rest was the poorest declamation imaginable. I saw likewise Sumner's brother [George], who seemed to be spending his time most industriously and usefully, and who is a person of decided talent.

From Paris I went to Brussels. Please tell Mr. Ticknor that his letter to Count Arrivabene gained me a most cordial welcome from that kind-hearted and excellent gentleman. He made a dinner for me, at which were present an Italian philosopher and a Belgian poet. From Brussels I took a run through Belgium. The day at Antwerp was, beyond comparison, the happiest I have passed since I left you. It was filled with exciting thoughts. The glorious spire of the cathedral, the well of Quintin Matsys, his paintings in the gallery, his grave at the church door, with the remembrance of his struggles and his *success;* the noble paintings of Rubens, the antique streets, the chiming bells, all touched me deeply. Had you passed the Sunday there you would have wept with emotion many times. I confess to having my eyes often filled. It was a day to be remembered. . . .

From Cologne I came up the Rhine to this place in a steamboat. Out of forty passengers, thirty were English. There was a lady with four daughters, each with a little straw hat without any trimming whatever, and each with a sketch-book and paint-box. They *worked* their way up

the Rhine with untiring energy. We dined very pleasantly on deck under an awning. Beside me sat another English family, man, wife and child, with whom I was exceedingly amused. Here is a brief specimen of the man's conversation: "Now Ernestine (his wife), look at that castle. (Her back was towards it.) That 's Harmersteen (Hammerstein). Remember, there's a long tale to that. Jemmy, if you want your plate changed tell the servant; there, the man 's right behind you. Do look at Harmersteen, my dear. That 's where the man was swallowed up by rats. (The scene of that event is really some fifty miles higher up.) Pay attention! Here come ducks and roast mutton. We have had our plates changed at least a dozen times. Oh, do look at that castle! Beautiful! *charmant!*" etc., etc. I landed at Boppard, and came at once to Marienberg, whose walls almost touch the old walls of the town. I was shown to a chamber without delay; and on throwing open the window (one of the first things a traveller does, you will remember) I beheld right beneath it a great well; around whose brink were growing bright blue flowers. Instantly came to my mind the lines of Tasso, —

> Cosi all' egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
> Gli orli del vaso di soave licore.

I find Marienberg a delightful place. . . .

June 12. Yesterday I went with a party to St. Goar. On the steamboat I saw the first beautiful woman I have seen in Germany. I scaled two ancient ruins, and sitting alone amid solitary walls indulged myself in a little romance. I likewise made the acquaintance of a poet, — one of the best of the young poets of Germany. His name is Freiligrath. I found him writing in a very pleasant room *overlooking the Rhine* (I wonder how many times I shall use that phrase before I return home), and near him, writing a letter, his wife. They are exceedingly

agreeable. Imagine Dr. Follen with long, thick, black hair, and a moustache and beard flowing into each other like the Mosel and the Rhine, — and behold Ferdinand Freiligrath! His poetry is fresh and *virtuous*. Another young poet, Nikolaus Becker, has acquired fame among his countrymen by a single piece. It is a patriotic song on the Rhine, which appeared a year or two ago, when a war was anticipated between Germany and France. It begins —

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutschen Rhein!

The author received sundry silver pitchers from cities on the Rhine, and a thousand thalers from the king of Prussia, and an office under government, — all literally *for a song*. . . .

I cannot tell you how often we walk together through these scenes, and how I long to see you again. There are so many things to recall the absent, — the fragrance of a flower, a strain of music, a casual resemblance in voice, manner, or feature; in fine, a thousand little things without a name, which suddenly startle me from my dream and make my pulses beat quicker.

To his Father.

[With a picture-heading.]

MARIENBERG, June 21, 1842.

I wrote you about three weeks ago from Paris, informing you of my safe arrival there and of my plans for reaching Germany. I had a very pleasant journey through Belgium, visiting Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels.

The Rhine looks very much as in former days. Half a dozen steamers ply up and down its yellow waters, and Cockney tourists infest its towns. Boppard is a very ancient place, — an old Roman town; parts of the Roman

walls are still standing. The church whose roof and spires you see above is as old as the thirteenth century. The spires are connected by a covered bridge, in which are two rooms, — a bed-room and a kitchen. The watchman formerly lived up there. Marienberg is just above the town. It is a fine old building, — once a convent of noble nuns. The cloisters still remain, with the tombstones of the nuns in the wall. Behind the house is a large garden and park, from which walks run up the several valleys and hills in the neighborhood. It is a very beautiful establishment. I have a window towards the garden, as you see by the mark.

At present there are about sixty persons here, going through what is called the *water-cure*. Among them are some very agreeable persons. The process of cure varies of course somewhat, with the nature of the disease; but in general it is this: About four o'clock in the morning a servant comes in and wraps you in a wet sheet, then in a blanket, then covers you up in a mass of bed-quilts. There you lie for an hour or more, until you perspire freely. You are then wheeled in an arm-chair to the bathing-room, where you plunge into a large bath of running water, and remain a couple of minutes, splashing and rubbing. You then dress, and walk an hour in the garden, drinking at intervals at the fountains, to the amount of four or five glasses. Next follows breakfast, which consists of bread, butter, and milk, and sometimes strawberries. After breakfast, another walk (or a letter, as to-day). At eleven o'clock a *douche*, which is nothing more nor less than standing under a spout. The *douches* vary from eighteen to thirty-five feet in height, and are perhaps the pleasantest baths, — the force of the water making you warm in an instant. The water from the hills is brought into the bathing-rooms by pipes, under which you place yourself for three or four minutes. You

then take another walk for an hour; then a *fliessendes sitzbad*, or flowing bath, in which you sit for half an hour, the water flowing through continually. Then you walk till one o'clock. At one, dinner, — very frugal, without wine or spice of any kind. After dinner, sit or walk or play billiards till five. At five, another *sitzbad*, as at twelve; and then a long walk, up the hills or to the neighboring villages, till supper, which is on the table from half-past seven to nine, and is the same as the breakfast; at ten, to bed.

Such is a day in Marienberg, where one day is like another, — saving Sunday, when we rest from our bathing. You will think the treatment quite barbarous, but it is not half so much so as it seems. To me, indeed, it is extremely pleasant. I delight in the cold baths, and have great faith in their efficacy. I have been here now a fortnight, and enjoy myself much. I like particularly the long walks we take at sunset. From morning till night we are out in the open air. This part of the treatment, and the diet, I think you will approve; and there are here some striking proofs of the benefits of the water-cure.

I hope that ere long we shall have some such establishments in America. The White Hills would be a capital place, — having a great abundance of cold water, and plenty of high hills to climb.[1]

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

MARIENBERG, July 20, 1842.

Many thanks, my dear Freiligrath, for your letter, and the superb translation [of the 'Skeleton in Armor'].

[1] A "Water-Cure" was not long after established by Dr. Wesselhoeft in the charming village of Brattleboro', in Vermont. Mr. Longfellow spent the summer of 1845 there. He thought Brattleboro' like a German village.

It must have been a hard nut to crack, but you have despatched it in the style of a most successful *nusskracker*. The old Berserk seems now to speak his native tongue. The changes are not important, and sometimes are improvements. In the stanza of that "gusty flaw" there seems to be a little confusion. It is the Berserk's ship that is struck by the flaw and driven back upon Hildebrand's. Finding his sails flapping in this head-flaw, the old Viking puts about, and runs down before the wind right into his pursuer and sinks him.

I reached home safely on Monday. The pale gentleman in spectacles was very polite, and gave me a copy of his *Sagen und Märchenwald.*

I hope no untoward accident will prevent my coming to St. Goar on Friday. A clergyman once announced to his congregation that there would be a collection for the poor "on the next Sunday, God willing, or on the Sunday after, *whether or no.*" I shall not go so far as this, but will come to St. Goar if I can.

It seemed very strange to me to lie snugly in bed on Monday morning, instead of being waked from my slumbers by a servant. But on Tuesday I began again in the old course, and my first consciousness in the morning was the striped Mathias, who, like the executioner in one of Shakespeare's plays, entered with his "Master Bernardino! Master Bernardino, wake up and be hanged (drowned)!" But habit, habit, — everything depends upon that. Friendly salutations to the ladies and to the Heubergers.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

MARIENBERG, July 22, 1842.

I was very agreeably surprised this morning by your package of papers and letters. Many, many thanks for such repeated marks of your kindness and regard. Your

introductory notice is just the friendly word I expected, from what you told me last Sunday, and the translation of 'Excelsior' is exceedingly fine.

This morning, at six o'clock, in the cloisters of our convent, I read to three admiring nuns your delightful poem of *Der Blumen Rache*, and I wished that you yourself, invisible, could have witnessed their eager attention, and could have heard their applause. A fair hand is now copying the poem into a book.

A countryman of mine, Mr. Calvert, of Baltimore, arrived here yesterday, with his wife. I want them to know you and Mrs. Freiligrath, and you to know them. He is a young man of fortune, and an author, having published a translation of Schiller's *Don Carlos*.

I shall join you on Monday on board the earliest *Dampfschiff*, promising myself great pleasure from the tour, and hoping that your friends will not be annoyed by the addition of a stranger to the party.

To Samuel Ward.

MARIENBERG, August 6, 1842.

I have been here now exactly two months, and have gone on *crescendo* in the number of my baths. I have now six a day, with long walks between; and if you will look at the matter dispassionately, you will see that I have very little leisure. . . .

Your account of Felton's carpet-bag trying to elope with Dickens's was very amusing. Felton enjoys himself exceedingly in New York. He has written me about his visit with Howe. I am glad you like Howe so much. He is one of the noblest characters in the world. Are they not a glorious set of friends, — Sumner, Hillard, Howe, Felton, Cleveland?

Enclosed is a translation of 'Excelsior,' by Freiligrath; it was published first in the *Morgenblatt*, of which Pfizer is the editor. I had a letter from Pfizer touching my translation of his *Junggesell* ['The Two Locks of Hair']. It is singular,—it was not his own personal experience, but was written for a friend to whom it was applicable, and I translated it for a friend to whom it was equally so. Freiligrath has also translated 'The Skeleton in Armor.' It will appear in a few days in the *Morgenblatt*, and I will send it to you.

I have been giving as much attention as possible to the young poets. Freiligrath stands at the head of them all, and at present attracts more notice than any other living poet, save Uhland. Nikolaus Becker has published a volume remarkable only for one song, on the Rhine, which procured the author a place under government, and a great deal of reputation. Herwegh is another poet, who has won a hearing by his political (radical) songs. They are full of fire and energy. Geisel, a young man of Lübeck, imitates Freiligrath, but is a poet of promise. Lenau and Auersperg stand high, of course. "Young Germany" is rather quiet just now. Heine has injured himself exceedingly by a book against Börne, which I have not read. Three remarkable novels have appeared within as many years: *Münchhausen*, by Immerman, who died lately,—a work in six volumes, satiric and idyllic; *William's Dichten und Trachten* (meaning William Shakespeare), by H. König,—an imaginary romance of his youth and manhood; and *Blasedow*, by Gutzkow. Zedlitz, author of the *Nächtliche Heerschau*, is writing a long poem in the style of the Minnesänger. He passed down the Rhine the other day; so did Uhland; I was not fortunate enough to see either of them.

Farewell, my dear Sam. I shall soon be with you again; sitting once more by the fireside with the old Dutch

tiles, in Castle Craigie. Home is pleasanter than this wandering alone over the world. If I come back well! *If* — ah, that is the worst thought; for I am not well yet, but fluctuating between the same and better.

To Mrs. Andrews Norton.

MARIENBERG, August 26, 1842.

I shall feel some regret at leaving Marienberg. I shall miss the cold baths in the early morning. I shall miss the strange, but now familiar, figures that haunt the place: the old Dutch Admiral thundering through the cloisters at night with his great cane; the pale young Jewess, who is carried out in her chair every morning to sit on the terrace; the gouty English surgeon, who rides into his chamber on a donkey, and tumbles out of the saddle into bed; the meek suffering faces of so many youthful martyrs to disease, teaching constant lessons of patience; the pretty Miss ——, who walks with a stride like Ellen Tree in the "Bandit's Bride;" the prima donna of the Düsseldorf theatre, [whom I meet] every morning at half-past five o'clock at the fountain in the garden, gallantly filling the tin dipper for her; the Russian colonel, who roars like a maniac in the *douche;* the merry music-master, who sings in bed and in his baths; and, finally, thee, sweet Jacobina, born on the margin of this river of romance, and now just under the eaves of twenty, looking forth upon the world, with thy tender eyes, dark hair, and green album! All these and many more I shall recall with interest and a certain painful pleasure when I look upon their faces no more. For it is one of my weaknesses to become attached to people and places.

From Charles Sumner.

Boston, September 16, 1842.

Dear Henry, — This shall be a short scrawl to welcome you in London with your face homeward.

Have you seen how the English Monthly Review, in its number for August, has filched your article on *Frithiofs Saga?* There it is, in your peculiar style, made to proceed from the pen of an English reviewer. I shall expose it in the "respectable Daily."

I enclose some letters, which you can use as you list in London. The force of my acquaintance was among lawyers, judges, and politicians, whom you would not care to know. But you will be in London at a season when it will require a lantern to find a man. I doubt if you will see a human being; that is, except the two millions who throng the streets, and J. H. Everybody will have hied to the country. God bless you!

Ever yours, C. S.

I send herewith the sheets from Graham's Magazine for September, containing Act I. of 'The Spanish Student.' The two other Acts will appear in October and November.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

Marienberg, September 17, 1842.

As usual, I have only a couple of minutes to write in, as I am just starting for Bornhofen and the Brothers. I must not let the afternoon go by without writing to urge you once more to go with me to the *Manœuvre*. Let not your hard heart resist my appeal! And thou of gentler nature and soul more sensitive, — Countess Ida, — intercede for me! Tell him that this is the only opportunity I shall ever have of seeing an army and a camp (excepting

Camp near Bornhofen!). Tell him it is hard for me to subdue my Cologne-inclining wishes, and that a bivouac and a night under a tent and the *reveillé* are things to make an impression upon one for evermore.

Have you seen the *Magazin für ausländische Litteratur?* It has a paragraph on English hexameters, in which an extract is given from my translation of Tegnér.

The clock strikes three, — signal for our departure towards the ruins. *Drum, adé, adé, adé!*

To his Father.

MARIENBERG, September 17, 1842.

I write you but a short note, to say that I leave Marienberg to-morrow. I am going up the Rhine as far as Frankfort, perhaps as far as Heidelberg; and then return to Cologne, and cross Belgium to Ostend, where I shall take steamer for London. I am not so entirely well as I could wish to be. The doctor urges me to go on with the baths, and I wish I could do so. But my leave of absence expires in October.

I promise myself great pleasure from my visit to England. You know I am to stay with Dickens while in London; and beside his own agreeable society I shall enjoy that of the most noted literary men of the day, — which will be a great gratification to me. I hope to have time to run up to Edinboro' this time, never having penetrated into Scotland. That, however, must depend upon circumstances. . . .

Upon the whole, the summer here has been pleasant to me; though the want of intellectual excitement has at times been hard to bear. By way of change, I have made occasional excursions up and down the Rhine. A few days ago I was at the great Prussian camp near Bonn, in which, and the neighboring *cantonnements*, there

was an army of fifty thousand men. But the weather was bad, and upon the whole I was much more fatigued than amused. In a day or two I shall visit a camp of *learned men*, — a society that comes together once a year, and this year meets at Mayence. I am curious to see the scholars from all quarters of Germany.

To Charles Sumner.

MARIENBERG, September 17, 1842.

The sun is setting, and it is the last I shall see set over the gardens of Marienberg. I start to-morrow morning early for Bingen, from which point I shall make a little tour in the Niederwald as far as Johannisberg, and then to Mayence to attend the meeting of the *Naturforscher*. I of course am a *Naturforscher*, *ex officio*, having investigated the Marienberg waters to a great depth. I promise myself great pleasure in this assembly of simple-hearted, strange, wild-looking delvers into the mysteries of Nature. You shall hear about it hereafter, if it turns out worth the while.[1]

There rises the moon, broad and tranquil, through the branches of a walnut-tree on a hill opposite. I apostrophize it in the words of Faust: "O gentle moon, that look'st for the last time upon my agonies," — or something to that effect.

Ten o'clock at night. My trunk is packed, my bill paid, my farewells said, and I give you one last thought before going to bed, and one last word. I despatched to-day to Rotterdam a large box of books, to go by first ship to Boston. I know not how it is, but during a journey I collect books as a ship does barnacles. These books are

[1] Afterwards he wrote of the "intellectual heads" which he saw at Mayence.

German, Flemish, and French. Tell Felton that I have bought him a copy of the *Nibelungen Lied.*

I have had a "crisis." It lasted about a fortnight. Since then I am better. I am sorry to say, however, that I am not yet perfectly well. Begging your pardon for the insult, I do not believe that any one can be *perfectly* well who has a brain and a heart. *You* will not be well long; and I consider Felton an invalid, though he is not aware of it. Good-night! Be contented for the moment with this brief missive, and take it without a murmur.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

NÜRNBERG, September 24, 1842.

Without any doubt, I am in the ancient city of Nürnberg. I arrived last night at ten o'clock, and took my first view by moonlight, strolling alone through the broad, silent streets, and listening to the musical bells that ever and anon gave a hint that it was bed-time.

To-day has been a busy, exciting day. I have seen the best works of Albrecht Dürer, Peter Vischer, and other worthies of Nürnberg. I have seen Dürer's house and his grave; also those of Hans Sachs. The old shoemaker's house is now an ale-house. His portrait is on the sign of the door, with this inscription: "*Gasthaus zum Hans Sachs.*" I went in with my companion (an old doctor from Grätz, returning from the *Naturforscher*-meeting at Mayence), and we drank a tankard of ale to the memory of the poet, reading at the same time from a volume of his works — a venerable folio — the story of *Der Geist mit den klappernden Ketten.* We then made a pilgrimage to his grave. He is buried literally *on top* of his father; it being the fashion here to bury people one upon another in the same grave, — the second driving the first deeper down, like the infamous Popes in Dante's Inferno.

I am taking a solitary cup of tea in a double-bedded room, highly suggestive of domestic felicity, up two pair of stairs front, in the Straus, — a poor hotel near the Post. I hope to be drinking tea much more pleasantly with you on the 30th of this month. Till then, farewell!

P. S. Two nights ago, on the way to Würzburg, as we stopped to change horses, the hostler made his appearance with a lantern; whereupon my travelling-companion in the coupé — a young *Geschäfts-reisender* [commercial traveller] — exclaimed, "*Gebt Feuer! Exoriare aliquis!*" He then said that you were a "*herrlicher Dichter*," and your poem on General Leon glorious. He said he did not know you personally, but you had been pointed out to him in Frankfurt once. *Fame!*

From Charles Dickens.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, September 28, 1842.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — How stands it about your visit, do you say? Thus: your bed is waiting to be slept in; the door is gaping hospitably to receive you. I am ready to spring towards it with open arms at the first indication of a Longfellow knock or ring. And the door, the bed, I, and everybody else who is in the secret, have been expecting you for the last month.

The states of mind that I have undergone — and all along of you — since I have been down here, a term of nine weeks! The imaginings I have had of the possibility of your knocking at my door in London without notice, and finding nobody there but an old woman; the misgivings that have come across me of your being, successively, in every foreign steamer that has passed these windows homeward bound, since the first of the month; the hideous train of fancies from which your letter has relieved me, — baffle description.

The forged letter of which Felton speaks was published in the New York papers, with a statement that I had addressed it to the editor of the London Morning Chronicle, who had published it in his columns. In this production I disparaged America very much, and girded at my own reception. You know what the American press is; and will be, I dare say, as little surprised at this outrage as I was. Still, it exasperated me — I am of rather a fierce turn at times — very much; and I walked about for a week or two with a vague desire to take somebody by the throat and shake him, — which was rather feverish.

I have decided, perhaps you know, to publish my American Visit. By the time you come to me I hope I shall have finished writing it. I have spoken very honestly and fairly; and I know that those in America for whom I care will like me better for the book. A great many people will like me infinitely the worse, and make a devil of me straightway.

Rogers is staying here, and begs me to commend him to you, and to say that he has made me pledge myself, on pain of non-forgiveness ever afterward, to carry you to see him without loss of time when you come.

Faithfully your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

I have heard thrice from Felton, whom I love; and once from Prescott.

From Charles Sumner.

BOSTON, October 1, 1842.

I have time only to enclose the last two Acts of 'The Spanish Student.' The whole play reads very well, — better than I expected; and I always expected much. Mrs. Farrar says it is the finest work of art that ever came from you; and that there are many opera-dancers

more worthy of salvation than crowds with whom we mingle in daily life.

I have received a letter from Mr. [Samuel] Rogers in which he says: "I cannot express the delight with which I have read again and again the volumes of Mr. Longfellow. Very few things, if any, have ever thrilled me so much; and very sorry indeed shall I be if I lose the opportunity of seeing and of thanking one to whom I am under such great obligations. Pray tell him so, if you write to him. If I am within any railroad distance and in tolerable health, I shall not fail to return when I hear of his arrival here. But why make so short a stay where he would be so welcome?" We have all been much delighted by this tribute from the ancient poet to the young one.

Ever affectionately yours,

C. S.

To Charles Sumner.

October 16, 1842.

I write this from Dickens's study, the focus from which so many luminous things have radiated. The raven croaks from the garden, and the ceaseless roar of London fills my ears. Of course, I have no time for a letter, as I must run up in a few minutes to dress for dinner. I can only tell you that I shall return in the Great Western. As soon as you get this, therefore, start for New York to meet me. If you cannot, send Hillard or Felton or Cleveland; or Howe,— for I think he must have more business with the Bible Society about this time! Somebody *must* come. The Great Western sails from Bristol on the 22d. Dickens goes with me to Bath to dine with Landor. Mr. Rogers has just been here sitting a half-hour with me. He arrived in town last night. We breakfast with him on Tuesday and dine with him on Wednesday.

I am so excited about starting for home that I can hardly hold this pen. I have had a most delightful visit here in London. But, alas, the town is quite empty, and I shall miss seeing persons whom I desire to look upon.

I have so many, many things to say to you that I am dumb. And let it go at that. I will only add, that delighted as I am with London, my desire to be at home again overwhelms every other. I come back with tremendous momentum!

I have read Dickens's book [American Notes]. It is jovial and good-natured, and at times very severe. You will read it with delight and, for the most part, approbation. He has a grand chapter on Slavery. *Spitting* and *politics at Washington* are the other topics of censure. Both you and I would censure them with equal severity, to say the least. He gives due laud to the New-York oysters "for thy dear sake, heartiest of Greek professors;" and says of Howe, "There are not many persons, I hope and believe, who after reading these pages can ever hear that name with indifference."

Don't fail, one or two of you, to come to New York.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

LONDON, October 18, 1842.

. . . After leaving you at Coblenz, I journeyed solemnly down the Rhine and through Belgium to Ostend. Seen in a bright, sunshiny day, antique Bruges had lost some of its glories, and did not look so old as I remembered it. Nevertheless, I finished there the poem on its Belfry, which I will send you as soon as it is printed. I have been in London about ten days and have enjoyed my visit to Dickens very much. He thanks you most kindlily for your poems, — which, alas! he cannot read, — and will send you in a few days a copy of his American Notes.

In the same package I send you Outre-Mer and The Spanish Student.

I am sorry to send you so short a note as this. It is only to wave you farewell,—to thank you again and again for all your kind attentions during the summer, and to promise a longer letter on reaching home.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

CONCORD, November 26, 1842.

DEAR LONGFELLOW,—I have been looking to receive somewhat in the shape of a letter of congratulation from you on the great event of my marriage; but it does not seem to be forthcoming. Perhaps it is the etiquette that I should congratulate you on your return from Outre-Mer. Be it done accordingly.

I exceedingly desire to see you; and the object of this present writing is to entreat you to come to Concord and deliver a lecture before the Lyceum. Mr. Emerson, who is one of the curators, has mentioned it to me several times. I inquired what remuneration could be offered you, and he spoke of the magnificent sum of ten dollars! which, he says, is the highest amount paid by country lyceums. Do come,—if not for filthy lucre, yet to gratify the good people here, and to see my wife and me. Choose your own time; only I should like to have it as soon as possible. I am very well and happy; so is my wife.

Truly your friend,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

From Richard H. Dana, Senior.

BOSTON, December 1, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was on a very sick bed when the copy of Dickens and the translation of the 'Dying Raven' was brought to me by Richard. I was sadly prostrated;

too much so, I thought, to care for anything. Yet I did say it was very kind in Mr. Longfellow to remember me when he was so far from home, and to bring me this translation, knowing it would give me pleasure, — and I felt it. . . . Let me thank you now, and that most heartily.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD H. DANA.

To Samuel Ward.

December 18, 1842.

Did you ever, in a circus, see a man leap through a paper balloon, tearing his way before him, and falling into the arms of an associate? If you have, then have you some image faint and feeble of the manner in which my heart comes tearing through this letter (as you break the seal) to fall upon yours. Receive it gently; do not let it fall to the ground. As yet I have not *seen* you since my return, — I mean inwardly, — and I am looking forward to your visit next Sunday with a desire you will better comprehend when you get here than I can express to you now. To-day Sumner is sitting in the great arm-chair that you will then occupy; and at length, after this long, long, long separation, I shall lay my heart open to you and tell you all my hopes, fears, and plans for the present and the immediate future.

And now for a few trifles. Why did you let Griswold have that head of me by Franquinet, to engrave for Graham's Magazine? Do you know what the engraver has made of it? Why, the most atrocious libel imaginable; a very vulgar individual, looking very drunk and very cunning! An unredeemed blackguard air hovers over the whole. Now, when I think that forty thousand copies of this thing — this tasteless caricature — are to be printed and distributed through the country as my "counterfeit (*very* counterfeit) presentment," I am in an indescribable

agony. I solemnly protest against this whole proceeding, and shall write to Graham this very day to prevent the publication. . . . I sent you on Saturday a copy of the Poems on Slavery. I trust that you will like, at least, the spirit in which they are written.

Write to me straightway, and as often as you can. It is delightful to find your *hand* at the post-office, on my way to lecture.

Jules Janin has written The American in Paris. Are you his hero?

On his voyage home Mr. Longfellow had occupied himself in writing some poems upon Slavery. These he published on his return, in a pamphlet of thirty pages. As a young man he had been accustomed to read in his father's house the numbers of Benjamin Lundy's Genius of Universal Emancipation. While in Brunswick he had conceived the idea of writing a drama on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, "that thus I may do something in my humble way for the great cause of Negro emancipation." The feeling against slavery was growing more and more intense in the free States. It had many sides. There were the Colonizationists, who believed in freeing slaves only on condition of their being sent to Africa; the Liberty Party, which believed in political action and to which Mr. Whittier belonged; the "Abolitionists" proper, whose motto was "immediate emancipation," and who, "for conscience' sake," could not vote under a "slave-holding Constitution;" — of these Garrison and Wendell Phillips

were the leaders. Besides these were the unclassified "anti-slavery men" and women who for one reason or another did not join either of the above organizations, but trusted to moral influences to lift up the sentiment and conscience of the nation to the destruction of Slavery; among these were Mr. Emerson and Mr. Longfellow, who lent their word and pen to the service of freedom. When the little *brochure* of the latter came out, the Dial spoke of it, in the shortest of notices, as "the thinnest of all Mr. Longfellow's thin books; spirited and polished like its fore-runners; but the subject would warrant a deeper tone." The tone, indeed, was more literary than Tyrtæan; yet there were not wanting strong verses, as in the dedication to Dr. Channing, in the 'Witnesses,' and in the 'Warning.' At any rate, the book threw the author's influence on the side against Slavery; and at that time it was a good deal simply to take that unpopular side, publicly. With the "abolitionist" leaders he was not acquainted. To his pacific temper, constitutionally averse to controversy and "disliking everything violent," these brave and unrelenting fighters for justice, humanity, and liberty seemed often harsh, violent, and dictatorial. He found more congenial the earnestness of his friend Mr. Sumner, who was beginning that career of political anti-slavery activity which ended only with his death, but of whom one of the abolitionists declared in the heat of his discourse, that "Charles Sumner was a greater enemy of the

slave than the slave-holders themselves." The editor of Graham's Magazine wrote to Mr. Longfellow, in excusing a short and guarded notice of his book, that "the word *slavery* was never allowed to appear in a Philadelphia periodical, and that the publisher objected to have even the name of the book appear in his pages." The following letter is printed, without the writer's name, to show the tone of thought on this subject which quite largely prevailed even in New England at the time. Such a letter goes far to excuse all the indignation which kindled the tongue of the fiery abolitionist orator, as he flung the burning words of the old Hebrew prophets against the cold heart of the nation.

From —— ——.

December 20, 1842.

My dear Sir, — I received your package and kind note last evening, and handed the copy of Poems [on Slavery] to Mr. Tracy. I was already in possession of a copy. I have read it over with great attention several times. I am not to speak now of the beauty of the poems; they are, in my opinion, of various shades (a phrase appropriate to the subject). You have well sustained your theory; but (suffer, I beseech you, the word of exhortation) I believe your theory to be false.

No man can scorn and detest cruelty, injustice, and oppression more than I do, and I think no one would make more real sacrifices to right the wrong. On this ground I go for the betterment of the human character generally, nowhere what it ought to be, and for the melioration of the condition of the slave and the poor, everywhere oppressed;

and for the freedom of the slave too, upon just terms, at a proper time, and whenever his own character may entitle him to the distinction of a freeman. So far, however, from desiring it *now*, I wish half the Irishmen in the country were slaves too, with somebody to keep them from starving, and prevent their troubling our elections! Indeed, I do not regard the external condition of men so important as many do. The rich and the powerful are not so happy as those who envy them; and Heaven, we know, calls the *Philemons* and the "midnight singers," the mean, the abased, and the enslaved, rather than the great ones of the earth. I need not say to a scholar that the fetters which Terence and Æsop wore may be carried very gracefully, and usefully too; and certainly our own slavery is not to be named in the same breath with that of antiquity. I am not so sure about *English* slavery in the East Indies. Not to enlarge on this subject, in regard to which many ὠκέα βέλη might be drawn both from reason and Scripture, I honestly believe that freedom to the slave in his present condition, or any condition which he could assume while remaining in this country, would be the greatest curse that could possibly befall him. I do not like, therefore, the sentiment of your first piece; and though respecting Dr. Channing as an eminently good man, I think every word he wrote on the subject at least *did no good*. Luther did a vast deal of real, practical, and immediate service to the human cause. The "chartered lie" of our respected Declaration is no doubt *a lie*, and would not have been inserted except for the "present necessity;" but it is only so because men are not in fact created free and equal, and if they were, could not remain so a single moment. There *must be* "thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers." I regret, too, that in piece second you should consider your African, riding like mad in such guise over the desert killing *men*,

women, and *children*, and being himself killed in turn, stealing everything he can lay his hands on, seizing his neighbors' little ones for sale, or perhaps selling his own, — in one word, an unreclaimed barbarian, — as a more respectable character than the same personage pursuing agriculture as a profession at the South, attending church on Sunday, dancing care off when his work is done, playing with his master's children possibly, and on the whole enjoying himself ten times as much as half our surly freemen who commiserate him. I very much doubt the sentiment you impute to him. In fact, my dear sir, they *are used to these things* at home. 'The Good Part' is a picture too beautiful to be laughed at. I commend and admire her; and am, indeed, a thorough colonizationist. Our friends the abolitionists look upon this as being worse than a slave-holder; and I fear they will regard this piece as particularly heterodox. In regard to the "Dismal Swamp" negro, I will only say that I cannot blame him, if he had run away from a bad master. It was injudicious to start, perhaps, in the condition which you impute to him, but I wish him well off. The next article is most beautiful in every respect, and a pleasing and delightful picture, very skilfully drawn. I can inform you, however, whence came his "glad evangel," — "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." I pass over the 'Witnesses,' as describing things too often and dreadfully inflicted upon the human race of every color by its fellow, and turn with unalloyed pleasure to the 'Quadroon,' beyond all cavil the gem of the book. The description of herself is as sweet a thing as I remember to have seen, and as touching, and above all praise. The whole piece is exquisitely wrought, and the thing it depicts too horrible for the human heart to endure, — almost, to believe. This is indeed the great evil of slavery, and deserves all the assaults which indignant humanity can hurl at it. Every

influence and every law ought to be brought to bear upon these enormities, until summary punishment, if shame will not, has eradicated such terrible practices.

I have no knowledge of your *esoteric* doctrines upon the details of this great question, and do not know but I may have been taking too much freedom in alluding to your work in such a tone; but I am in the habit of speaking frankly, and though I truly admire much of the work, I am forced to doubt whether all of it is just in sentiment or calculated to work permanent benefit. Besides, rest assured, my dear sir, that "if I laugh at any mortal thing, 't is that I may not weep;" and I should not have ventured so far had I not felt some of the freedom of an old acquaintance, since other productions of yours have so often afforded unqualified delight at a fireside now most desolate. Do not think me, then, a friend of slavery or inhuman because I differ with you in some particulars.

From Samuel Ward.

New York, December 20, 1842.

Many thanks for your letter and the Poems [on Slavery]. They excite a good deal of attention and sell rapidly. I have sent one copy to the South, and others shall follow. I admire particularly the 'Quadroon Girl' and the 'Warning.' But I have a bone to pick with you abolitionists. I am fresh from among the negroes, and pity the masters more than the slaves. When the Eastern negrophilists are prepared to pay a tax, they will have a right to dispose of the property of their Southern brethren. It were a shame that our government should be less just than that of Great Britain. . . .

Your loving S. W.

From Henry Ware, Junior.

FRAMINGHAM, December 24, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — Though a little late for a congratulation on your return home, I am not ashamed to offer you this letter; for such absences are so frequent that we hardly remember one has been gone. But such poems on Slavery are never to be forgotten; and I must not refrain from giving you my heartiest thanks. They are all one could wish them to be, — *poetry*, simple, graceful, strong; without any taint of coarseness, harshness, or passion. I think the 'Quadroon' is my favorite. My wife and I have agreed that when we have the means to spare we will have two pictures from that piece painted by Allston. How exquisite they might be. I want you to write the 'Witnesses' again. You want more sea-room for so grand an idea. You are cramped by the measure as if you were manœuvring a seventy-four in Jamaica Pond. However, the big ship would be a noble thing, even there; so I hope you will pardon me all these poor words and believe me,

Very truly yours,

HENRY WARE, JR.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

CONCORD, December 24, 1842.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — I should have responded to your letter some time since, but I am very busy with the pen, and hate to ink my fingers more than is necessary. As to coming to dine with you, it is a pleasure that I cannot promise myself at present, on account of the inconvenience of leaving home unless I take my whole establishment with me; and I believe you do not extend your invitation to my wife and maid-servant. Some time when I am in Boston I will come out with Hillard.

Now for your coming to see me. I do pray that so desirable an event may take place; no matter how soon. You must give us one or two days' notice, so that no other engagement may interfere. Not that we are much troubled with engagements; but it might happen. I have some scruples of conscience about asking you to come in mid-winter, for it would be preposterous, I suppose, to expect anybody to be comfortable or contented here, except ourselves. You will have to warm yourself by the glow of our felicity, — aided by as large a wood-fire as we can pile into the chimney. If you like skating, there is enough of it on the river. I get up at sunrise to skate!!!!

I never was more surprised than at your writing poems about Slavery. I have not seen them, but have faith in their excellence; though I cannot conjecture what species of excellence it will be. You have never poetized a practical subject hitherto.

Your friend, NATH. HAWTHORNE.

From John Neal.

PORTLAND, December 28, 1842.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — Many and hearty thanks for your bold and generous poems on Slavery. Abroad, and at sea, that question must have pressed heavily upon you, which is now on trial before a jury of nations. The poem to Dr. Channing is not equal to the rest; though it has the true stamp, after all.

Of course you look for a rib-roasting from the South. And yet if I understand the South, and I think I do, there are men enough there to like manhood in the North much better than the temper of the "dough-faces," whom Randolph used to make mouths at.[1] Go on, conquering and to conquer! Yours heartily, JOHN NEAL.

[1] Randolph of Virginia applied this name, in contempt, to those Northern men in Congress who had not the courage of their opinions,

From Charles Dickens.

LONDON, December 29, 1842.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — I was delighted to receive your assurance of your safe arrival among our hearty friends, and to think of your sitting down in your comfortable rooms after all your cold watering (and what a quantity of water you had in that half-year, counting the two passages!) safe and sound again. I was but poorly received when I came home from Bristol that night, in consequence of my inability to report that I had left you actually on board the Great Western, and that I had seen the chimney smoking. But I have got over this gradually, and am again respected.

I have been blazing away at my new book, whereof the first number will probably be published under the black flag [of the unpaid-for American reprint] as soon as you receive this. The Notes had an enormous sale; and I trust the Chuzzlewit (so I call the new baby) will go and do likewise. I quite agree with you that we shall never live to see the passing of an International [Copyright] law; but we may sow the seed and leave the gathering of the fruit to others. Heaven speed your Slavery poems! I am looking for them eagerly. By the way, I have been somewhat shocked to find that —— plays fast and loose in our English society on that question, and says that "it is easy to find fault with the system, and not so easy to propound a remedy." As if any man, with a head on his shoulders fit for anything but a block to put his hat on, did not know perfectly well that it is only after many years of strong denouncement that any remedy in such a case has birth. But here is another instance of the discordant

but instead of setting a firm face against the encroachments of the slave power, yielded in every instance to its domineering temper.

material he represents. The Federal Government upholds slavery; wherefore the man of Massachusetts goes to the wall, and Freedom with him.

After you left us, Charley invented and rehearsed with his sisters a dramatic scene in your honor, which is still occasionally enacted. It commences with expressive pantomime, and begins immediately after the ceremony of drinking healths. They look at each other very hard; then Charley cries, "Mr. Longfellow! Hoo-ra-a-ah!" The whole concludes with a violent rapping of the table, and a hideous barking from the little dog, who wakes up for the purpose. They all send their loves to you, in which K. joins very earnestly.

P. S. McDowall the boot-maker, Beale the hosier, Laffin the trowsers-maker, and Blackmore the coat-cutter have all been at the point of death; but have slowly recovered. The medical gentlemen agreed that it was exhaustion, occasioned by early rising, — to wait upon you at those unholy hours!

Ever, my dear Longfellow, faithfully your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

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